

# A Family History

In

## Letters and Documents

1667--1837

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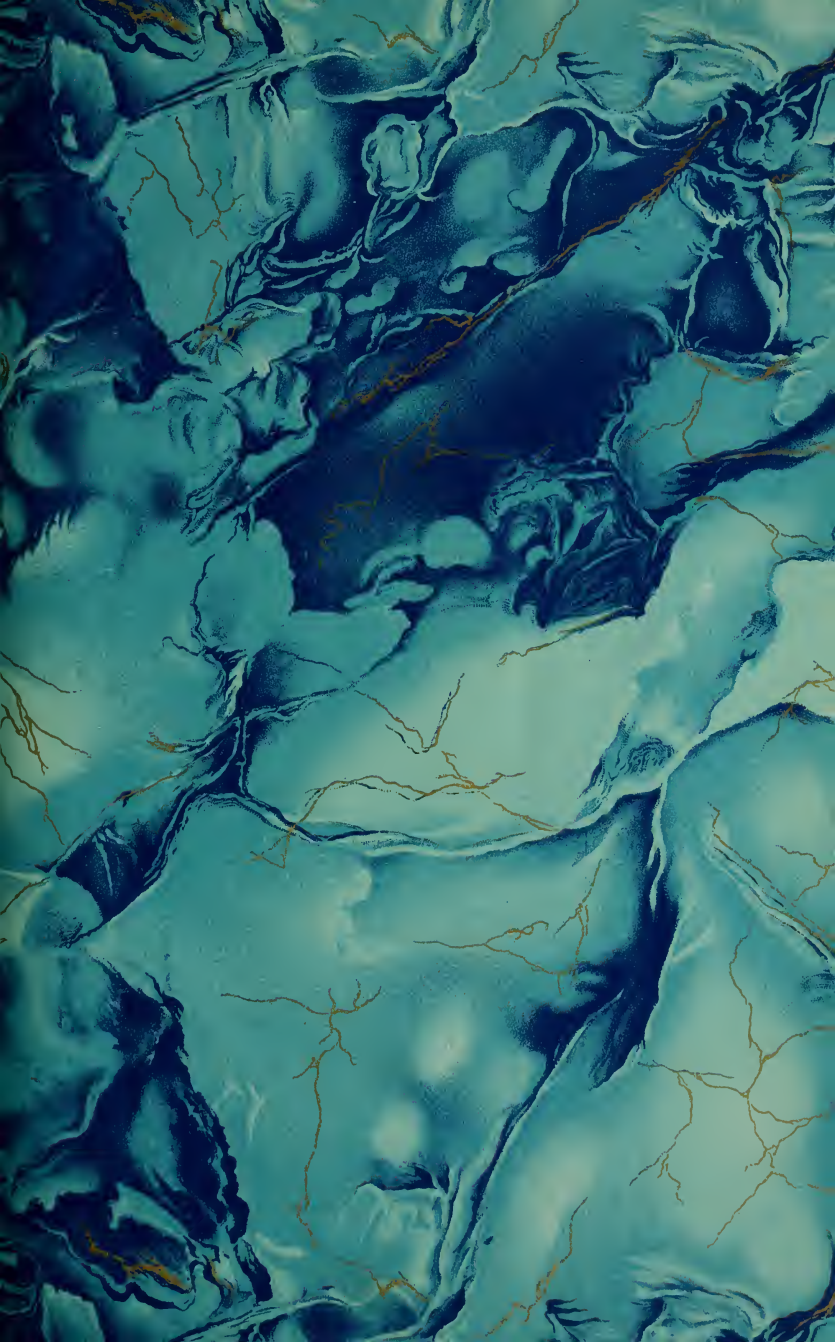
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A Family History in  
Letters and Documents



# A Family History in Letters and Documents 1667-1837

CONCERNING THE FOREFATHERS OF  
WINTHROP SARGENT GILMAN  
AND HIS WIFE  
ABIA SWIFT LIPPINCOTT

EDITED WITH NOTES BY THEIR DAUGHTER  
MRS. CHARLES P. NOYES

VOLUME II



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A FAMILY HISTORY IN LETTERS AND  
DOCUMENTS

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Mrs. John S. Miller to Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN, Marietta, Ohio.<sup>1</sup>

Lebanon, Dec. 3rd, 1818

My dear Mama:

I wrote you a long letter a few days since, and directed to Philadelphia, but in coming through Washington I received a letter from Eliza wherein she gives me the joyful intelligence that you were to leave there in ten days for Marietta to accompany Papa to Natches. We shed tears of joy on reading her letter, for in our present situation what could be so comforting as to have our parents with us. All society of mere acquaintances is rather painful to us than otherwise but you will sympathize and console us. My dear Mother, we were a few weeks ago, anticipating with what pride and pleasure we should present to you and Papa our dear little darling son.

But it has pleased Heaven to blast our hopes and to take him from us. The stroke is severe for though he was so young, yet he was so interesting, so engaging, such an uncommon child; that he had wound himself around our hearts. We were bound up in him. Oh Mama I can never give you an idea of what a sweet little creature he was, but had you seen him if he had given you some of the sweet looks that he did us you would have thought of him as we do. Never, O never, can we forget those looks but Heaven knows what is best for us, and he is taken from us to teach us not to place our hopes on this life but to lay up our treasure in Heaven. *The Lord gave, and Oh, the Lord hath taken away.* I pray Heaven that we may have great reason to add "*Blessed be the name of the Lord.*" My dear baby is released from his sufferings and is now

<sup>1</sup> MS. loaned by Mrs. Jane (Coe) Brant, Rolla, Mo.

rejoicing in the presence of his God and this consideration sometimes makes me feel so resigned that I would not wish to recall him. What a comforting assurance is that of our blessed Saviour's; that "*In Heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven.*" Our little boy's days were few and full of trouble. A day or two before I left Gloster Place the first time with him I perceived two or three red spots on his legs where children are apt to be chafed, I showed them to old Suke, my nurse, who told me it was nothing but chafe. After my return home they spread on his little hands and face. We were told it was the thrush but Dr. Provan came out to see him and pronounced it a species of Erysypulus, told us not to be alarmed; there was not the least danger; to wash him with water and give him frequent doses of megnesia. We followed his directions for about three weeks, during which time he looked well and bright and had a fine appetite but the inflammation increased, the spots superated and he suffered so much from soreness that Mr. Miller wrote his situation again to the Doctor, who returned for answer that there was nothing at all alarming but he would send a wash for him which would more speedily heal him. This was on the 20th of November, the wash healed over the sore places very soon and he appeared getting better until the night of the 22nd, (Sunday), when he did not sleep well. In the morning I arose and left him in bed, he slept until eleven o'clock, when I took him up to wash and dress him but immediately perceived a change in him. His eyes looked sick and he did not cry, as usual. I sent for Mr. Miller who was out on the plantation, he came, had the horse hitched to the gig, gave a dose of c. oil and we set out immediately for our friends, Mr. & Mrs. Sargent's, sent for the Doctor who came in the evening, examined the child, said there was nothing in the "least alarming;" He appeared just as he expected and wished" and directed me to give him another dose of castor oil. (His bowels were something disordered), and continue the wash. We felt relieved, he slept well, sucked well, and in the morning appeared better, but he lost flesh very fast and seemed in constant pain in his bowels, and did not [torn] strong and loud as formerly. The Doctor called at 12







MRS. BENJ. IVES GILMAN (HANNAH  
ROBBINS)

From a miniature on ivory, executed in  
Philadelphia, owned by her granddaughter,  
Mrs. Charles P. Noyes (Emily H. Gilman),  
of St. Paul, Minn.

o'clock and gave him a dose of calomel which did not have its effect. That night [torn] tolerably well, toward morning sucked voraciously [torn] in great pain to catch hold of the breast and such as [torn] possible as if he thought that would give him ease and I suppose such was the case then. When I arose we thought him so much better and the Doctor's assurances had so lulled our fears that Mr. Miller returned to Lebanon after breakfast as he had pressing business, but soon I saw a change for the worse. He seemed in great pain and would look in my face so wildly and with such an eager, supplicating expression in his eyes as if to say "Maa, do relieve me". I sent for the Doctor, he came at three, I was weeping over my child, he told me not to distress myself; that there was not one dangerous symptom. "But I cant keep him warm, his eyes look sick and he is losing flesh", said I. "O he has flesh enuf, his eyes are very well, and he is doing very well", said he and he snapped his fingers and chirped to him. The little darling turned his sweet eyes on the Doctor, who told me to see how he took notice! I was compelled to believe him, he ordered me to give him a dose of castor oil and took leave. I mixed it and gave it to Suke to administer as I was called to dinner, after which I went up. She told me he had puked since she gave him the oil. Mrs. S. came up and I mentioned it to her and told her I perceived a difficulty in his breathing. She told me perhaps he had phlegm on his stomach, I put him to the breast and he drew a little but his little mouth felt cold. The room, perhaps, is too cold, thought I and wrapped his blanket closer around him. Then as he appeared dosing I laid on the bed with him on a pillow on my arm, I lay with him about an hour when Suke came up, went down again and told Mrs. S. she was sure the child was dying. Mrs. S. told her to take him from me and not tell me. She took him from my unconscious arms and before she reached her chair his little spirit took its flight to the bosom of his Saviour! I rose and turning to Suke asked how he was, she looked smiling at me and told me my baby was dead! It was so unexpected I could not believe her, I flew to her, she tried to push me away but I put my cheek to his and it was cold. Think what a shock to me when the Doctor had just assured me he was

in no danger, and what a shock to his poor father, who was absent. He was sent for, arrived the next morning, and in the P.M. his dear remains were interred in Mr. S's willow-yard, attended by Mr. Thompson, Mr. F.S. a clergyman. He is happy now and we endeavor to be resigned.

Write to me dear Ma'a. When may we expect you? Mr. M joins me in love to dear Pa'a and yourself.

Your Rebecca

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Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to Chandler R. Gilman, Andover, Mass.

Marietta, Dec<sup>r</sup> 5th Saturday morn<sup>e</sup> 1818

I wrote you, my dear son, Just before I left Phil<sup>a</sup> and told you I would write again on my arrival at this place. [I] will now give you a little account [of our] Journey. [I] left Philadelphia on the morning of [the 12th] of Nov<sup>r</sup>, in company with M<sup>r</sup> Lamson of Exeter N.H. M<sup>r</sup> Allen of Providence R.I. and M<sup>r</sup> Coates of Phila. A very cold morning, and we rode two hours before day, which made it very uncomfortable. Nothing very particular occur<sup>d</sup> and we rode that day 93 mi. Friday 13th a fine pleasant morning—we found this M<sup>r</sup> Allen a very Jovial traveler, and one of the best singers I ever heard. He was born in Providence—educated at Brown University and well acquainted with Benj<sup>n</sup> and Thomas.<sup>1</sup> This day we took the stage Gov<sup>r</sup> Finley, who rode with us all day. I was much disappointed in him. I expected to see a Gentleman of polish<sup>d</sup> manners and politeness—but he appears like a clever honest farmer. The driver took in his mother, to ride 6 miles with us—she was a low-bred dutch-woman. The Gov<sup>r</sup> enter<sup>d</sup> into conversation with her and seem<sup>d</sup> as if he had got among his own clafs. We arrived in Chambersburgh<sup>2</sup> at six o'clock, very much fatigued.

<sup>1</sup> Moses Brown Ives and his younger brother Robert H. Ives, Thomas P. Baneroft and Benj. Ives Gilman, Jr., were all in Brown University about the same time. Moses graduated in 1812, Benjamin in 1813, and the two younger cousins in 1816.

<sup>2</sup> The route described is the one now taken by tourists who motor from Philadelphia to Pittsburg via Gettysburg.



When we sat down to supper Mr Allen who is very amusing said he was so tir<sup>d</sup>, he could not eat unless some of the family, (as he was pleas<sup>d</sup> to call us) would open his mouth for him, and work his Jaws. He however made out to eat a good supper.

At this house (Mr Linsey's) we saw a young gentleman from Pittsburgh, who told us that the Ohio river was lower than ever known before. That a number of merchants were there, waiting for the river to rise, and at that time there were goods there to the amount of three million dollars, waiting [for] water to descend the river. A poor prospect, thought I, for us. We take in passengers every day enough to fill the stage. Mr Allen keeps us from disponding by his wittisisms and his singing. We crofs<sup>d</sup> the north mountain this day, and arrive in Connelstown at 5 o'clock. Sunday 15th Took our seat in the stage this morn<sup>g</sup> at 4 o'clock. One of the most delightful mornings I ever saw. The moon shone in the greatest splendor and the air was mild as may. But the roads were dreadful. We had a very unpleasant ride over sidling hill. We have bounded from rock to rock, so that my bones were sore. Just after we crofs<sup>d</sup> the hill—the driver took up a poor run-away negro, bound him with cords, and put him into the Stage, for Bedford Jail. This negro was one of the most awful profane wretches I ever saw. Can there be a worse hell than to be confined forever with such company. What a companion for this blefsed day, the sabbath of the Lord. Being very intemperate—'twas impofsible to stop his tongue. Here we parted with our Philadelphia companion—Mr Coates. From his conversation, I think he must be a lawyer. He tells me he knows Gilman & Ammidon. He was very [torn] is a very pleasant, mild unafsuming man. He [torn] when we parted and wish<sup>d</sup> us an agreeable Jour[ney]. We] rose at four—left Bedford—crofsed the alegany Mt[torn] over the worst road I ever saw. Tuesday 17th H[torn] Greenburgh 46 miles. The turnpikes are shock [torn] with flint stone and left in large pieces [torn] felt as if my bones were dislocated. In add[torn] able situation the driver, who is the worst of [torn] two men, who were so intoxicated they could h[torn] profane all descrip-

tion. Wednesday resume [torn] and rode 35 miles to Pittsburgh. The town is as [torn] goods as it can possibly be. The house is over[flowing] But I have a little chamber to myself, & can now [torn] with gratitude to Heaven. Heitherto the Lord hath [torn] brought me. Blessed be his holy name. May [I] never forget the goodness of the Lord to me & mine [torn] M<sup>r</sup> Lamson has been as kind & attentive to me as [torn] We found it impossible to descend the river & we [took] the stage for Wheeling where we arrived the next day, and found a family boat going to Marietta who took us in and after eight days on the river we arrived at this place in safety. Surely goodness and mercy hath followed me all my days. Your dear Pa'a had been watching the river, many days and had Just given me up for that night, cross<sup>d</sup> the river & set down at home, writing, when I open<sup>d</sup> the door. We keep in our own house day and night, and at meal times are sent for at M<sup>r</sup> Stones whom you know, live in your Grandma's house. Our house at present [is] unoccupied by any but ourselves. I have been very particular, my dear son, because I thought it would be agreeable to you. I have also written to Joseph an account of my Journey &c Your Pa'a last eve<sup>e</sup> rec<sup>d</sup> your letter of Nov<sup>r</sup>. Poor D<sup>r</sup> Dorsey was sick when I left home—but 'twas thought was on the recovery. I was shock<sup>d</sup> beyond discription, when I arrived here, to find he was gone forever. O may it be blest for the salvation of thoughtless souls in that city. Write as soon as convenient my d<sup>r</sup>

child to your ever affect<sup>e</sup> mother HG

PS [torn] in your next tell me if you have got [torn] a pladd cloak. If you have not—you better take the [torn] stage on some saturday & go to your uncle Peter, and get money to purchase it & for your quarter bills he told your Pa'a he would pay the money to you You better get it in small<sup>r</sup> portions and keep an exact account. Your dear Pa'a sends a great deal of love. We Just rec<sup>d</sup> a letter from Benj<sup>n</sup> dated 27 Nov all well. HG

Paid 25

M<sup>r</sup> Chandler R. Gilman  
Student at Phillips Academy  
Andover  
Massachusetts.—

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Joseph Gilman to Chandler R. Gilman, Andover, Massachusetts.

Philadelphia December 11th 1818

My Dear Brother

Altho it is but a day or two since we put into the Office a letter from your Sister Eliza for you, yet, not having had the pleasure of receiving one of your letters for a very long time, I have, naturally, for some time, been thinking what could be the reason of your long silence, and in course of my cogitations, have referred to your former letters; two of which, viz Oct. 20th & 25th, to my great regret, I find unanswered, and this is the reason of your having another epistle so soon after your Sisters letter. I am anxious, with all possible speed, to remove from myself every shade of blame for your not writing. Even my negligence, however, in the two instances, above mentioned, will by no means clear you; as I am informed, at the house, you have, for weeks, been indebted to Grand-mama, Eliza, Arthur and Winthrop, for letters sent by Mr Warren; by whose politeness I received yours of 20th October. Mr Warren paid us a very pleasant, but very short visit, and has, no doubt, long since, given you his thoughts of Philadelphia.

We have letters from Papa very often, but they are all business letters. We always know by them, however, that Mama and Papa are both well, and enjoying themselves highly. Our last letter from Papa was dated Dec. 4th and received yesterday. You, I presume, write to Mama, and hear from her occasionally. She has written us but one letter since she has been at Marietta. I hope you have written to Rebecca. We have not heard from her for a long time. You ask, in your letter by Mr Warren, of the health of Mr A. Hodgedon. I am happy to say he has entirely recovered. Miss Jane and the Doctor remain "*in statu quo*."

I perceive, with pleasure, that you have an old class-mate of mine, Mr Newhall, as one of your instructors. He was always very highly esteemed as a Scholar, at Cambridge University, and as an amiable Man. As a Scholar, he ranked very high in our Class.

Since my last letter from you, you have had the pleasure of a visit from Robert, he tarried so short time, however, that you don't give him great credit, I suppose. You were also honoured with a call from the young Gov<sup>r</sup> as we call him—M<sup>r</sup> Washington Sargent—Pray how think you of the eccentric genius? Be careful what you say tho'—unless it be praise—he is a Favourite of Miss Eliza's.

M<sup>r</sup> Ammidon is desirous to write you, and will improve the first leisure moment. We were much pleased with your account of studies, and sincerely trust that you pursue them with industry, and ardour. It is a point of the very first importance gained in your favour, that you have obtained so excellent a Chum. I hope your only ambition will be, to render your room so distinguished, that M<sup>r</sup> Adams may always say to his friends—"There live two of my best Scholars."

You will please write us often—but take the time, from the hours you had devoted to sleep.

Since your settlement at Andover, I have forwarded you a Philadelphia paper, at least, once a week. Your Postmaster, doubtless, will have something to say about the postage. As it will be very inconvenient for you to be paying a cent & a half, the regular postage, on receipt of each paper, you may pay him in advance for a paper to come once a week. The postage as above, will be one & a half cents each paper, and calculating 13 weeks to the quarter, you will pay him 19½ say 20 cents, in advance, each quarter and I will be certain to send you, as heretofore, one paper every week. By your papers you have learnt the awful intelligence of the death of D<sup>r</sup> Dorsey. Only two weeks before his death, Doct<sup>r</sup> Dorsey was at our Church, and apparently, the most healthy, pleasant, and happy countenance of the whole Congregation. D<sup>r</sup> Dorsey's Family, and the Family of M<sup>r</sup> Ralston were overwhelmed with grief inexpressable.

A fortnight previous to his death, I recollect distinctly, on Sabbath day, D<sup>r</sup> Dorsey was called out of meeting about the middle of sermon; you well recollect his grace, and beautiful expression—so I saw him trip from his Pew, to the door—little thinking that, that was the last time he would ever pass those sacred walls,—the last

time I should ever see the interesting Man. But true it is—he is dead!

You have been advised that your cousin Jane, of Alexandria, is with us. She goes to M<sup>r</sup> Jaudon's School—and sends her love to You. You would do well, when you have a leisure moment, to write her a letter—but no—remember my first advice—never write, unless when you feel disposed to sacrifice a few moments sleep, to the happiness, and the pleasure of your friends.

I could willingly fill this page but the mail is closing and I must away.

Your affectionate Brother  
Joseph Gilman

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Mrs. John S. Miller to Chandler R. Gilman, Andover, Mass.

Lebanon January 1819.

My dear Brother,

I have often reproached myself for not answering your first letter—once I began to write to you, but something occur'd to prevent my finishing my letter until it was of too old a date to send. I do not now however, regret so much that I have delay'd it, as I think a letter from me now you are away from home will be more acceptable. I recollect when I was at school in Portland—nothing gave me so much delight as receiving letters from my friends & I never shall forget the emotions of pleasure I experienced when after a long interval of silence—I received 5 letters by one mail! Last week I received your kind letter of the 17<sup>th</sup> Nov<sup>r</sup> which afforded me very great pleasure. You congratulate us my dear Chandler on the birth of a darling infant—and I am sure you will sincerely sympathize with us, on the melancholy event which has since occurred. You have no doubt heard the particulars of his death from some of our family—but you cannot know the pangs which it has cost us to part with him. He was indeed a most interesting and engaging little fellow—he already began to take notice & to look at his father & mother as if he knew them and by a thousand endearing ways—by his sweetnefs & patience during a

most painful illnesses, he so won upon our affections that we almost idolized him. When I think of him it seems as if my bereaved heart would break—but it was the will of a wise Providence who knows what is best for us, to take him from us—and may he teach my rebellious heart to say “*thy will be done.*” When I had him with me in health I could sit down with his father at our little fire-side and say “my fondest youthful dreams of happiness are realized” but how frail is every pleasure which this life affords! how necessary is it that we constantly remember that we are pilgrims to another world.

I am glad to hear you are preparing for college, your advantages I suppose are greater at Andover than they would be in Philadelphia—but it is painful to be separated from ones family, & more particularly so to a Parent to be obliged to send a child from them. I trust that you will conduct yourself in such a manner as to give your Parents no cause of uneasiness. You have, I am convinced, too strong a mind to allow yourself to be led astray by thoughtless companions—and I trust you have within you a noble ambition to become a good and great man—should heaven spare your life. Life is so uncertain that our chief aim should be to fulfill the duties which are assigned us & to prepare for another world.

You are mistaken in supposing us to have here, perpetual spring—our climate is much milder than your’s but we have some days of severe cold The [torn] has this winter been as low as 16. We have frequent sudden & great changes in the Weather. The thermometer at this season not unfrequently rises or falls 20 or 30 degrees in 12 hours. We have not had any snow as yet—Christmas day was very mild, Ther° 71. We had a severe frost on the 8 Nov° which injured the cotton considerably. There was many novelties to me in this country such as the vegetation of cotton—sugar cane—and thousands of plants & trees which I never before saw, among which are the Fig tree the Pomegranite tree. A beautiful tree call’d the “Pride of China” & also a very handsome evergreen call’d “Gloria Mundi.” I have no room for a description of Lebanon—have no late news from Phil<sup>a</sup> should be very glad to hear often from you. From your affec<sup>n</sup> sister  
R.I.M.



Mr. Miller desires to be affectionately remembered to you. Mr<sup>s</sup> Sargent & the Gov<sup>r</sup> often inquire after you — they are both well as usual.

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Mrs. BENJ IVES GILMAN to Chandler R. Gilman, Andover, Mass.<sup>1</sup>

Marietta Feb<sup>y</sup> 15<sup>th</sup> 1819

Yours of December 29<sup>th</sup> now lies before me, my dear son, and we are happy to hear you enjoy such good health. We were greatly astonish<sup>d</sup> to hear that your Uncle Peter did not comply with your request. Did you send to Benjamin for the amount? In your next, tell me if you have received any thing yet, from your Uncle. I think he must have been out of town. In a letter from your sister Eliza, she informs us, you had changed your place of residence, and now board with D<sup>r</sup> Porter. This information did not please your Pa'a, although he says, he thinks it will be more advantageous to you, to live in D<sup>r</sup> Porter's family. — Yet he says boys should not think about what they eat, but mind their study's. For my part, I was rejoiced that you had made the exchange, and that you had the privilege of an asylum in the Divinity College. O may you, while their my dear son, be pluck<sup>d</sup> as a brand from the burning. May a sovereign God, convert your precious soul, and make you an instrument in his hands, for the conversion of thousands. O that it may please an Infinitely holy God, to answer my prayers for you — not for any worth in me, for I am a poor sin-sick soul — but for his own glory. Yesterday, was a solemn day, to many in this place, and I trust, a precious season. Twelve new Communicants set down with us, to the table of the Lord. Your dear Uncle, gave us an excellent sermon from Titus 2<sup>d</sup>, 13 and 14 verses. In the afternoon, seven children were baptized. Mr & Mr<sup>s</sup> David Putnam, at the communion season, were very much affected. I do believe they have both pased from death unto life but are so full of doubts, respecting their own sinfulness that they cannot yet come forward & make

<sup>1</sup> MS. loaned by W. Stewart Gilman, Sioux City, Iowa.

a profefsion of their love to Jesus. This is a rock, which many split upon, and I believe, is a temptation of satan to keep them away. They have an Idea that they are not worthy, and must keep back, until they are more fit to come. If we wait for that—we may wait forever. for who is worthy, of so great a privilege. If we have a hope founded on the merits & atonement of a crucified Redeemer and can say with Paul, I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that, which I have committed unto him I think it the duty of all such to come, with all their sins, & sorrows, doubts & fears and lay them at the foot of the Crofs and say, If I Perish—I will perish here.

This town—your native place—is much changed, in a religious point of view—they have never been favoured with a revival of religion—yet additions are constantly made to the church, of such I trust—as shall be saved.

I presume my dear Chandler you would like to hear particularly of your old mates. A Mr Slocum keeps an excellent school, at the brick school-house, on this side the river—and last week, an exhibition was held of the first clafs. The house was full, to overflowing. The stage was built up about four feet from the floor—a handsome curtain across the house, twelve or fifteen feet from the fire-place, which was raised and fell—as the sceenes began, and closed. A handsome carpet on the stage—and several amusing dialogues & pieces, performed & spoken very well. Henry Fearing open<sup>ed</sup> the exercises, by speaking a piece composed for the occasion. Peter and Douglas Putnam had a part in 2 or 3 dialogues & perform<sup>ed</sup> extremely well. The death of Goliath was perform<sup>ed</sup> by a young gentleman  $\frac{1}{2}$  head taller than your brother Robert—and Daniel Whitney. The former took the part of Goliath, the later—who has a ruddy & fair countenance—perform<sup>ed</sup> the part of David. Read the 17<sup>th</sup> chap<sup>r</sup> of 1<sup>st</sup> Samuel and you will have an Idea of this dialogue. While Goliath the Philistine was raging with fury in his countenance, at the Stripling David—Daniel Whitney listned to him, with such a sweet, composed countenance, as interested every spectator. At last—when Goliath told him to come near to him & he would give his flesh to the fowls of the air & to the



beasts of the field—Daniel took 5 smooth stones out of his bag—put one into his sling—and smote the Philistine & he fell dead to appearance on the floor & the curtain drop<sup>d</sup>. We had music between every scene—and the whole was closed with an address spoken by one of the scholars, to the audience, Master, and scholars who were to leave the school. I have given your dear little brothers a particular account of the performances of their old school mates—which I think will be pleasing. I hope my dear son—you will be careful of your eyes. You doubtless recollect how often I had to reprove you for reading between daylight & dark. Or in the evening, at a distance from the candle. Dont read long at a time. You are now at an age, when every thing of the kind, will affect you. Hope you will take good care of your teeth & hair. You have not told me whether you bought you a Pladd cloak. When you write, I think you better lay my last letter always before you & then you can answer all my questions. When you reply to this—which I beg may be very soon—direct your letter to Washington Mifsissippi where I hope a kind Providence will carry us before your letter can reach this place. We know of no Opportunity yet, but hope to be on our way in two weeks. If my life is spared to see Phil<sup>a</sup> again—I shall want to take a trip next to Andover. That you may be enabled to follow the example of your dear departed Grand Pa'a—whose name you bear & who I trust is now in Glory—and that a Kind Providence may watch over your steps—keep you from all sin and grant us all a happy meeting with our dear family—is the daily prayer of your ever affectionate mother H. Gilman.—

P.S. Your dear Pa'a sends much love.

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Arthur and WINTHROP S. GILMAN to their parents, Marietta, Ohio.

Philad. March 2nd; 1819.

Dear Parents

At the request of Joseph and Grandmaa and seconded by my own inclination, I devote a few moments to the

pleasing occupation of writing you. Joseph leaves us to morrow morning at four o'clock for Marietta; we are very sorry to part with him, but his friends strongly advise it and it will doubtless be for his benefit. I still continue with Mr Ferris, and I have advanced in algebra as far as Surds. Yesterday Eliza received a letter from Chandler he was very well, and had been spending the vacation (two weeks) at Roxbury, he spent his time very pleasantly he was out almost every evening till 12 or 1 o'clock Andover notwithstanding. I have almost finish'd reading the Bible tr and am a going to learn the last chapter in Malachi. when I have I will write to you And you can send and order to Benj<sup>n</sup> to pay me the haf dollar. By the way M<sup>rs</sup> Sninner<sup>1</sup> has got a daughter and there is great lamentation about it. because they wanted it to be a son. Eliza says that Jane Hodgdon told her that they were a going to call it Karen Happuch after Old Job's thir'd daughter. Wint is in such a hurry that I can not write any more. I am your affectionate Son

Arthur Gilman.

Dear Parents

As Joseph leaves here to morrow I cannot deny Myself the pleasure of sending you a few lines. something whispers me, they will not prove unacceptable, as coming from Your youngest son Winty. Mrs Ralstone called here the other day in a very friendly manner, set an hour and a half with Grandmama and told her that the house occupied by M<sup>r</sup> Rodman would soon be to Let and that it was every way calculated for our family and advised to make immediate application. Benj. as well as all the family (except me) are in favour of it, it has Backbuildings and a fine Yard. I believe it is the same house that Papa dined in several years since Owned by M<sup>r</sup> Wells. I suppose you will soon Leave Marietta for Natchez I hope it will be soon so that You may return to us by the 1 of June I wish You a pleasant Journey and a safe Return. Family all desire love to You both I remain my dear Parents Your Affectionate Son

W. S. Gilman.

Excuse my bad writing.

<sup>1</sup> Skinner.

Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to Mrs. JOSEPH GILMAN, Philadelphia, Pa.<sup>1</sup>

Glocester Place March 29<sup>th</sup> 1819

Presuming it will be interesting to you, my dear mother, to have a particular account of our voiage to this place, I will copy a Journal which I kept from the time we left Marietta untill our arrival at this place. After waiting 3 or 4 weeks, expecting the river to rise sufficiently for us to descend, & almost despairing of it, we were favored with a sudden rise of water, and a steamboat appeared commanded by Capt Peirce, of Hingham, who lives next door to Mr Philip Ammidon and in 20 minutes warning we found ourselves on board, and bid adieu to Marietta, on Tuesday 9<sup>th</sup> of March at 12 o'clock A.M. We have near 30 passengers—including 3 Ladies. A Mr & Mrs Simson, who made themselves very conspicuous—are from England, & are going to reside in Cincinnati. Mr Simson is very large, six feet, & very robust, of independant fortune. He does not appear to notice his wife, they have seperate rooms—she, with her dressing maid—and he with his valet-de-Chambre, who sits at his side at mealtimes, & helps him, Just as you do Arthur. Altho we have had an excellent cook, & Roaste Beef—Mutton, Veal, Hams—Chickings—Puddings—Tarts—Cheese—Preserves—Apples &c &c—yet nothing is good enough for him. He turns his inexpressive eyes at everything on the table. And with a vacant stare exclaims 'what's that.' Do tell me what is that. Then turns up his little nose—with sovereign contempt—and asks for a cracker. He appears to me, like a spoild child. I long to box his ears. His wife is a sensible, well inform<sup>d</sup> woman. And appears to wish to become all things to all men. We pass Gallipolis, at 9 in the evening. Which I regret as I feel a curiosity to see some of its inhabitants. We arrive at Limestone, Wednesday morning 10 o clock. Made a short stay of 2 hours, then proceeded to Cincinnati, where we landed at 5 o clk same evening. making 310 miles in 25 hours. Mr.

<sup>1</sup> Original owned by Winthrop S. Gilman, Palisades, N. Y.

Gilman call<sup>d</sup> on Mr James, who introduced us into the boarding-house of Mr Bainbridge, formerly of Phil<sup>a</sup>. & Brother to Commodore Bainbridge. Mrs B—— is daughter to Commodore Truxon of Phil<sup>a</sup> an interesting woman, & family. They have 20 boarders. Among them is Mr Lamson, who has been very low with a fever, but is convalescent. This town, is so much improved that you would not know it. It is laid out in squares, like Phil<sup>a</sup>—and has a large number of handsome houses. The ladies with whom I was formally acquainted, call on me, and are very pressing in their invitations—but I feel such anxiety about my beloved son Joseph, who I think must be between this & Phil<sup>a</sup>—that I cannot accept of them. Capt Peirce expects to be detained here, 2 or 3 days. Thursday 11<sup>th</sup> Mrs Ziegler who lives next door, below us, insists on our dining with her this day and *ma-chere aimée* [sic] thinks it will not do to refuse. We pass<sup>d</sup> a very agreeable day with her, & return<sup>d</sup> to our lodgings, and retired to bed, with a dreadful head-ache. Before ten, we heard a gun—which always announces the arrival of a steam-boat—and in a few moments, heard the animating voice of our dear son Joseph, at the door. Instantly the head-ache fled—and we were quite happy.—Friday 12<sup>th</sup>—Rode thro' every part of the town and saw everything which was to be seen. Gov<sup>r</sup> Sargent's house—looks like an old stable. But the situation is beautiful beyond description. It commands a view of the whole town. Mr Burnet told me, his situation there was an estate. We drank tea at Mrs Burnets—who lives in high style.

Saturday, 8 o clk A. M. We all take our seats in the steam-boat for Louisville. We have a strong wind against us all day but arrive there at 8 o clk in the evening, distance 150 miles. This town is also laid out in squares. It stands on an eminence of 70 feet in height—which descends to a narrow plain, along the river, side in front of the town. It contains 300 houses—1 Presbyterian, 1 Methodist & 1 Roman Catholic Church, 2 printing offices—a post office—a book store, a circulating library—a reading-room—an iron foundry—a glass-house—Cotton-Manufactory &c—and has the appearance of a place of business—but looks very much

like the lower part of Chesnut St. Sunday we went to church with Mr Chambers, who has been very polite. Heard an excellent sermon, from a Mr Banks of Fairfield Connecticut. Whom Mr Gilman formerly knew. In the evening who should come in but Mrs Weld, of Belville—who resides here & keeps a boarding-house. With a son of William Goodwin of Plymouth. Monday 15<sup>th</sup> It rains, all day. Tis thought best that Joseph should go with us to Shawneetown, 38 miles from this place. Tuesday, extreme cold snow-storm. We keep house all day.—Wednesday—very cold—call<sup>d</sup> to see Mrs Weld. Thursday 18<sup>th</sup>—went on board the Steam-boat at 11 o clk A. M. & found some new passengers. Dr Miller & Lady—with her Brother, Dr. Perry. Mrs Miller is peculiarly interesting to us all. She is the exact resemblance of our dear Rebecca. Just such a form—Just such eyes—hair & manners. I feel unwilling to part with her. The wind is against us, all night—& no moon—until 3 o clock. We have run ~~this day~~ 275 miles, in 24 hours. Friday 19<sup>th</sup> clouday—the wind against us. Dr & Mrs Miller go ashore to their habitation at Henderson. Our supply pumps fail & we stop at Shawneetown. Here we remain, from 12 o clk A. M. until 11 P M. Here we part with our dear son, who, with Mr Coleman of Cincinnati, will go on to St Louis. I feel grateful to a kind Providence, that he has such a good companion in the route he is to take—which appears to me very hazardous. At 11- we leave Shawneetown, & go Hurricane Island, 25 miles, where our pumps again fail, & we anchor in the river until 7 o clk Saturday morning, when we embark in a violent snow-storm. The waters are very high & rapid—wind high—& it snows so all day—we can scarcely discern the shore. However we have a good Pilot—who appears to understand his business—and blessed be God—an Infinitely holy being who has said, *when thou passest thro' the waters I will be with thee, & thro' the floods, they shall not overflow thee.* Precious promise. Here we enter the Mississippi. Which is 3 miles wide. The wind, excessively high, the pumps refuse to do their office, & at 3 o clk P. M. we anchor 75 miles below Hurricane Island. Sunday 21<sup>st</sup>, We remain here all day. & night. Examine the

Pumps & Engine found the difficulty, & take in 23 cords of wood. Mr Gilman took a walk 1 mile. Saw a man who had lived in a Kentucky-boat, 3, years. A sweet little woman for wife, & 3 children. The man said to him, is not your name Benjn Ives Gilman of Exeter I went to the academy with you—my name is Hutchins. He said he should start tomorrow for St Louis—& we both wrote to Joseph. Monday 22<sup>d</sup>—we left this place 6 o clk A. M with a very high wind against us—yet we go 12 miles an hour, & the pumps work well. We pass an Island which shows the marks of the effects of the earthquakes in Dec<sup>r</sup> 16<sup>th</sup> 1811. The right bank for several miles above, & below this Island, appears much lower than it formerly was. Many of the trees standing in all directions & particularly the willows on the willow-bar oposite—clearly evince the concussions of the earth. This Island is crack<sup>d</sup> to that degree, that several large trees, standing on the cracks, are split, from the tops down to the roots. We pass N Madrid, which is a most miserable looking place. Not a house in it fit to be inhabited. To day we have run 140 miles. Tuesday 23<sup>d</sup> We leave Bayou river at 7 in the morning, & pass a Chickasaw Bluff. This is a most beautiful part of the river, but very thinly inhabited. This Bluff, I'm told is 200 feet in heigth—singularly shaped & variegated with different colours of earth, of which the yellow, is most conspicuous. I'm told the earth when first pick<sup>d</sup> up & wet—has a soapy feeling, & would answer for Potters clay. The yellow and pink colour earths, are often collected, & ground in oil, and make a handsome paint. I saw one house painted with it, which look<sup>d</sup> extremely well. This day, we ran 126 miles. Wednesday 24<sup>th</sup> Cloudy, dark day. Wind excessively high against us—a dreadful sea—I am very sick, can eat nothing all day. Anchor at night to my great relief. made only 98 miles. Thursday 25 fine day—we ran 150 miles. Anchor at night, & the hands work until 2 o clk, taking in wood. 23 cords. Friday 26 very pleasant. The Captain talks of running all night that he may reach Natchez tomorrow. This is the first day since we left Marietta, that I could bear to sit on deck. Owing to the extreme cold. The Cypress—Cottonwood & willows, with which the banks of the Mifsissippi abound—are just



beginning to put out. We anchor, at 8 o'clk—after running 150 miles. Saturday, 27<sup>th</sup> We begin our last days sail at 5 o'clock in the morning. And after a dull uniformity of a flat, swampy forest, for seven hundred miles—we now behold a bold, but gradually rising ground of six hundred feet in height—and near two miles in extent, covered with a fine culture of cotton and corn—whose rows are so varied in direction, by the numerous hillocks and gullies on the side of the hills as to give great beauty and variety to the whole scene.—This is the first warm day we have had. The Banks are covered with flowers, and the scene is truly picturesque. As I approach Natchez—I have a thousand fears—and my heart sickens and sinks—2 hours, will bring us there. I can write no more.

29<sup>th</sup> March—I have the inexpressible pleasure to inform you, my dear mother—that we landed at Natchez, 7 o'clock on Saturday evening. A few moments after the gun was fired—Mr Thomson came down to the boat, and urged our going to his house that night—but as it was too late to go to Gov<sup>r</sup> Sargents—we remained on board, all night. It seems, Mr Thomson sent out at ten o'clk to the Gov<sup>rs</sup>, with information of our arrival. Who dispatched one of his negro's to Lebanon at 10 o'clk—who arrived at 3 Just before day, with a billet to Mr Miller—with a pressing invitation for them to come to Gloucester-Place and meet us. At day light, Mr Thomson came to the steamboat with a Gig for us—& he rode on horseback to the Gov<sup>rs</sup>—where we were received with open arms, and every expression of friendship. After breakfast—we impatiently waited the arrival of our dear children—and at last we saw the white horse & Gig at a great distance with old Ben on another white horse—and in a few moments my beloved child was in my arms. She is perfectly well—but is full as slim as when you saw her. No alteration, except her complexion is better. We shall go to Lebanon tomorrow. The Gov<sup>r</sup> & Lady beg to be remembered with much affection to you. He has advertised all his property, and written to Mr. Merrioth to purchase a handsome house &c on Chesnut—and immediately after the sale, he is determined to spend his days in Philadelphia. Please to remember us

to the dear children—and family. not forgetting all enquiring friends. Rebecca wishes to add and I will only say I am your ever affectionate daughter I shall write my dr Eliza after we arrive in Lebanon. H G—

My dear Eliza—I intended to have written you a long P. S. but have been prevented till too late almost to say anything. I am as happy as you can possibly imagine in having my dear parents with us—We all go to Lebanon tomorrow [torn] breakfast—where we expect to enjoy ourselves highly [torn] come back to Gloster Place—and so back & forth—I have a young gentleman in my eye<sup>1</sup> who I intend to send on to Phil<sup>a</sup>—a most interesting personage—fine talents—engaging person—of a most amiable disposition. Mr & Mrs S. love him like a son—he has spent the day here since Ma'a arrived & she is very much interested in him—but I will say no more at present. I intend to write you very soon—Mr M is well & begs to be remembered. Your affec R.I.M.

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Arthur and WINTHROP S. GILMAN to Chandler R. Gilman, Andover, Mass.

Philad<sup>a</sup> April 4th 1819

Dear Brother

I really ought to be ashamed of myself for not answering your letter sooner but I have been so taken up with my pigeons & Theatre that I have not had time. for I think Eliza told you that the castle was metamorphosed into a pigeon-house & theatre. Last Saturday wint had his Benfit & I am to have mine next Saturday, Squantum<sup>1</sup> had the tragedy's of Cato & Richard the third but I have not chosen one for mine. I have some thought's of taking Hamlet the Dane. Our pigeons came on bravely though we have not raised one pair yet. One of wints have got eggs but whether they will hatch or not I don't know, but we indulge hopes. because we are very anxious to raise one pair. Jane is sitting on one side of me & wint & Grandmaa on the other, Jane is writing to her Parents,

<sup>1</sup> This is evidently William Sargent.

<sup>1</sup> Nickname for WINTHROP S. GILMAN.



Grandmaa is reading the Bible & Wint is waiting for me to close my letter. Robert and Eliza together with Mifs Modewell & Mifs Elizabeth Jaudon (Mifs Maria is indisposed) to S<sup>t</sup> James' Church. Benjamin is gone to the session room as usual, and Tom<sup>1</sup> is gone I do not know were. The family desire their love to you. And Cousin Jane her respects—she says she will write you soon. Wint grows very impatient. And I must draw to a close.

Your affectionate Brother Arthur Gilman.

Dear Brother

Philadelphia April 4 1819

I have been scratching my head almost half an hour and cannot get any thing out to tell you. Grandmama says, where there is not any thing nothing can be drawn out last Fryday night I was at the Mechanical museum there I saw a Variety of things amongst which w[torn] Invisible Conversant, which, if you speak to it it would answer you it favoured us with a very fine song. there was a Mysterious Penman which would write You any name also a little Magician who if you would put a question Into a drum a little door would fly open over his head and answer you for instance Who was the Greatest General in the world [torn] Gen<sup>l</sup> George Washington I now must Bring my letter to a close. By saying I am Your Affectionate Brother

Winthrop Sargent Gilman

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Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to Chandler R. Gilman, Andover, Mass.

Philadelphia June 16th 1819

You can have no Idea my beloved son how happy I feel in being able to address you once more from this place. I take the earliest Opportunity to relieve your anxiety with respect to our safaty by informing you that we arrived at our dear home yesterday after a tedious pafsage of 22 days from N Orleans. We had the whole pafsage head winds & calms, except two days. In the gulf of Florida we had one of the most distrefsing nights I ever pafs<sup>d</sup>. A dreadful storm of wind rain thunder &

<sup>1</sup> Thomas P. Bancroft was living with the Gilmans at this time.



growth of the population after the War of 1812 and apparent prosperity which induced speculation, made a poor foundation for commerce. But added to these were the following difficulties to be reckoned with.

The western merchant's goods were shipped by wagon across the Alleghenies, taking about twenty-four days in transit, while his orders went back by stage; goods to be sent for sale to Philadelphia could not go *up* the Ohio, so they had to wait in Cincinnati or elsewhere for high water, no ice, or a suitable boat, thereby often accumulating in such quantities that prices were inevitably lowered; meanwhile imports from England came to the Eastern markets and were auctioned off by unscrupulous dealers, often for such low prices that the slow moving freight from Ohio hardly sold for cost on arrival; and the farmers, who should be the reliance of a community, found the carriage of their grain and more bulky produce to the river ports so high that it did not pay to send, and contented themselves with bartering among their neighbors, which prevented them from having any money to pay their debts and taxes.

Indeed the situation of the west in the first quarter of the nineteenth century was an attempt to do the impossible, and yet it was through this attempt that it grew and developed. When railroads were constructed and canals were cut, Ohio and the west came into their own, but before that time, hundreds of men made the same struggle and failed as did Mr. GILMAN.

BENJ. IVES GILMAN to Chandler R. Gilman, Andover, Mass.<sup>1</sup>

Philadelphia 26th July 1819

My dear Son,

I duly rec<sup>d</sup> Your Letter, in which you mentioned that you should want Sixty-eight or Seventy Dollars, about

<sup>1</sup> MS. loaned by W. Stewart Gilman, Sioux City, Iowa.

this time. Enclosed You will find a check for Seventy-five Dollars drawn by E Chauncey, Cash<sup>r</sup>,—on the Cashier of the Manufacturers & Mechanics Bank, Boston. You must endeavour to curtail every expence not absolutely necessary: for I assure you, my dear Son, that it is with the utmost difficulty that I can raise money for current wants. You can have no idea of the distress prevailing in the Commercial World. Some of the first merchants in this City have failed & no one can say when the difficulties will end. Immediately on rec<sup>d</sup> of this, You will make out a fair copy of your acc<sup>t</sup> giving Credit for all monies received & charging your disbursements & send it to me pr mail. Above all things let me conjure You not to run in debt for any thing excepting your Board. Let no acquaintance entice you to this baneful practice. Recollect, that the moment that you become a Debtor, you loose your independence and are liable to be dunned by a person whom you may despise. Maintain your independence & you will then always be respectable. Do not mistake my meaning & suppose that I design to inculcate supercilious haughtiness. Far from it, for I wish you to be modest & unassuming and never to value yourself for an [torn] attainments in learning. Be careful to conduct yourself with polite propriety in the family where you may reside, & particularly to the females.—Nothing has a better effect on the manners of a young Gentleman, than associating occasionally with genteel Ladies, whose minds have been well cultivated.

Your Brother Robert speaks well of the House where you board, but I do not like the plan of selecting a Tavern for a residence. How has it happened that you have changed your lodgings so often? This has not a good appearance, & I fear you have been found a troublesome boarder. You can surely find a plenty of good rye & indian bread & milk, and a student ought to be well contented with such fare. Let it be constantly impressed on your mind, that you are obtaining an education, not as an ornamental acquisition for a man of fortune; but for the purpose of making yourself respectable in one of the learned professions. I hope to be able to pay your expences while in College, but depend upon it, my son, that you will have to depend upon your own exertions, after

your education is compleated. In some of your letters, I observe you speak contemptuously of the people of Andover. I know them well, or rather I well know the character of the Inhabitants of the New England towns generally. They are obliged to be frugal and industrious [torn] eyes they may appear mean, but on the whole they are useful, good & respectable citizens.

I have many things more to say but the hour for closing the Mail has arrived.

Your affec<sup>e</sup> Parent

Benj<sup>e</sup> Ives Gilman

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Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to Chandler R. Gilman, at Harvard College.

Philadelphia Sept<sup>r</sup> 20<sup>th</sup> 1819 —

Robert has just handed me your letter my dear Son of 12<sup>th</sup> untimo I am greatly relieved and I hope truly thankful that your life has been spared, while on the great deep, and that you have return<sup>d</sup> in health to your home. Your letter written at Hallowel, I received & was sorry to hear your aunt Harriot was sick. In your next, I hope you will mention her and tell me how you left your uncle who you saw there, and how you pals<sup>d</sup> your time. &c. We rec<sup>d</sup> a letter from your Pa'a last week, dated at Chillicothe, the yellow fever was there, & he was going next morning to leave it, for Cincinnata wher he expected to meet Joseph 15<sup>th</sup> of this month. When you write Joseph, direct to Lexington. He will go there after Cincinnata and then to Louisville, where if you should wish to write him again—direct to care of David C. Skinner merch<sup>t</sup>. Your sister Eliza received a letter yesterday from Rebecca. They were well but complain<sup>d</sup> much of poor crops &c. Gov<sup>r</sup> S and M<sup>rs</sup> S were quite unwell with bad colds. The Gov had suffered more than ever—with the gout. Both his hands had been intirely uselefs, & were drefs<sup>d</sup> every day by a physician. M<sup>rs</sup> Thompson (her daughter)<sup>1</sup> had a fine daughter, and your Sister thought it would weigh 12 pounds. She an-

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Winthrop Sargent was Mrs. Mary (Mackintosh) Williams and Mrs. Thompson was evidently a daughter by her first husband.

ticipates great pleasure, in a visit to us next spring. Dear child I hope her precious life will be spared—and that we all shall meet once more—under the smiles of Heaven.

Your Brother Robert sometimes talks of going to the eastward—but whether he will or not is uncertain. I think it rather a fortunate circumstance for you that you had it not in your power, to make a visit at Providence, as Moses has Just return<sup>d</sup>—Charlotte<sup>1</sup> quite sick—and Gen<sup>l</sup> Mason a relation of their's, has lately died. The family are in confusion, & trouble. Thomas has not yet return<sup>d</sup>—& our family is very small. He was sent out to collect debts. The times are dreadful.<sup>2</sup> Benj. has to pay to Banks in four weeks 50,000 dol<sup>r</sup>s. But this is between ourselves. He thinks and so do I that you had better keep an account of every cent you spend, and before your Quarter bills are presented let us know time enough to send you the amount.

You will recollect that your uncle Peter borrow<sup>d</sup> of your Pa'a about the time he was married three hundred dollars, which was to have been paid to Joseph. But as he could not make it convenient to pay him I hope he will pay the amount Due to you. I trust you have keep<sup>t</sup> an account of what he has paid—and will receive the remainder as you need it. Our family, is very expensive, live as economically as we can. And I hope he will consider that it is hard for us to lay out of that money so

<sup>1</sup> The children of Thomas Poynton and Hope (Brown) Ives were Charlotte Rhoda, married in 1821, Prof. William Giles Goddard; Moses Brown, married in 1833, Anne A. Dorr; Elizabeth, died s.p. 1813; Robert Hale, married in 1827, Harriet B. Amory; Hope Brown, died 1837, s.p.; Thomas P., d.y. The only descendants of this family in the third generation are the grandchildren of Mrs. Goddard and Robert H. Ives.

<sup>2</sup> "In April, 1818, fifteen months after the Bank (the Second United States Bank) started, it was doubtful whether it was solvent." In the summer of 1819, it "took the most energetic measures to save itself and in seventy days was once more solvent but it had ruined the community." "In August, 1819, 20,000 persons were seeking employment in Philadelphia." "The papers were filled with advertisements of sheriff's sales." "The newspapers of 1819 contain numerous accounts of riots, incendiary fires, frauds and robberies." *History of American Currency*, William G. Sumner, 1874. 76, 78, 79, 80.



long. As to our putting money for you in some person's hands, it is idle to think of such a thing. You my dear Son are fully capable to take care of yourself, & when you want money, let us know, & if in our power, you shall have it. Only keep a strict account, And send in a letter—or rather Copy your acc<sup>t</sup> in a letter, & be very exact. As I shall keep those letters for your Pa's inspection. The family all Join in love. One thing I had almost forgotten—which is—that you will attend the meeting on the Sabbath of a Presbyterian Congregation, or Episcopal. If it be necessary, that I should send a certificate, let me know.

Your affec<sup>te</sup> Mother

H. Gilman

P. S. If it will do, you can turn down the last sentence in this letter, & show the President.

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Joseph Gilman to Elizabeth H. Gilman, Philadelphia, Pa.

Bardstown, Kentucky, Oct. 4, 1819

Dear Sister.

Monday Morn

Your sincerely welcome letter of 27<sup>th</sup> August, I received, at Lexington, on the morning of the 15<sup>th</sup> September. Being banished from HOME, *a stranger in a strange land*', my almost only satisfaction & enjoyment, is, the receiving of letters from Philadelphia. Now let me mention, I have been absent from home Eight weeks and a half—and received but five\* letters—how little pleasure, to be scattered through sixty long days. To Mr. Ammidon, I have written once: to B. I. Gilman Jr, I have written five times; yet not one solitary word, have I received from him, neither have I the least idea of there being a letter on the way for me, nor of his having any notion of writing at all: so I shall not be disappointed, at any rate, unless it be an agreeable one. I trust *you* now have two or three letters on the way for me: and please to continue, as I requested you, until the 10<sup>th</sup> of November; all to Lexington: till that time. It

\* four from Robert, and one from you. [J. G.'s note.]

is my calculation to employ myself constantly in the State of Kentucky, until the 1<sup>st</sup> of December next: on which day I expect to set my face for St. Louis. During all this time I shall be in and out of Lexington, every six, to twelve days. So please direct all letters, for me, to Lexington; until the 10<sup>th</sup> or, at farthest, 12<sup>th</sup> of November: after the 12<sup>th</sup>—to St. Louis, Missouri Territory.

In my last letter to Robert, dated Lexington Sep. 29—I requested him to send me by returning mail the 1<sup>st</sup> & 3<sup>d</sup> Nos of the Sketch Book<sup>1</sup>—I wish to lend them to Amanda, on my return to Lexington. Please ask him, if he has received the letter, and forwarded them—I would not have him fail, on any account. Miss Amanda I think is exceedingly improved, in Beauty—as well as other respects. Yet, I believe, your caution is unnecessary—though probably not for the reason you assign. true, M<sup>r</sup> Henry, has been a long time in Kentucky—but I am here now—: and you know what our Poets say of the Ladies, "*Frailty, thy name is woman.*"—present company always excepted. Mrs. G. shall be introduced to you, in all due time; but from a different quarter. Stil I anticipate unfeigned pleasure in passing several evenings at Mifs L's—in Lexington. And it will [torn] greatly to our enjoyment if I can have the pleasure of reading the Sketch Book with her. My business in the southern part of this state was so important, and pressing, that, altho I was three days in Lexington, I was not able to do myself the pleasure of calling on Mifs L. or her Brother. But will make it up some future time. Give my compliments to Master Wint for the line he did me the honour to add to your letter. Hope he may persue his studies with as much Zeal as he has enjoyed his holydays. Expect to hear from M<sup>r</sup> Arthur next. Please give my most devout regards to Miss Maria Jaudon: and accept for your self & family, the love of Your Brother Joseph

Tell Maria I had the pleasure of delivering her letter to Amanda on the 15<sup>th</sup> Sep<sup>t</sup> 11 Oclock A. M. as, also, your own same time.

<sup>1</sup> Washington Irving's *Sketch Book* was issued in 1818.







MRS. THOMAS LIPPINCOTT (PATTY SWIFT)

From a silhouette owned by her granddaughter, Mrs. Charles P.  
Noyes, of St. Paul, Minn.

We must return to the story of Mrs. LIPPINCOTT. She did not long survive the hardships of her journey west. "From that time on until the day of her death, two years 14 days, her life was one of toil, of fatigue, of suffering and trial such as rarely fall to the lot of women. . Residence in the pestilential air of Milton . . her last sickness in a settler's cabin and death . . constitute a chapter of . . heroic endurance worthy of a martyr."<sup>1</sup>

She died October 14, 1819, while they were driving through the country for her health and was buried in Shiloh, where they happened to be when she was taken ill. Mr. LIPPINCOTT married (2) Henrietta Maria Slater, who also succumbed to malaria and (3) in 1821, Catherine Wyley Leggett, daughter of Capt. Abraham Leggett, of New York and Edwardsville, Ill. This second step-mother was the only mother that little ABIA ever knew and the relatives of her two step-mothers as well as her few Swift cousins frequently appear in later letters.

The third Mrs. Lippincott had a family of eleven children.

WINTHROP S. GILMAN to Chandler R. Gilman, at Harvard College.<sup>2</sup>

Philadelphia October 26<sup>th</sup> 1819.

I am rejoiced my dear Brother that I have an opportunity of writing you free of Postage. M<sup>rs</sup> Patton is now in Alexandria and we hope to have the Pleasure of seeing her here very soon and she has kindly offered to take charge of anything to you. as we expected her here last week Arthur wrote you a very long letter he says if he has time he shall write you another as that is now an old letter But mama tells him it will be new to you and he had Better send that, Now my dear Brother I am agoing

<sup>1</sup> *Presbytery Reporter*, 1870, 50.

<sup>2</sup> MS. loaned by W. Stewart Gilman, Sioux City, Iowa.

to tell you some news which I think will make you feel very glad this day mama received a letter from Mr Miller with the Pleasing Intelligence that our dear Sister Rebbecca had a fine fat fair skinned dark eyed Blak hair'd daughter Born the 30<sup>th</sup> Day of September in the year of our lord One thousand Eight hundred and Nineteen Being the forty third year of the Independence of the United States of America. We were not Informed the name of the child, but from all accounts we expect it to Be Elizabeth Hannah—

We had a letter from Papa dated at Cincinnati he expected to go to Marietta the next day. Not with a view to return home for he talks of staying in that Country all Winter Joseph was at Louisville he will also stay all Winter Mama is very anxious about them because the Country is so Sickly Poor lizzy is in the dumps she has lately Parted with a dear friend not to mention any names Ben remains in Statu quo Sometimes waites upon a certain lady home from Church. Robert has a Season ticket and goes to the Theatre almost every night it is open your old School master Mr. Fariss is now very sick and not able to keep schooll Our Family are all very well and send a great deal of love to you

From your Affectionate Brother

Wint<sup>r</sup> S. Gilman.

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Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to Chandler R. Gilman, at Harvard College.<sup>1</sup>

Philadelphia, October 30th, 1819

I have been waiting for an Opportunity to write you, my dear son, a long time, or rather to send your other flannel Jacket but Mr. Patton did not arrive here as soon as he was expected. Your last letter was dated the 27th of September. You may rest assured, my dear son, that we are all, thank Heaven, in perfect health. Our City was never healthier than at present. Yesterday we received a letter from Mr. Miller with the pleasing intelligence of the birth of a fine daughter. O may it live to

<sup>1</sup> MS. loaned by Mrs. Jane (Coe) Brant, Rolla, Mo.

grow up and be an ornament to the Church. I shall feel very anxious about Rebecca until we hear again from her, as Mr. M says the Yellow Fever is raging at Natchez and Washington, in all its horrors. I presume you have had the pleasure of seeing Cousin Thomas. By him I wrote and sent you a flannel jacket. I wish you had sent me the sermon at the dedication of the Andover Theological Seminary. I should be much gratified to see it. I have seen Mr. Hewart's answer to Mr. Channing's sermon and think it excellent. Hope you will send both you mention by first Opportunity. You wish to know the names of your Uncle's children; the eldest is Samuel, Hannah, Gilman, Jane, Chandler, your Uncle Isaac's wife's name was Mary Douglas Howell.

We received a letter yesterday from your dear Pa'a dated at Zanesville. He was on his way to Marietta where he expected to remain until the 20th of November. He has some Idea of remaining there in that country all winter. On the 20th of November he will return to Cincinnati and perhaps to go on to St. Louis. I can hardly bear to think of his staying in that country all winter. We feel the loss of his society most sensibly. I hope, my dear son, you will be as prudent as possible. Your dear Pa'a says it grieves him when he thinks how little he shall be able to do for you when you come out of college. I hope, my dear Chandler, you will be preserved from every vice and above all that you will be kept by the Almighty God from that greatest of all errors, denying the divinity of the Lord that bought you. O my child, beware of that error. Heaven blefs you, prays your ever affectionate mother,

H. Gilman.

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BENJ. IVES GILMAN to Elizabeth H. Gilman, Philadelphia, Pa.

Marietta, 21<sup>st</sup>. Nov. 1819

You were much mistaking, my dear Eliza, in supposing that your journal would not be interesting, if it contained only a detail of family occurrences. It gives me much more pleasure to hear what my dear little Boys have for

breakfast, & what time they go to School; than to read an account of Orator Hunts<sup>1</sup> triumphant entry into London, or that Buonaparte remains in a sulky fit, at Longwood. I am delighted to hear that you have read Doct<sup>r</sup> Moore & the Abbe Dupatys account of Rome & that you are engaged in reading Fosters Elsays & noting, in a common place Book, the most interesting passages. Your criticism I think perfectly correct. To me "the charms of Nature" are objects of sensibility in a high degree. On the farm (where I now write) when I walk in the forests of Oak, my feelings are much more excited than when traversing the busy streets of New York. Some one has said that were he "*in a desert he would select some favourite Tree and carve a true-love knot upon the bark, & would swear that it was the loveliest tree in the forest.*" Early walks, in dry weather, are certainly conducive to health, and I advise you to continue the practice, without fearing cold weather. It gives elasticity & vigour to the frame; & nothing is more enervating than dozing out the morning upon a bed of down. You appear to triumph in the prospect of your predictions being verified, respecting "*giving up the Ship.*" It may be so, but should the event take place, it will (in my opinion) be owing entirely to injudicious management. Young Girls are often remarkably obstinate, & cannot be driven into measures, especially when those measures are for the interest & happiness of all concerned. It would occupy too much of my paper to give you my ideas, as to the proper methods to be pursued on such occasions, I shall therefore defer it until we meet. If it were possible, my dear Daughter, consistent with interest or duty for me to return immediately to Philadelphia, I should fly to a beloved home, the only haven where I find comfort & happiness. Some recent occurrences render another journey to Cincinnati absolutely necessary, & I assure you that to me the journey will be most unpleasant; as I am extremely averse to taking one step further from home. It is, however, evidently the path of duty, there-

<sup>1</sup> Henry Hunt, an English Radical, 1775-1835. "Acquired popularity with his party by his intrepid audacity and inflammatory harangues." Lippincott's *Biographical Dictionary*.

fore I shall not hesitate. — You probably remember Miss Susan Lincoln. She is now a gay, dashing Young Widow, a member of your Uncles Church. About three weeks since, the whim of visiting Gallipolis seized her mind, & it is said that she managed affairs with great adroitness. A week was passed there very pleasantly, & what rendered the visit much more agreeable, was Gen<sup>l</sup> Cushing's engagement to lead her to the altar of Hymen, without delay. Mr. Swan (a Lawyer at Columbus) has exchanged vows with a Widow. He was married about three weeks since. Each of these enterprising Widows have two children. What an excellent opportunity it would have been for Your dear Mother to have crossed the mountains with Thomas Bancroft. I regret that I did not know of it in time, to have urged her, once more, to have encountered the fatigues of the journey.

If my dear Cousin, M<sup>rs</sup> Brown<sup>1</sup> should call on her return, present my best regards, and assure her that it would have been a great gratification & pleasure to me, to have seen her at Philad<sup>a</sup>.

My Farm is very interesting, & if You were all here; I should enjoy myself highly, in making improvements. Are You very anxious to remove and enjoy the "charms of nature" the unsophisticated delights of rural life? —

The other page of this Letter is for Robert.

Your affect<sup>e</sup> Parent  
Benj. Ives Gilman

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Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to Robert H. Gilman, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Philadelphia April 3<sup>d</sup> 1820

My Dear Robert.

It is impossible for me to express the pleasure your letter to Benjamin has afforded us. Three long weeks

<sup>1</sup> Elizabeth Gilman, daughter of Rev. Tristram Gilman, who married Rev. Francis Brown, D.D., president of Dartmouth College. Dr. and Mrs. Brown stayed at their cousin's home both on their way south and on their return journey. Their son, Samuel G. Brown, became the president of Hamilton College, N. Y.



had elapsed since we heard your Pa'a had left you in Pittsburg. M<sup>r</sup> Cushion arrived from Galipolis and told us you left Pittsburgh in a Kentucky boat two hours previous to his arrival at that place. He also told us that he never suffer<sup>d</sup> more in a snowstorm, than the day after he left Pittsburgh. This information increased our fears, and at times, I really thought you had taken passage with some horrid characters who would murder you—and take your property. I was afraid to make known my fears, lest I should distress your Grand Maa—and since we received your letter, which was yesterday, I find our thoughts were similar. Altho you say we care but little about your letters—yet I can assure you my dear Son, that never a child left home who has been more mis<sup>d</sup>, and who has been more the subject of conversation than yourself. And now I must express my surprise that you have not received a letter from me—sent to Pittsburgh—and one from your Grand-ma'a and sister, sent to Marietta. You will now my dear Robert, see that your friends have not forgotten you. I had the great pleasure to receive a letter from your Pa'a—dated 12<sup>th</sup> march and shall answer it very soon. By a letter from my dear Joseph to his Brother—which we also received yesterday, with yours, we find you are at last together. May you have a happy interview—and take all the comfort you can. I hope you will both pay particular attention to your health—and not expose yourselves to the dews of the evening. Our City for six weeks past, has been in constant commotion. It swarms with incendiaries of the vilest kind. Almost every night the inhabitants are alarm<sup>d</sup> with the cries of fire. Last week they set fire to a brewery establishment, which consumed—with one or two small houses—and a valuable boardyard. Last evening at seven o'clock, they set fire to the Theatre in Chesnut St—and notwithstanding the expertness of the fire company's—it burnt down, with 50 Gallons of Gas and all the beautiful scenery—Dresses—Arms &c &c—but what made it more affecting—poor M<sup>rs</sup> Niel's house, was burnt—with the greater part of her property. The Shakespere buildings were destroy<sup>d</sup>—and much property lost. I'm told that about a week since, M<sup>r</sup> Wood (the



manager of the Theatre) found a suspicious character in his yard, and confined him. The man was very angry, and told Mr Wood, if he should ever have his liberty—he would burn the Theatre. He soon had his freedom, and probably put his threats into execution.

I presume you have seen the Philadelphia papers which have given an account of a riot in the Jail. It was really a dreadful day to us. The prisoners made their way thro' two gates—and before the Marines could come up from the Navy-yard, they had nearly effected their escape. One man only was kill<sup>d</sup>, and several wounded. Tis said that seven hundred are now in Jail—and all swear revenge. A patrolle is scouring the streets and alleys every night—but they still elude their grasp.— I very much fear we shall see distressing times this summer—and I frequently wish we were all safely on our farm at Marietta. Benj<sup>n</sup> will probably write you, or Joseph, tomorrow. I felt so relieved on receipt of your letter to him—that I could not resist the inclination I felt to send you a few lines this evening.

Last week, Eliza had a small tea-party—and as Ben is no Ladies man—we felt your loss, and that of your Brother's. Miss Munroe from Wilmington—two Miss Jaudon<sup>rs</sup> and brothers Sam<sup>l</sup> & Will<sup>m</sup>—two Miss Henrys, Miss Fullerton—Doc<sup>t</sup> Dubarry—Mr Adeock and Mr Guest. Mr A—expects very soon to take his departure for Europe. He requested me to present his respects to you—and say if you, or any of your brothers ever come to England he should be happy to return some of the kind attentions which he had received from your fathers family. This moment, my dear Robert, Benj<sup>n</sup> has brought a letter from your dear Pa'a—and a P S from you.—dated March 21<sup>st</sup>—Your memorandum will be attended to immediately. I think you will probably pass your time at Cincinnati, very pleasantly. Tell Joseph, we think he is in a hopeful way. And as to yourself I hope—now you are surrounded with the blooming fair, you will forget Mr<sup>s</sup> Cotton & Mr<sup>s</sup> Barlow, and make your bow to the beautiful Miss Latrobe, Miss Bainbridge—and others. I shall write soon to your Pa'a, and direct to Marietta—as I presume he is now there. The family

all Join in Affectionate regards to Joseph & yourself.  
Believe me dear Robert your Affectionate Mother

H G

P S I forgot to tell you that M<sup>r</sup> Robert Ralston—and  
Andrew Hodge have return<sup>d</sup> in sound health.

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Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to Chandler R. Gilman, Boston, Mass.<sup>1</sup>

Philadelphia May 30<sup>th</sup> 1820 Received of B. I. Gilman Jr. One hundred dollars to be paid to the order of Chandler R. Gilman, at Cambridge, Mass.<sup>c</sup> Francis Brown.

I wrote you my dear son, last week, by M<sup>rs</sup> Johnson's son, who expected to go on to Boston, for his health, which is very miserable. But since—I have heard he is much worse—so that he has given up the Journey. His sufferings have been great indeed. But I trust he possesses that peace of mind, which the world cannot give. Your Brother Benj<sup>n</sup> sent you some time since, an order to draw on him for what money you wanted at sight. But you have not acknowledge<sup>d</sup> the receipt of the letter. President Brown,<sup>2</sup> of Hanover, N.H.—has made us another visit, with his wife. He has pass<sup>d</sup> the winter at Savannah, in the hope of its being the means of establishing his health—but a misterious Providence who cannot do wrong—appears to be fitting him fast—for heaven. They were with us, eight or nine days—every hour of which, I expected would be his last. They have hired Edward Mitchel—who was Benj<sup>ns</sup> porter, to live with them, one year. They left us last monday with a hope to reach home, before his death. They were out of money, and Benj<sup>n</sup> let him have the within amount—which was to be paid to you—for your quarter bills—when due. They will probably send you the money soon after they arrive. I am very sorry it was not in your Brothers power to send you the money you wanted—before—but such was the case. In the future, before your bills are

<sup>1</sup> MS. loaned by W. Stewart Gilman, Sioux City, Iowa.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Brown died July 27, 1820.

due, I wish you would write to me, before its wanted — or in season, & I will remind Benj<sup>n</sup> every day. He has on the last communion sabbath — made a publick profefssion of religion. This has been the subject of my poor prayers for a long time. But his doubts with regard to himself — keep<sup>t</sup> him back. He has now — before Angel's and men — acknowledge<sup>rd</sup> Jesus to be his Lord and his God. O that all [my] dear children might be prepared to follow his example in the only road, to happinefs in this life which will conduct them to immortal glory. My dear Chandler — you in particular — have been, & still are, the subject of my prayers. I have been, perhaps, too sollicitus, for you to follow the steps, of your Pious grand Parent — for whom you were call<sup>rd</sup>. But if a wise Providence should see fit that you should not persue the study of Divinity — O may he make you an ornament in his church, and fit you to spend an eternity with him, in that blefsed world where nothing impure can enter. Our family are all well — little Jane<sup>1</sup> is here — & will return with some young mifses who will go to Bethlehem in two weeks. They all unite in love to you. 'Tis unnecessary for me to say, do be prudent — my beloved child — and remember that M<sup>r</sup> Brown whose F<sup>a</sup>ther is independent — must be no example for you to immitate. Heaven blefs you

H Gilman

write soon — & let us know how you manage<sup>rd</sup> the time of your vacation.

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BENJ. IVES GILMAN to his wife, Philadelphia, Pa.

Cincinnati 23<sup>d</sup> May 1820. —

I wrote a line, in great haste, at Maysville, since which I have had the great pleasure, my beloved Wife, of receiving two Letters from You and My dear Mother. I was absent from this Town, more than a month, without hearing one word from any member of our family. The

<sup>1</sup> In an old prospectus of the Bethlehem Female Seminary, Jane Woodbridge's name appears as a graduate, but the date is so early that it is evident that there was a confusion between herself and her mother, Jane (Gilman) Woodbridge, also a graduate of the school.

Steam Boat, in which I was a passenger from Maysville, arrived here at 8 O'clock in the even<sup>g</sup>. The Bar-keeper told me that Robert was out, but would soon return. You will judge of my anxiety to see him as I was told, by an acquaintance, that he had that day received a number of letters from home. My patience was not quite exhausted until  $\frac{1}{2}$  past ten, when a Gent<sup>n</sup> mentioned that he had just left R—— at a large party dancing with the Ladies. From that time I counted the tedious minutes, & my Gentleman did not return until  $\frac{1}{2}$  past one. Yesterday morning I returned from Louisville, & if I could only continue my journey eastward, how happily the moments would pass. Every day of my tedious exile, appears more painful than the last. I wrote to our dear Rebecca, urging in the strongest terms her leaving Lebanon immediately, as I had no doubt but she could go with M<sup>rs</sup> Thompson, or some other suitable company. It was impracticable for Joseph, Robert or myself, to visit New Orleans this Spring. M<sup>r</sup> Mayo told me, Yesterday, that he had recently rec<sup>d</sup> a Letter from Gov<sup>r</sup> Sargent in which he desired him to direct the Answer to Philad<sup>a</sup>: of course I presume You will have the pleasure of seeing M<sup>rs</sup> Sargent, in all next month. When I left my beloved family, I flattered myself that my return would not be delay'd beyond the 4th of July; but now I see no prospect of an end to my banishment. All depends on the collection of Money, & this is a task that every day becomes more & more hopeless. The Laws in this State & Kentucky prevent everything like coercion, and we have only to depend upon the honour of Debtors. I fear we are leaning upon a broken reed. Joseph is now on a tour thro' the Southern part of Kentucky & will return in about ten days. Robert is here, in good health, & waiting with great impatience for the arrival of the last Goods (brown Shirtings &c), forwarded by Benjamin. Not a word has he heard from them, since the Wagons left Philad<sup>a</sup>. Merchandise which left the City, ten days after Robert's arrived yesterday. If much longer delayed, it will occasion a serious loss. M<sup>r</sup> Guest arrived here some days since. Eliza's letter to Joseph has been rec<sup>d</sup> & I rejoice to hear that she continues practicing on the Harp.

I suppose you have had a housefull of Presbyterian Ministers,<sup>1</sup> & enjoyed Yourselves highly. To be candid, I must confess that I have had some fears that Doct<sup>r</sup> G— might be one of your guests. His established character and insinuating manners, render him very formidable & dangerous. You have doubtless seen the account of the elopement of Elder T— from Paris, Kentucky. After three or four weeks the old Gentleman, found out that he was in an error, made an escape from the Young Syren, & last week went home to his loving Wife. He has confessed his naughty faults & his wife, like a good Christian has forgiven all his aberrations. I cannot answer your enquiries respecting the Rev<sup>d</sup> — at present. The Lady, with the bewitching eyes, is said to be at Bordentown (Jersey) doing very well, & as comfortable as could be expected. I am not quite sure that my language is appropriate, but presume it will be understood.

It gives me pleasure to hear of the musical parties, which have enlivened your evenings; but tell Eliza that I do not approve of M<sup>r</sup> A<sup>'s</sup> becoming an acquaintance of our family. I can never think well of a man, who has so far forgotten his character as to make a bet that he could gain a Young Lady's affections. The mind must be mean, sordid, selfish, depraved, deceitful, vile & detestable, before a thought so grovelling could be admitted. To trifle in this base manner, with Lovely Womans heart, is an evidence of innate corruption which would disgrace even Lord Byron. Such a character must be destitute of every moral quality: of every chivalrous & noble sentiment. In the following lines such a character would find no beauties.

There is a language by the virgin made,  
 Not read, but felt, not uttered but betray'd:  
 A mute communion yet so wondrous sweet  
 Eyes must impart, what tongue can ne'er repeat.  
 Tis written on her cheeks & meaning brows,  
 In one short word, whole volumes it avows.  
 O tis so chaste, so touching, so refined,  
 So soft, so wistful, so sincere, so kind &c

<sup>1</sup> Probably the meeting of the Presbyterian General Assembly.

It is to be presumed that Mr A ——— would call this sentimental nonsense. I shall resume this subject hereafter; in the meantime tell Miss Eliza to take her toast & tea “with what appetite she may.”

I am in daily expectation of hearing favourable news from Zanesville. If You, my Dear, were there I should fly to meet You, on the Wings of the Wind.

To live in this state of separation from a beloved family, is wasting precious hours of life: it is more than I can bear. If no favourable alteration occurs in business, I shall urge a removal of the whole family to this Country. My dear little Sons Arthur & Winthrop must improve present opportunities, for perhaps they will not have the advantage of a Philad<sup>a</sup> School next season. My health continues very good & I see no one with a better appetite; excepting Your Brother & One or two Clergymen whom I have occasionally met. Mrs Wiggins & Miss Barton have just passed our room, & Robert has darted out to gallant them in their walk. He is engaged at a party this evening & since he went out an invitation for tomorrow evening has been rec<sup>d</sup> — I sometimes wish my dear Eliza was here, with her Harp & Piano. Give my best love & duty to my excellent Mother. Present my respects to Mrs Latimer & remember me most affectionately to our dear Children.

Yours with every sentiment of regard & Love

Benj<sup>r</sup> Ives Gilman

Always tender my best regards to Mr Ammidon & Lady. I am sensible that he & Benj<sup>n</sup> have much more to suffer, than we have here. Do not fail continuing Your Journal. I am very anxious to have an answer from Benj<sup>n</sup> to some queries in my Letter from Maysville, dated 1 May.

Tell Benjamin that Domestic Goods are (at the present moment) in great demand in this Town, & Chambrays sold this day at Auction at, 30 Bankable Money, equal to, 22 specie.

Mrs Hannah Gilman  
N<sup>o</sup> 215 Market S<sup>t</sup>  
Phila. —



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MRS. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to Robert H. Gilman, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Philadelphia July 6<sup>th</sup> 1820

With a degree of pleasure which I cannot describe, my dear Son, do I acknowledge the receipt of your kind letter, of June 25. I knew you had left Cincinnati, for a tour through the country—and cherish<sup>d</sup> a hope that you would steal a few moments from business, and while traveling through some of the post towns drop a line for Benj<sup>n</sup>—and I thought if I could only hear you were well, I should be content not to be remember<sup>d</sup> by you. But you are as usual a thoughtful son—and will not forget those who love you. You have doubtless heard before this, of the death of Gov<sup>r</sup> Sargent.<sup>1</sup> While we were expecting the pleasure of seeing him every hour, we were informed<sup>d</sup> he was no more. His poor Afflicted family, we expect to embrace every day. We learn from a New Orleans paper, the Tennessee left that port, on the 8<sup>th</sup> of June. This is the 29<sup>th</sup> day they have probably been at sea. I sent a continuation of my Journal to your dear Pa'a, last saturday, and regret to say I forgot to date it 1<sup>st</sup> July. Your sister is anticipating the pleasure of receiving a line from you, by M<sup>r</sup> Guest, whom we understand is expected every day. Your account and M<sup>r</sup> Mericks, do not agree. He writes M<sup>r</sup> M—that he is very anxious to see Philadelphia—that since he left him he has seen some very agreeable young ladies, and one, or two, who are call<sup>d</sup> very beautiful—but he adds—“ they have no charms for me”. M<sup>r</sup> M was so kind, as to bring his last letter for us to peruse. He writes in a very easy style, and gives very Just descriptions of the country through which he has pass<sup>d</sup> and its Inhabitants. But I must say that from the whole tenour of his letter, I should really suppose the writer to be in love. Whether he has left his heart in Philadelphia or lost it, in Cincinnati or Lexington, I cannot determine. We were much surprised to hear of Miss Reid's elopement, but must remain in the dark, on that subject, until your arrival, as your

<sup>1</sup> Governor Sargent died of the gout in New Orleans, June 3, 1820.



friend Mr John R Latimer has not had the goodness to call on us, since you left us. I have frequently towards night, seated myself at the front window, hoping to see him pass, that I might have the pleasure of conversing with him about Robert—but I have not been so fortunate as to see him. Your friend Andrew, follows his brother James example, and constantly pays Miss Gilman a visit, every Friday evening. He appears truly friendly, and very agreeable—and candidly confesses he is not fond of music, and had rather set and talk. He told Eliza, last Friday evening, that he was afraid she did not like him. E told him she liked him very much—because she knew he loved you. William is immersed in business, and scarce ever finds time, to visit his friends. For a long time, I felt quite hurt, and was afraid some of us, unintentionally had offended him. But when I hinted it, he laughed very heartily—and assured me that was not the case, and very candidly told me the times were so hard, that he found it required every exertion to make his payments in season. Miss Jaudon, and the Misses Henry's are well, and often speak of you, with much interest. Maria said to me, last evening, Mrs G—when is Robert coming home. All our beaux have deserted us. O if I could only see Robert, and John Henry return, I should be quite happy. The latter is expected every hour. And when dear Robert, shall we see you. You say nothing in your letter about returning home—I sometimes in my moments of depression—think I shall never again see my beloved family, all together. But I soon check myself, for such ingratitude—and hope—and expect, that my merciful Father will continue his goodness, and grant us in his own good time the wish for blessing. Your dear Grand-ma'a and I, are continually lamenting Joseph's departure to New Orleans—and wonder that he should visit that place at this season—above all others. We had accounts yesterday that the yellow fever had made its appearance there. But I pray heaven, it may not be true. If he should be spared, to return to Cincinnati, pray my dear son, let us know it, as soon as possible. You give us some faint hope that we may see your Pa'a in August. O that we may realize that plea-

sure. Doct<sup>r</sup> Mitchel arrived the first of May, and will again take his departure for Canton, week after next.— He will be absent 18 months. The old gentleman has at last given his consent, and the Doct<sup>r</sup> has requested Matilda to be in readiness to be married, immediately after his return. M<sup>r</sup> Ralstons family have moved into the country, and have been very particular in their invitations to us to visit them. Particularly Miss Abby. She came to us, last Sunday, Just as we were going into church, with all the sweetness of Elizabeth—in her countenance—and beg<sup>d</sup> Eliza and I, to come out and see them—observing they were now settled and should depend on seeing us. M<sup>rs</sup> Dorsey and Sarah, return<sup>d</sup> from Albany last week. M<sup>rs</sup> D-s health much improved. I presume you have heard of M<sup>rs</sup> Physick's death. She was ill but ten days. M<sup>rs</sup> Price, who lived next door to her—told me that when she found M<sup>rs</sup> Physick was dangerous, she ask<sup>d</sup> her, if she wish<sup>d</sup> to see her husband. She reply<sup>d</sup>—if he wishes to see me—I should like to see him. I am going—and wish well to every human being. M<sup>rs</sup> Price instantly sent for the Doct<sup>r</sup>''<sup>1</sup> who had not seen her since the separation. He came—went to the bed side—took her hand—but her eyes were closed in death. He order<sup>d</sup> the corps to be removed at his house—put into Ice—and kept two days. A very large funeral. The children were with her from her first indisposition. M<sup>rs</sup> Price told me she was astonish<sup>d</sup> to hear the conversation of the two little boys. A little younger than Arthur & Winthrop. The oldest stood at the bed side, & like his father—never shed a tear. Said M<sup>rs</sup> Price, do you think my mother is dying? How long will she live. Wont she speak again? Will she be dead at 10 o'clock? The youngest cry<sup>d</sup> as if his heart would break. Said M<sup>rs</sup> Price pray do something to save my mother. She must<sup>nt</sup> die. What shall I do without her. She has been a good mother to me, & if she dies, I cannot live. O save her Doct Monger—save my mo-

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Phillip Syng Physick was an eminent surgeon of Philadelphia. He was successor in the chair of anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania, to Dr. Dorsey, whose death has been mentioned. He married, in 1800, Miss Emlen of Burlington, N. J., and was elected a member of the French Royal Academy of Medicine in 1825.

ther. Your friend M<sup>rs</sup> Sands is still in town—and often enquires for you, with Affection. M<sup>rs</sup> Hodgdon's family—as usual. Let's than half an hour after we heard of our friends death—the Major came in, with a view to congratulate us, on the event—and had the impudence to say to your Grandma'a well you have got red of a great deal of trouble—we doubt not that he rejoiced at the event. As usual for Philadelphia—two ladies are selected for Doct<sup>r</sup> P—— M<sup>rs</sup> D—y and Mifs Sally Bayard.

I wish my dear son, you could hear your sister play on the harp, I think you would be pleased with her musick. If kind Providence should return my dear son Joseph, tell him to come home and rest. Tell my beloved husband I have commenced another Journal beginning with 4<sup>th</sup> July. The family all unite with me in tenderest affection to you all. The little boys begin to talk about August holy days—with much interest. Take good care of your health—dont expose yourself to damp evenings—and love your ever Affectionate Mother H G

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BENJ. IVES GILMAN to Elizabeth H. Gilman, Philadelphia, Pa.

Cincinnati 11th July 1820

Your letter, My dear Daughter, of the 19th ult came in due course of the Mail, & has afforded me much pleasure & satisfaction. When One is far removed from a beloved home, nothing is so delightful, as well written family letters.— From Joseph I have not yet received any intelligence, & I shall feel extremely anxious for his safety until he returns. Robert left me this morning & is to be absent four or five days. He is on a tour to a neighbouring Wateringplace in Kentucky; with a party of fifteen Young Ladies & Gentlemen, from this Town. He has become a great favourite, and some of the Belles (I think) would be glad to detain him here for life. You cannot, My dear Daughter, feel more anxious, for my return, than I do; but it seems as if my exile was yet to be of long continuance.

You must have had a very pleasant party at M<sup>r</sup> Ral-

stones with M<sup>rs</sup> Sands &c. M<sup>r</sup> Dwight's character I recollect. He is no doubt a very good & a very exemplary young man. Young Gentlemen, however, from Connecticut, of that cast of character are apt to lay claims to infallibility.

The conversation You had with Miss A. R — respecting a Young Lady of your acquaintance, leads me to suppose that you are on more free terms than formerly. In the main, I coincide with her opinions; as delicacy & refinement are indispensably necessary to make a pleasing companion. It seems the Brother is exempted from the charges brought against the Younger Sister. I have always heard him spoken of in terms of great respect. — It is unfortunate for the Young Lady that she suffers her gaiety to blind her judgment. To me, it would be a source of deep humiliation if a Daughter should ever be so familiar as to render it necessary to chide a Gentleman for rudeness: but to say "Paws off" is the essence of vulgarity and low breeding. So You have had a pleasant party of Religious characters at the House. I am glad that M<sup>r</sup> Marston was there, as the duty of reciprocating the civilities of strangers, ought never to be neglected.

I notice your observations respecting the celebrated singer M<sup>r</sup> Adcock. I cannot say that I feel the slightest interest, whether he settles in Philad<sup>a</sup> or the Moon. The man who can so far forget the character of a Gentleman, as to make a bet on winning the affections of a Young Lady, to whom he felt not the slightest attachment: ought not to receive the countenance or support of decent People, who respect themselves. I was much pleased with Roberts friend M<sup>r</sup> Guest. By this time I presume he has arrived, where I passionately long to be.

It is pleasing to learn that Miss Russell has returned with the same easy, unaffected manners. I wish you, My dear Daughter, not to give up your lessons on the Harp, & if it be deemed best to suspend them during the Warm season, I hope you will renew the business in Autumn: & by that time I hope we shall be able to procure you one of English Manufacture.

I shall expect to find you mistress of Fosters essay on

decision of character, & well versed in Humes History of England, Marshalls Life of Washington, Gibbons History of the decline of the Roman Empire. Your time is now precious, & it is all important to lay up a good store of intellectual treasure.

Before this arrives I trust you will have had a melancholy meeting with M<sup>rs</sup> Sargent, & M<sup>rs</sup> & M<sup>r</sup> Thompson. I was much surprised that the distressing news had not reached Philad<sup>a</sup> when your Brother's last (received) Letter was written, 26th ult—The eastern Mail arrives this evening & I promise myself the inexpressible pleasure of a Letter from Your dear Mother. On the other page is a line for Benjamin. By this Mail I send My beloved Mother three newspapers. I wrote to Her the 6th inst.

Your affec<sup>e</sup> Parent Benj<sup>a</sup> Ives Gilman

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Benj. Ives Gilman jr. to Chandler R. Gilman, at Harvard College.<sup>1</sup>

Dear Chandler

I have today received your letter of 18<sup>th</sup> giving an account of the suspension of three of your classmates. Altho' it is unpleasant for the class generally, & to the parents of the young men in particular, to have them disgraced, in my opinion the circumstances of the class required their suspension. I do not see the propriety of going to Neponset. If a supper was to be had, why not have it in Town, & get the permission of the Government? If the Government would not give this permission, why have any supper? Young men, when they enter College, must know they are to be governed by the College rules; they ought to know also that they owe a debt of gratitude to their Instructors—at all events, sufficient to make them overlook a little infirmity. I dont see any thing in your conduct, so far as made known to me, that is out of the way, or that will endanger your stay at College. If the whole class went to Neponset, you could not well stay back. It is always best to take a silent part on these occa-

<sup>1</sup> MS. loaned by W. Stewart Gilman, Sioux City, Iowa.

sions; if possible, to prevent them. It would be a most wild thing if your class as a body should pretend to resent the conduct of the Government. They would all either agree to go off, or be ordered off by Gov<sup>t</sup> unless they made a humble apology. If it should so result, you may depend upon it that  $\frac{4}{5}$ <sup>ths</sup> of the class would return with a humble apology. This is the uniform way affrays of this kind terminate; Therefore You had better by all means Keep yourselves quiet. To be suspended is disgraceful under any circumstances, yet a young man may be disgraced by suspension in a wanton, cruel manner, so that the sympathies of his friends will all be with him; nevertheless it will be a disgrace to him that he has been sent away from College, and he will always think so in after life. I can assure you that nothing would mortify your Father more than to hear that you had been suspended. You must therefore "Keep yourself to yourself" as much as possible, and prevent, if you can, anything like opposition to the authority of the College. If you want a friend to go in Boston, & to let the Government know that you have friends, I can easily procure you a letter to Col. Israel Thorndike who will advise you as a Father. Also to M<sup>r</sup> Gray. You must spend part of your vacation with M<sup>r</sup> Ives. If you were to express a wish to M<sup>rs</sup> Ives or M<sup>r</sup> Ives—to be made acquainted with M<sup>r</sup> Thorndike, they would give you a letter that would go a great way with M<sup>r</sup> T. If you would prefer my giving one, I can do it with freedom. I have not the pleasure of personal acquaintance with Col. T. altho' I have corresponded with him. He is acquainted with our family, as is also M<sup>r</sup> Gray. You must write to me soon again. You must not do anything that will cause yr. being sent off. You would regret it to the last day of your life. If M<sup>r</sup> Thompson should be at Cambridge, you would find him as friendly as a parent to you. He is also a man of excellent judgement—You could speak to him with the freedom you would to me—

Yrs truly B. I. G. Jr.

Philad<sup>a</sup> Aug. 22<sup>d</sup> 1820



In 1822 Mrs. Miller visited her family, which now included Chandler, who was studying medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. Apparently Mr. GILMAN had also been at home and he now, accompanied by his two daughters, Rebecca and Eliza and his son Arthur, sixteen years old, was returning to Marietta.

Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to Elizabeth H. Gilman, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Philadelphia March 2<sup>d</sup> 1822

As your dear Grand-ma pafses this day with M<sup>rs</sup> Sargent, and I am intirely alone, I will devote a part of it to you my dear Eliza, and reply to your very interesting letter, written in C<sup>o</sup> with your Pa'a. First let me tell you that I never received a letter from you, with more heartfelt pleasure and satisfaction. Last Monday, we rec<sup>d</sup> a line from your dear Pa'a by M<sup>r</sup> Ville, dated Wednesday evening—saying you were all well, except Rebecca, who had the sciatica. This intelligence fill<sup>d</sup> us all with a thousand fears. I was sure it had terminated in Pleurisy. My immagination was very busy, painting your distrefs<sup>d</sup> situation, at a publick tavern, in the mountains and without medical aid.—Thus we remain<sup>d</sup>, until tuesday, evening when we were reliev<sup>d</sup> by the receipt of your kind letter. O may I never forget this repeated instance of divine goodnefs—and may you my dear children, never forget your dependance on that merciful being, who has protected and preserved you all, thus far, through this dangerous Journey. We should not have remain<sup>d</sup> so long in suspence, if M<sup>r</sup> Freeman, who arrived in season, had not forgotten to deliver the message sent by your Pa'a. I suppose he was so happy to find himself at home—that his thoughts were wholly occupied with his own family. Your friends and acquaintances were very anxious for your safety—and particularly for your sister, whose health they observed appear<sup>d</sup> extremely delicate. M<sup>rs</sup> Huntingdon and sister call<sup>d</sup>—M<sup>rs</sup> Williams, M<sup>rs</sup> Haskins—M<sup>rs</sup> Hulings—the Mifs Jaudon's—and a number of gentlemen call<sup>d</sup> at the store, to make in-



quiries—and exprefs<sup>d</sup> great anxiety for your fate. Tis said there never was known in this country such a storm as that on the day you left us—follow<sup>d</sup> by such a dreadful fresh. I think you may conclude that you have many very valuable friends in this city. On Saturday last, tell your Pa'a I began my correspondence with Arthur, as he requested. I mention<sup>d</sup> Mr Lambden's arrival. He has dined with us, and we are much pleas<sup>d</sup> with him. I believe he will go this evening with Benj<sup>n</sup>, to Doc<sup>t</sup> Hare's lecture. Your Grand-ma'a regrets that you are not with us, at this time, as Mr L is very fond of musick.—I am rather disappointed in his looks—he is much larger than I expected—and more mild in his manners and conversation. I think they are all well calculated to do business together. Your friend Sarah Cox call<sup>d</sup> to see us on Monday, and introduced her husband. She did not know you had accompanied your Pa'a and sister. She exprefs<sup>d</sup> much surprize, but on the whole, thought it a good plan. He is quite agreeable, and his manners rather pleasing. She told me they should go home, in six weeks. Invited me to come & see her and said she should always be happy to visit us. Your Grandma'a was charm<sup>d</sup> with her—and I never saw her look so well. Last Tuesday the doc<sup>r</sup><sup>1</sup> was making great preparations for the evening which he pass<sup>d</sup> at the beautiful Ellins ball. Between 150 and 200 were present. Cold collation—band of musick &c &c in high style—and in all his life, he never spent so happy an evening. Wednesday evening he was at a splendid ball at M<sup>rs</sup> Crothers. Your friend Maria heard he was going—and as none of her brothers had an invitation she requested he would go with her and E—and he did and saw them safely home. Thursday evening the Doct<sup>r</sup> was invited to Miss Jaudon's party, and went. Friday my dear Rebecca, we were again made happy by your kind and very interesting letter dated at Pittsburgh. I have follow<sup>d</sup> you, my dear ones, in imagination, through all your difficulties—and am happy to hear that you have at length arrived in Pittsburgh.—We shall all anticipate soon receiving a line from some of you,

<sup>1</sup> The entire family called Chandler R. Gilman "the doctor" from the time he began studying medicine and in later life he was always "Uncle Doctor" to the younger generation.

announcing your arrival at Cincinnati. I think you must have a pleasant voyage down the river, for there you can rest.—I feel anxious now, about your dear Pa'a. I don't like to hear that he complains of being uncommonly fatigued, and fear he is going to be sick. Hope you will all write, as often as possible,—It gives me singular pleasure, to hear that the dear little ones,<sup>1</sup> perform<sup>d</sup> the Journey so well. Kifs them a thousand times dear Rebecca for me, and never let them forget me. O—that thought.

While I am now writing, Mr R H Ives has Just arrived from Baltimore. He looks finely—& made many enquiries about my beloved absent family—& was quite astonished, that Eliza was gone. Benj<sup>n</sup> wrote your Pa'a the 27<sup>th</sup> Feby, and enclosed a letter. Also 1<sup>st</sup> March.—Chandler's lectures are over—and he is busy with his notes. Doc<sup>t</sup> Parrish's spring course, begins next monday. Winthrop is very studious as usual, and begs me to tell Pa'a he has been at the head of his class all this week. Mr<sup>s</sup> Hodge call<sup>d</sup> yesterday to see us—and told me that William would probably be married very soon. Yesterday I thought I would make my appearance in the street, & call on Matilda. I dress<sup>d</sup> myself, came down, & open<sup>d</sup> the front door, & found her and the doctor on the steps coming to see me. She lookd extremely well. She says every time her brother comes to see them he says O how cosy you look. I really must be married.—Winta who is now at my side, sends love.—Remember me Affectionately to your dear Pa'a & Arthur—take good care of your Pa'a—and when you write, say something about Joseph and Robert.—Heaven blefs you my dear children from your ever Affectionate mother

H Gilman—

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Mrs. John S. Miller to Chandler R. Gilman, Philadelphia, Pa.<sup>2</sup>

[1822]

Dear Chandler

Last evening I received your kind letter of the 12th

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Miller's two daughters, Elizabeth and Jane, the eldest about three.

<sup>2</sup> MS. loaned by Mrs. Jane (Coe) Brant, Rolla, Mo.

June and I cannot give you a more convincing proof of the great pleasure it gave me than by answering it so soon. Whenever you will be so charitable as to send me a letter if it will be any inducement for you to write frequently, I will promise to give your letters always a speedy response. My last letter from Philadelphia (before the receipt of yours) was from Ma'a—it contained information of a nature to excite great anxiety in my mind and I hoped to hear again in a few days, but day after day succeeded each other and for 7 weeks I received not a line—you can easily imagine then the pleasure your letter gave me. You write in such fine spirits too, that it seem'd to give me new life to read it. I can go along very comfortably if I hear from home once in 3 or even 4 weeks, but when the family are silent a longer time than that, I am unhappy and cannot divest myself of fears for your health and lives. When my dear Father left me he told me I might expect Joseph in about 20 days and we have been looking for him for three or four weeks past & cannot imagine what keeps him so long at Louisville. It will be a sad disappointment to us if he does not descend the river, and should he pass Natchez without giving us a call I shall scarcely forgive him. I suppose Eliza and Arthur [torn] Eliza not long since, and I hope to have the pleasure of getting a letter from her in a few days. When there are so Many in our family to write, it is rather mortifying to me that my own epistles are more frequent than all yours. If Winty (as Elizabeth continues to call him) would take his turn to write I would be much obliged to him. You speak of your "late trip to the west" but you do not say particularly where you have been. Neither do you tell me the name of the young lady who pleased you so much, who "is lovely" and whom "you love". Perhaps you only mean, however, west of the Schuylkill. Ah! Doctor, I strongly suspect "the arrows of Cupid will disorganize" your "Brain" now in good earnest. I never thought there was much danger to apprehend from the beautiful Ellen; yours was "a careless, careless love", but now that you kneel at the shrine of one whom you describe as amiable, sensible, fond of books &c, &c, and "pretty, quite pretty", I consider you

as in perilous situation and if I mistake not you will now be obliged to surrender and "own the force of female charms" or rather female excellence. But even should this be true I suppose you will not confess it and I am prepared to see myself call'd in your next letter a false prophetess. But time I suppose will make manifest. You say you fear Mr. Miller will become too much attached to Lebanon to leave it for Longue Vue but I do not think we need fear that for altho Lebanon is a sweet place and we wish to live here while we remain in this country, yet Mr. Miller will gladly leave it as soon as his fortune is made—to settle nearer the family. You used yourself to speak of living in this part of the world—but I suppose from your last letter that you have abandoned the idea. I can easily account for the change, and why you should wish to settle in or near Philadelphia. How would you like to settle at Hamilton? I have not been to town since I wrote last, Mr. Miller has. Our friends there were well. He did not see Mrs. Thompson as she was taking an airing in the barouche.

The weather has been so warm I have been afraid to venture to town as I promised Mrs. T. I intend to send for her and her children shortly to pass some time at Lebanon. Tell Eliza our figs are now ripe but the pomegranate trees are just in blossom. I think it probable that little one in Phila. will bear fruit this summer or next, as the tree bears when quite young, but she must keep the frost from the tender ends of the branches as the fruit grows on the point of the branches. We are all well at Lebanon. Elizabeth and Jane are equally beautiful; I don't perceive any superiority in either; of course Jane has improved since you saw her. She is nearly twice her former size; has a fine animated countenance, handsome black eyes and beautiful arched eye-brows. Elizabeth has increased considerably in stature and (let me add comeliness) as to wisdom she has I believe as much as children generally possess at her age. Her Pa'a is teaching her the alphabet. I have not yet commenced teaching her the Assembly Catechism, but I sometimes ask her what did Grandma'a sew for you? She answers "night gown". "Who sent Prince to buy gingerbread

for you? "Old Grandma'a." "What does Grandpa'a say?" "Let me rub you with my beard". "Who calls you good girl?" "Uncle Ben". "Who wears spectacles?" "Uncle Doccer" "Who's a good boy?" "Winty" "What does Aunt Eliza say?" "Jenny Cuckoo" "What does Uncle Bob say?" "Where's my pet" &c, &c.

But I forget myself & you will exclaim "Maternal vanity" Give my love to all relations & friends. M<sup>r</sup> Miller sends his regards to yourself & all the family—

From your affect<sup>e</sup> sister

Rebecca

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Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to Mrs. John S. Miller, Lebanon, Miss.<sup>1</sup>

Philadelphia October 26<sup>th</sup> 1822

I believe my dear Rebecca, that the last letter I sent you was dated about the 1<sup>st</sup> of this month. As you will probably wish to hear particularly, I have bought a folio sheet, and shall transcribe my Journal to your dear Pa'a, for your amusement. [*sic*] Monday 7<sup>th</sup> inst. M<sup>rs</sup> Flood and M<sup>rs</sup> Hulings call<sup>d</sup> here and said they had Just left M<sup>rs</sup> Sargents, and was told that W<sup>m</sup> was dangerously sick. Your Grand-ma went immediately up, and found him very low and her overwhelm<sup>d</sup> with grief. Eliza has been there for ten days past, night and day. Tuesday he was very low, and the Doc<sup>tr</sup> order<sup>d</sup> a blister on his stomach. He opposed it, with all the strength he had, until Doc<sup>tr</sup> Chapman told him if he did not submit, his life would be sacrificed. Wednesday he was not expected to live through the day. Arthur went up in the evening and offer<sup>d</sup> his services. Benj<sup>n</sup> had offer<sup>d</sup> to watch with him the night before, and they expref<sup>d</sup> their thanks, but said he could not have any one in the chamber, but his mother, E, & Sophia. Thursday Ma'am sent to see how he was, and received intelligence that he was alive, & that was all. After breakfast Ma'am went up and pafs<sup>d</sup> the day. Just rec<sup>d</sup> a letter from Mifs Ogden, in reply to one I wrote her, by Benj<sup>ns</sup> particular request, to know the situation of

<sup>1</sup> MS. loaned by Mrs. Jane (Coe) Brant, Rolla, Mo.

Hope who went some time since, with her Parents and brother Robt to Niagara, Lebanon springs &c—and was taken sick with a fever, and for several days they despair<sup>d</sup> of her life. Miss Ogden remark<sup>d</sup> that M<sup>rs</sup> Goddard's anxiety was so great, that she left Providence with her husband & daughter & pass'd some days with the family, at Lebanon springs, until Hope had so far recover'd as to ride one mile. M<sup>r</sup> Ives's health was very much improved by the Journey, but poor Charlotte's is very miserable. Wednesday 9<sup>th</sup> Benj<sup>n</sup> pass<sup>d</sup> last evening at M<sup>rs</sup> Sargents, and says W<sup>m</sup> is much better. M<sup>r</sup> Hutchins who came from Boston with them, & resides there, is under D<sup>r</sup> Physick's care for a complaint in his hip, similar to Andrew Hodge's. told him that W<sup>m</sup> was so well yesterday, as to ask D<sup>r</sup> Chapman if he thought he would be well enough to go to New Orleans in the Swan, which sails next week. Thursday 17<sup>th</sup> This morning M<sup>rs</sup> Sargent sent for Ma'am to come up their, W<sup>m</sup> was worse. Chandler went soon after to offer his services—as Washington went to Long Vue this morning. But he had return<sup>d</sup>. I requested your Grand-ma'a to tell M<sup>rs</sup> Sargent if I could be of any service to her, to let me know. About [torn] o'clock she sent for me to come up as quick as I could, for her son was dying. I went, and was met at the door by Mariann, who told me to walk up stairs. I went first into the chamber M<sup>rs</sup> Sargents where my poor child lay on the bed in the greatest distress imaginable. M<sup>rs</sup> S was in the chamber walking—and wringing her hands in an agony of grief. Washington soon came in, and said O M<sup>rs</sup> Gilman, come in the other chamber, and see my poor brother before he dies. I ask<sup>d</sup> if he was sensible, he said no. I went and saw W<sup>m</sup>, in the agonies of death. His eyes were shut, & his face in high colour, with fever. I never saw him look so well. I went back to E—and try<sup>d</sup> by the most soothing expressions to comfort her, but in vain. M<sup>rs</sup> Sargent sent for M<sup>r</sup> Chauncy, and he came. He was very much Affected, and remain<sup>d</sup> some time. At half past five o'clock, his soul left a body of suffering, and took its flight. Your Grand-ma'a came in to Eliza's chamber, and said, he is gone. She sprang off the bed, and insisted on going to see him—he was not



dead—O 'twas impofsible. After they were gone, it was thought beft that ſhe ſhould ſee him. I led her to the door, and ſhe broke from me, and ran to the body, put her face to him, and was perfectly ſtill, until we forc<sup>d</sup> her from him. She was quite wild, conſtantly repeating is it poſſible—is he dead? O what will become of me. Do you love me, Ma'a? Does Pa'a love me? O my brothers—they dont love me, O I ſhall be an outcaſt &c—I gave her a large doſe of Parigorick, put her to bed, ſet by her, and try<sup>d</sup> all in my power to comfort her, and compoſe her mind. Your Grand-ma'a, who now does good. Sleeps with her, and as it was very late, ſhe thought I had beſt return home. I muſt tell you he lamented his paſt life, and particularly his treatment to his Mother. And beg<sup>d</sup> that the Lord would ſpare him, that the world might be convinced there was a total change in him. Friday morning, I went up M<sup>rs</sup> S and your poor ſiſter was inſoluble. Washington behaved extremely well, he was very much affected—but it was evident that he ſtruggled hard, to appear as he did. He was all day, going firſt to his mother, and then to Eliza, to ſooth and comfort them. M<sup>rs</sup> S requested me to ſend for a mantua maker, and have every article of drefs made for E— of deep mourning. M<sup>r</sup> Chauncy had the direction of every thing. Unfortunately the day before, when W<sup>m</sup> S was thought much better Benj<sup>n</sup> took a Journey to Wilkesbarre and was abſent a week. The members of the Cincinnati ſociety were not invited to the funeral, neither was his death mentioned in the papers. When he was laid out he was put into a box of Ice, that he might retain his looks. On Saturday morning [he] was taken out and laid in his coffin, which was covered with black broadcloth, bound with ſilver, with large ſilver plates on the ſides and breaſt, noting his age &c and lined with white ſilk. Thoſe who were invited aſſembled at the houſe, at 3 o'clock. Winthrop and I, went up at ½ paſt two, As ſoon as we open<sup>d</sup> M<sup>rs</sup> S's chamber door, [wh]ere were Ma'am and E— when M<sup>rs</sup> S ſaw Winthrop, ſhe ſcreamed ſo as to be heard all over the houſe. And ſaid O my God—this is all that is left of the name. I told him to go down.—She caught hold of him and ſaid no no. I



love him more than ever. But Winthrop was so much affected and frightened—that as soon as he could, I told him to go down. Eliza could never shed a tear, until this moment. And from the time he died, until now—I had serious apprehensions that she would be deranged. Just after dinner, M<sup>rs</sup> S received a letter from Boston, with information of the death of M<sup>r</sup> Fitz William Sargent's M<sup>rs</sup> Williams father.<sup>1</sup> He died with gout in his stomach. At any other time this would have been a severe stroke, for she was very much attached to that brother. Eliza was so much distressed<sup>d</sup>, and so debilitated, that it was thought best that she—M<sup>rs</sup> S—& your Grand-ma'a, should shut themselves up in the chamber, and not be seen, by any person, and I go down & see that every thing was properly arranged. I went into the back parlour, where all the friends of the Gov<sup>r</sup>—and acquaintances of the family, assembled. As soon as Chandler, Arthur and Winthrop came—their hats were taken into the little back parlour, where we use<sup>d</sup> to dine, where was a woman, who put a long black crape and pair of gloves in each hat. I ask<sup>d</sup> Chand<sup>r</sup> if they did not wish to see the corpse, as it was the most natural one, I ever saw. There was no appearance of death, his countenance was the same, only pale—his cravat was put on exactly as in health, his hair lookd as usual—& his face mild and pleasant, as if sweetly asleep.—When we enter<sup>d</sup> the chamber, M<sup>r</sup> Chauncy stood alone—at the foot of the coffin—looking at it—weeping—as if reflecting on the late similar situation of his beloved, & ever to be lamented wife. As we advanced to the coffin, he started—awoke from his dream, and left the room. Soon after we went down, the coffin was put into the hearse, and it move'd slowly along to the place appointed, corner of arch—& fifth St. The ladies all rode. Next the hearse, M<sup>rs</sup> I B Wallace—M<sup>rs</sup> Hulings—and myself, followed by other carriages fill'd with ladies. The procession at the side. First six Episcopal clergymen—then M<sup>r</sup> Chauncy and Washington—next Chand<sup>r</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Fitz William Sargent, Governor Winthrop Sargent's brother, married Nancy Parsons and had a son, Winthrop, and a daughter, Judith, who married (1) David Williams, who died before 1824. Mr. Fitz William Sargent died October 6, 1822.

Arthur & Winthrop—follow<sup>d</sup> by gentlemen. When we arrived at the place appointed for all the living—the coffin was taken from the hearse, by young men hired for the purpose. M<sup>r</sup> C & Washington—Chand<sup>r</sup> & myself—Arthur, Winthrop follow<sup>d</sup> by acquaintances. Doc<sup>t</sup> Abercrombie perform<sup>d</sup> at the grave, in a very impressive manner. As the coffin was let down—Washington started—and was so overcome as not to be able to walk to the carriage without the assistance of two. No one return<sup>d</sup> to the house, but myself. When E saw me—she scream<sup>d</sup>, & went into a fainting fit—which lasted near an hour. When she revived—she was calm—but totally indifferent to herself—and every one around her. I gave her a large dose of laudanum—undress<sup>d</sup> her, put her in bed—and would have staid all night—but your Grand-ma'a thought better return to the family. Next morning—Sunday—they were more calm M<sup>rs</sup> S wished the prayers of the church, & she sent a note to St James E beg<sup>d</sup> I would copy it, & send [it to our] church—for said she, I feel as if I needed the pray[ers of] all christians. No name was mention<sup>d</sup> only a bereaved family. When I came out of church I was surrounded by her acquaintances & mine, to enquire for her—knowing that she was to have been married, the day he died. D<sup>r</sup> Chapman told him two days before he died—that he was so well, he might soon ride out. W<sup>m</sup> was so much delighted, that he could talk of nothing else. The next day he ask<sup>d</sup> the D<sup>r</sup> if he might get up. He replied no sir—you must not get out of your bed. He then saw the deception—and burst into tears. And from that time, he gave up all hopes of living. Your poor sister, says, O ma'a—my fair prospects—my dreams of happiness, are all blasted in a moment. But O he told me he should die—and I did not believe him. He told me he should not live—as he hop'<sup>d</sup>—& pray<sup>d</sup> to—to convince the world there was a total change in him—and to reward me for all my kind attentions to him—but there—said he—God will reward you. He said—O if I could only recall the three last years of my life. Then pray<sup>d</sup> most fervently that God would pardon the sins of his past life—and grant him mercy. Let us my dear children, throw the veil of charity over their faults,

and take the poor afflicted child to our bosom—who is bourn down with sorrow. The family are well. Benj<sup>n</sup> has concluded to go to Louisville with Joseph—to leave us 10<sup>th</sup> Nov<sup>r</sup>—to be absent 60 days. Pa'a expected here in two weeks. Love to dear M<sup>r</sup> M—Kifs my little darlings for your ever Affectionate Mother  
H G.

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Mrs. John S. Miller to Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN, Philadelphia, Pa.<sup>1</sup>

Lebanon, Nov. 28th, 1822.

My dear Mother:

Since the receipt of Joseph's letter by which we learnt the melancholy tidings of the death of William Sargent, we have been exceedingly anxious to hear particularly from Philadelphia and my distress for my beloved and afflicted sister has been very great. I thank you for so kindly anticipating our wishes by writing so particularly on the same subject. This is indeed a heavy stroke for Mrs. Sargent and for our dear Eliza but she must recollect that it is the Lord's hand and may she yet have reason to say—*"it is good for me that I have been afflicted."* The account of his last moments is indeed very affecting. It must be a great consolation to his friends that he was so patient and that he sought so earnestly to make his peace with his God with prayers and tears. Our compassionate Redeemer has assured us that sinners are sometimes accepted even at the eleventh hour, and I think we have every reason to hope the patient son of Mrs. Sargent is now far happier than he could have been had he lived. I am sure this thought ought to make our dear Eliza resigned and cheerful. O why cannot we always remember the frailty and uncertainty of life!! How prone are we to forget that we are every hour liable to be called into eternity, till the Almighty in his mercy, not willing that we should perish, reminds us by some stroke of Providence, by bringing us, ourselves, to the brink of the grave or by taking from us some dear friend, that we are pilgrims here and that we ought also to be ready.

<sup>1</sup> MS. loaned by Mrs. Jane (Coe) Brant, Rolla, Mo.

When Mr. Miller received Joseph's letter he was on his way to Natchez. He went immediately to Mr. Thompson's and informed him of its contents and left him to communicate the melancholy news to Mrs. Thompson and Mr. James Williams. Mr. Miller was obliged to go to town again last week to attend court all the week as a juror. As one of our Dearborn horses was sick I could not go with him but had a young lady (a Miss Wells) to stay with me till his return. He took tea one evening at Mr. Thompson's, whose family was well, but Mrs. T. much affected with the death of her brother. She said she had not yet heard any particulars and was very anxious to see me. If our horse is well enough we propose going to town Saturday next to attend church with Mrs. Thompson on Sunday and visit James Williams' family on Monday. I shall take your letter as I think it shall be gratifying to them to hear your part of it. I have been flattering myself that when dear Papa returned to Phila. he would come via. Natchez but I find by a letter which I received from him dated 27th October, that he returned across the mountains and I presume he will be at home long ere this reaches you! It would be very gratifying to us to be with you at this time. If I could be with my sister only for a short time, I think I could show her how much I sympathized with her. I hope you will write often dear Ma'a; your letters afford me the greatest satisfaction. We shall begin to expect Robert shortly now. Sometime ago when Mr. Miller was in town he mentioned to Mr. Thompson that he had a little money to send Benjamin and asked his advise; what sort of bills to put it in. Mr. T. observed there was a good deal of risk in sending by mail, that he had some money for Robert but as it was not as much as he (Robert) would expect, Mr. Miller had better keep Benj's till Robert came and then give it to him, which Mr. M. will do. From what we can learn. Mr. T's affairs are in a bad way. Mr. Tichenor told Mr. M. he feared he would have to make some sacrifices. His crop was somewhat injured by the rot, and cotton is now down to 14½.

Our family is well. If we go to town Saturday we shall take the children with us. Mr. Miller joins me in most

affectionate remembrances to every member of the family.

From your affectionate daughter Rebecca  
Please not to show this letter to anyone but Eliza.  
P. S.—Friday eve. Nov. 29th—I have not had an opportunity dear Ma'a of sending this to the postoffice, therefore shall take it in tomorrow myself, if nothing prevents, as we expect to go to town as I before mentioned. Hope shall have a letter from Chandler before we return home. All well. Your R. I. M.

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Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to Mrs. John S. Miller, Lebanon, Miss.<sup>1</sup>

P S—Your Pa'a wrote you on  
Wednesday 21<sup>st</sup> inst.

Philadelphia May 26<sup>th</sup> monday morn<sup>s</sup> 1823

It is a long time my dear Rebecca, since I wrote you, and a long time since I had the pleasure of receiving a line from you. We have endeavour<sup>a</sup> to apprize you as often as we could of the situation of your dear departed Grand-ma'a, and told you from time to time Just how she was, and that in all probability she could not live many days. She has been confined to her bed four months, and to her chamber since Nov<sup>r</sup> last. Her sufferings were great indeed, but she bore them with patience, and resignation. She would often in her paroxysm's of distrefs, say "O my heavenly father, if it be pofsible mitigate my sufferings. "O that I might have an easy pafsage.—She never expected to see you, nor Joseph. But as we were expecting Benjamin—she often said "I hope I shall be spared to see Benj<sup>n</sup>—But she was not. She grew weaker, until last Tuesday morning 20<sup>th</sup> ins<sup>t</sup> at 1½ past six o clock, when her spirit took its flight, we humbly hope—to mansions of everlasting rest. For about two weeks before her death, she said but little. Your Pa'a—Chandler—and myself set up with her, the night previous to her dissolution,—she was all the night in great distrefs, every breath was with a groan. About one o clock she

<sup>1</sup> MS. loaned by Mrs. Jane (Coe) Brant, Rolla, Mo.

look<sup>d</sup> at me, and said "O Hannah—which were the last words that she ever utter"<sup>d</sup>. Five minutes before she died, your Pa'a took her hand—and she turn<sup>d</sup> her eyes up—as if in prayer. Then fastened her eyes on him, with such a look so full of exprefion—as he never will forget—and instantly her eyes closed in death. I sent immediately for M<sup>rs</sup> Hodgdon, she came and with Ann's assistance (the girl who lives with me) did everything for her that was necessary to be done. I shall never forget her kindness. We had a coffin made, that forenoon, and before night, she was so much alter<sup>d</sup>, that it was necessary to close her from our view forever. Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock, she was inter<sup>d</sup> in the upper burying ground, belonging to Arch St church, at the corner of 5<sup>th</sup> St and Noble St. 1½ miles from our house. M<sup>r</sup> Robert Ralston—M<sup>r</sup> Alexander Henry—M<sup>r</sup> Thomas Latimer—and M<sup>r</sup> Benson, were Pall bearers. The corps was carried in a Hearse. The first carriage contain<sup>d</sup> your Mother—M<sup>rs</sup> Ammidon—M<sup>rs</sup> Latimer—and M<sup>rs</sup> Hodgdon. The others were fill<sup>d</sup> with ladies of the Methodist denomination. Your Pa'a and Chandler walk<sup>d</sup> together, Arthur & Winthrop, M<sup>r</sup> Ammidon & Coll Hodgdon walk<sup>d</sup> as mourners—and Washington & George Russell. Your dear sister was on a bed of sickness, at M<sup>rs</sup> Sargents. She has been at home all winter, and almost restored to her former health. About three weeks since, she wanted to purchase some little matters, and walk<sup>d</sup> down 2<sup>d</sup> St, a very pleasant day—return<sup>d</sup>—to appearance well as usual, and said, "I believe I'll go up and see M<sup>rs</sup> Sargent, before I take off my bonnet. She went—and about an hour after—Washington came in haste, and desired me to go up with him and see Eliza—she was taken suddenly very sick. Your dear Grand-ma'a was then so low, that we did not expect her life from morning to night. I went and found her very much distress<sup>d</sup> for breath—high fever—and every symptom of Pleurisy—which finally terminated in that disorder. M<sup>rs</sup> Sargent sent for D<sup>r</sup> Deweese her Physician, and he bled her, very copiously.—Next day the pain in her side increased with difficulty of breathing—and violent cough. Bleeding was repeated three times in 24 hours—with blister upon blis-



ter. And now through the goodness of God, she has recovered<sup>d</sup> so far as to be brought home the day before yesterday. She is still very weak—and much emaciated, but begins to have an appetite, and I hope with good nursing, she will soon be able to be about house. Your Brother Rob<sup>t</sup> return<sup>d</sup> about six weeks since from the western country. Remain<sup>d</sup> at home three weeks, and then went to Boston, with a hope that your Grandma's would be better, when he return<sup>d</sup>. I do not recollect that she mention<sup>d</sup> a hope of seeing him again—and I believe she did not expect it. Your Pa'a has written a letter to him to be left at N York, that he may know the situation of the family, before he returns. Last week, we rec<sup>d</sup> a letter from Benj<sup>n</sup>, saying he should probably be at home by the 20<sup>th</sup> of June. We have had trials my dear Rebecca, of various kinds. But on the other hand, we have experienced mercies numerous. The kind care of Providence towards us, has been great. Much greater than we deserve. One generation of our family, has pass<sup>d</sup> away—and O let us also prepare to meet those dear ones, who through faith and patience, inherit the promises. Let us try to follow them, as far as they follow<sup>d</sup> Christ.—Wednesday 28<sup>th</sup>. In consequence of receiving a letter from Rob<sup>t</sup>, your Pa'a thought it his duty to go on and meet him in N York on his return home. He accordingly left us yesterday at 12 o'clk, & is now I hope in N York. We shall expect them on Friday next. Robert has had an offer to go into business there with Alexander McTeir. But this you must not mention, as we do not know that he will accept. It seems that old M<sup>r</sup> B——<sup>1</sup> is as much opposed as ever. Rob<sup>t</sup> says his principle objection is now—a fear that he is concern<sup>d</sup> in the failure of G & A—and B I G J<sup>r</sup>—Mary is as firm as a rock. She says she is ready to leave all her friends, the moment that Rob<sup>t</sup> has sufficient to maintain a family. She would not like to live [in Bos]ton, if she could. She says her friends have treated [her in] a manner, that she will never live where she will [have] similar mortifications. When he returns I shall know more of the matter, and will write you again, on this subject. M<sup>rs</sup> Sargent is still con-

<sup>1</sup> William Bordman, of Boston.



fined to her bed, totally destitute of the power of helping herself—or even feeding herself. Dr Deweese calls it Rhumatism—but I am afraid it is something that she will never get rid of. M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Urquart, with their numerous family are with her. Washington keeps much at Long Vue—where he pases all his nights.—I forgot whether I mention<sup>d</sup> to you in a former letter that when your Pa'a return<sup>d</sup> from the western country, M<sup>rs</sup> S told your Grand-ma'a that she never wish<sup>d</sup> to see anyone that had been opposed to her departed son. Of course he has never seen her since. Before M<sup>rs</sup> U arrived, your Grand-ma'a said she hope<sup>d</sup> he would call on M<sup>r</sup> U—as our family had rec<sup>d</sup> such friendly attentions from them at N O. Wholly I believe on that account, he call<sup>d</sup> on M<sup>r</sup> U the day before he went to N York. Yesterday M<sup>r</sup> U return<sup>d</sup> the call, M<sup>rs</sup> S appears as friendly to me—& always has, since that event. As ever she was before. M<sup>r</sup> U told me the family would visit me with much pleasure. Present me with great Affection to dear M<sup>r</sup> M kifs my sweet ones for me—& write soon to your ever Affect<sup>e</sup> mother  
H G.

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The Rob Roy was owned by a stock company, largely made up by members of the family and great hopes were entertained of her as a paying investment from the success of her first voyage down the river. She lasted for only a few years and is listed as “worn out” in 1829, in Hall's *Statistics of the West at the Close of the year 1836*. But she was probably more or less of a loss before that time, because, as the numbers of the boats increased, freights and passenger rates went down, and it was necessary to offer greater inducements to shippers. Hall says, “The stock invested in boats was, as a general rule, a losing investment. . . A few instances in which large profits were realized, induced a great number of individuals to embark in this business, and the tonnage has always been greater than the trade demanded. As

the boat was not expected to last more than four or five years, at best, and would probably be burnt, blown up or sunk, within that period . . . boats were slightly and hastily built."

It is not necessary for us to believe that Mr. GILMAN's boat was not well built, to account for the short life of the Rob Roy. Every engine was, to some extent, an experiment at that time, and the wear and tear to a river boat, from Mr. Hall's figures, must have been enormous. Speaking of sixty-six boats that went out of service in two years, he says: "Fifteen were abandoned. . . seven were lost by ice, fifteen were burnt, twenty-four snagged, and five destroyed by being struck by other boats." It was a most uncertain business, although it seems to have excited lively anticipations on the part of Mr. GILMAN's family.

Joseph Gilman to BENJ. IVES GILMAN.

On board Steam Boat "Rob Roy"

My Dear Father.

New Orleans, June 4' 1823

We arrived here this morning, in 5 1/2 days from Shippingport. We have a full freight down: flour at 65 cents and Lard at 40 cents per hundred grofs. We had 12 Cabin passengers, a very pleasant party, and every body delighted with "Rob Roy". We passed Natchez at 3 o'clock in the morning, so I had no opportunity of hearing from Rebecca. It is our present intention to leave this, on the 15<sup>th</sup> Inst. In case I cannot get my Tobacco shipped by the 15<sup>th</sup>, Capt. Pierce, I think, would wait one or two days for me. Capt. Pierce has just rec<sup>d</sup> from Mr Dorsey, the Carpet which you sent. It is in perfect order, and the Capt. is delighted with it, Capt. Pierce has just set down opposite me, and says, "tell your Father that Rob Roy is now on her four voyage, without the slightest injury, or detention. And has never touched the ground yet."

Mr. Dorsey has just notified me that the Ohio was on the point of sailing. And Capt Pierce wishes me to say

that this short notice, is the reason he does not write you. But he will, by the next vessel.

The nett proceeds of the last voyage were \$3200.—

Tho. Wilson & C<sup>o</sup> had not sold any of my Tobacco, the 29<sup>th</sup> of March last. I shall now ship one cargo, only, to London, and the rest to Liverpool.

Shall write you again in a few days. Flour, today, is up to \$5 <sup>50</sup>/<sub>100</sub> and Whiskey 35 @ 37 cents. Tobacco, too, is improving. The very finest at \$4. common first rate \$

Four gentlemen were on board within 15 minutes after we landed to secure births. M<sup>r</sup> T. M. Bryan & M<sup>r</sup> Little of Phila<sup>a</sup>—of the number.

Love to all the Family.

Your affectionate Son

Joseph Gilman.

P S

Why didn't you say something more about Mary. I want to know very particularly what effect the letters all had on the "old don". Whether he has had any conversation with Mary on the subject, and what they each said. Do tell me in your next—and always say something of her in all your letters.

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Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to the Rev. and Mrs. Isaac Robbins, Alexandria, D. C.

Philadelphia June 10<sup>th</sup> 1823

My very dear Brother & Sister,

It is a long time since I wrote you, and a very long time since I [had a] line from you. I have often thought of you and [of] my bro[thers and] as often wish<sup>d</sup> it was in my power to write th[em the news] of my family for months past. But it was not in my power. For months my dear brother, I have been confined to the bed side of our dear departed mother, and every moment—night & day—has been spent in trying to relieve her sufferings. She was confined to her bed—four months—and to her chamber since Nov<sup>r</sup> last. Her sufferings have been great,

but she bore them with patience and resignation.<sup>1</sup> . . . Mr Burch, her minister, visited her frequently and conversed and pray<sup>d</sup> with her—to our great satisfaction. Mr Gilman, Chandler and myself, set up with her the night previous to her dissolution. As she had never told us where she wish<sup>d</sup> to be burried—[we thought] best [to bury] her in the methodist burying ground. We accord[ingly spoke to] her bosom friend M<sup>rs</sup> Latimer—and she told us that she had many conversations with Ma'am on this subject—and she had always said it was quite a matter of indifference to her where she was buried. And M<sup>rs</sup> L said as we were all Presbyterians she thought we had better put her body where all her children would probably lie. And she was accordingly deposited in that ground. We sent for all her Methodist friends belonging to her Cla<sup>s</sup>s—and for Mr Burch, but he was out of town. We then sent for Doct Sargent as he is call<sup>d</sup> whom I suppose you know—and he was confined with sicknefs. We then sent for Doct Janeway, who came and officiated at her grave. Poor Eliza was on a bed of sicknefs at M<sup>rs</sup> Sargents. She has been at home all winter, and almost restor<sup>d</sup> to her former health. . . . My beloved husband [torn] last week, for Pittsburgh, & Cincinnati. Robert left us yesterday for New York, where he expects to settle, in partnership with Mr Mcteer. Commis<sup>s</sup>ion businefs. He also expects to be married to Miss Mary Bordman of Boston, in October next. Joseph & Benjamin are still in the western county. The latter we expect 20<sup>th</sup> instant. Mr Gilman between us—has made an assignment—our family seem to be broken up—and whether he will send for me to reside at Cincinnati, or try to get in some way of businefs to support us here, is wholly in the hand of Providence. All I can say is—*“If thy presence go not with me—carry me not hence.”* My prayer is, to go no farther from my dear—my beloved brothers. Now I can see them—but if I go there—tis probable we shall never meet in this world. Benj<sup>n</sup> will probably go into businefs here. Chandler will board

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. GILMAN had a fashion of copying parts of her letters when writing to her different correspondents. Lines are omitted in this letter which are a repetition of that of May 26, 1823.

here (if we go) —& finish his studies. Arthur will go with Eliza & I —& dear Winthrop — my babe will go to N York in Rob<sup>ts</sup> store. Thus you see my dear Brother & sister, the dispensations of Providence towards us — have been various. I can say with the Apostle — *we are troubled on every side — yet not distressed — we are perplex<sup>d</sup> but not in despair — persecuted — but not forsaken — cast down — but not destroy<sup>d</sup>*. Blefsed be the Lord, I know that whom he loveth — he chasteneth — he has brought me nearer to himself, by these Afflictions — for my saviour was never so precious before. If I should go to the western country to reside — I shall try to make you a visit before I go. love to dear Jane & all the family  
Your truly Affectionate sister H G

After the failure of Gilman & Ammidon the painful separations began which clouded the last years of both husband and wife. It seemed to Mr. GILMAN that the only opportunity for himself and his sons was in the “western country” that Mrs. GILMAN so cordially disliked. Joseph, the eldest son, was engaged in the export of tobacco in Kentucky. Benj. Ives, Jr., gradually closed up his independent business in Philadelphia and then went to Terre Haute, Ind. Robert Hale, the next son, had been engaged to Mary Bordman, of Boston, for some time and when he entered the firm of Mactier & Co., of New York, Mr. Bordman permitted them to marry. Chandler R. was still studying medicine at the University of Pennsylvania and Arthur had an office in Exchange Place, New York. The latter was evidently a victim of tuberculosis, a disease which was then incurable. The youngest son, WINTHROP SARGENT, at that time fifteen years old, was taken into his brother Robert’s counting-house for the first year and later was in the employ of Ebenezer Stevens’ Sons, also in New York. He went to his father in the west in 1827.

Mrs. GILMAN stayed as much as possible in various

parts of New England and in New York, visiting her family or keeping house with her daughter Elizabeth. Mr. GILMAN made her long visits, but spent most of his time in Cincinnati and other western places. His descriptions of the towns he stayed in sound very much like those of Mrs. Trollope, the English author, who lived in Cincinnati from 1828 to 1830. She put her experiences into a book called *The Domestic Manners of the Americans*, which is an unvarnished picture of the hardships that made life in the west unattractive. Cincinnati was a large town and yet Mrs. Trollope says of the house which she rented: "We were soon settled in our new dwelling, which looked neat and comfortable enough, but we speedily found that it was devoid of nearly all the accommodations that Europeans conceive necessary to decency and comfort. No pump, no cistern, no drain of any kind, no dustman's cart, or any other visible means of getting rid of the rubbish. . . I sent for my landlord. . . 'Your help will just have to fix them all into the middle of the street . . . and the pigs soon takes them off.'"<sup>1</sup>

Mrs. GILMAN was fifty-five at this time and apparently preferred to lead an easier life than seemed possible in the west.

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Mrs. John S. Miller to Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN, Philadelphia, Pa.<sup>1</sup>

Lebanon, June 30th, 1823

My dear Mother:

I have been endeavoring to prepare myself for some weeks past for the melancholy intelligence which was communicated to me by my dear father's letter of the 21st May but I could not hear a confirmation of my fears

<sup>1</sup> *Domestic Mann. of the Amer.*, i, 55.

<sup>1</sup> MS. loaned by Mrs. Jane (Coe) Brant, Rolla, Mo.



without the keenest grief, and is my beloved grandmother gone forever, and shall I never behold her more? How insupportable would be that thought were it not for a hope beyond the grave! But we are not to "*Sorrow even as others which have no hope.*" She is, we trust, gone to the bosom of her Heavenly Father where she will never more feel sorrow or pain. It will be but a few years at most when we shall be called to follow her and O, may we all meet in the blissful presence of our Redeemer. While we live we can never cease to deplore her loss and her grandchildren will always remember the [with?] tears of gratitude and affection, her tender anxiety for them, the many kindnesses they have always received from her, and the tender affection which she bore them.

[An omitted sentence is referred to in the dedication.]

My dear mother do advise me for I have no acquaintance here whose advice I can ask, except Mrs. Titchenor. She encourages me to join the Presbyterian Church in Natchez, but I dare not do it precipitately. She also lent me a book when I was last in town, from which I hope I have received some benefit. It is Doddridge's "*Rise and Progress of Religion and Soul*". If you do not own that book, dear Ma'a I wish you would get it for the children. Mrs. T. also lent me a volume of sermons by Dr. Smith (former President of the College of New Jersey) with which I am much pleased. Mr. Miller, yesterday, read to me the last one; "on the happiness of Good men in a Future State". There is one in the collection on "The Pleasures of Religion" which I am transcribing, and if you have not it I will send it to you for the children to read. Write me soon, dear Mama. Our family is well now, but Elizabeth and Jane have been lately ill with fever in consequence, I believe, of my being too careless of their going in the sun. Rose<sup>1</sup> presented us last week with a fine daughter and Judy<sup>1</sup> expects an addition in her family before long. I fear Joseph has again passed us without calling. If so, I shall be extremely disappointed. I presume dear Papa is now in the Western country. Remember us affectionately to all the family. I am delighted to hear that Eliza is sufficiently re-

<sup>1</sup> These were probably house slaves

covered to return home. From your affectionate daughter,  
 Rebecca.

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Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to Rev. and Mrs. Isaac Robbins, Alexandria, D. C.

Philadelphia Aug<sup>t</sup> 1<sup>st</sup> 1823

Excuse this paper my dear brother and sister—it is all there is in the house. I wrote you a long letter soon after the death of my dear mother—giving you the particulars of her sickness and death, but have not yet had the pleasure of receiving a reply.

You are not ignorant my dears, of our misfortunes and present situation. Therefore I will not pain ourselves by recapitulating them. Suffice it to say its all perfectly right. I think I can say that I have never had a murmuring thought. Will not the Judge of all the earth do right? You know my beloved husband has always had a disposition to return to the western country. And since our misfortunes—he has had an Idea that it was impossible for him to git into business any where els. Very soon after the death of his mother he went to Cincinnati, and now he thinks it best we should reside there for a few years at least. As the river is so low, tis impossible for me to go until October—therefore instead of taking the house another quarter I have this week concluded to go on to Boston & remain at Peter's<sup>1</sup> till that time. Joseph & Benj<sup>n</sup> are with their Pa'a, Robert is settled at New York in business with Alex<sup>r</sup> Mactier, & is to take dear Winthrop into his counting house. Rob<sup>t</sup> expects to be married in October, to Miss Mary Bordman of Boston. Eliza and Arthur will go with me, & return after the marriage with me to Cincinnati. Now the whole purport of this letter is to ask you if you & sister could not make it convenient to come to Boston while I am there, & make a visit. Brother Chandler you know is living in Roxbury—and if you will go, we I hope will have a pleasant visit, & return together. We have sold all our furniture—& I am now siting on a trunk, surrounded with straw.—We

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Peter G. Robbins was now a practicing physician at Roxbury.

propose leaving this city tomorrow morning at 6 o'clk. I wish you to write immediately to me & direct at Roxbury. If any thing in the family should prevent your coming, I shall try when I return in Oct', to make you a visit before I go—or rather go by way of Baltimore, & see you at your own house. Love to dear Jane, and all the others, & believe me in haste your ever affectionate sister

H Gilman

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Elizabeth H. Gilman to Chandler R. Gilman, Philadelphia, Pa.

Roxbury August 19<sup>th</sup> 1823.—

My dear Brother;

I have not been unmindful of my promise to write you immediately on our arrival at this place; but have been induced to defer it from the circumstance of my not having obtained the interesting information you desired.

I knew you wished me to say something of your fair friends in Roxbury—the thermometer of your Spirits I suppose stands at least 10 degrees below 0 does it not? Never mind D<sup>r</sup> you know the old adage about Sea fish, & I suppose it will apply equally well in the present case.—

I confels to you I was somewhat disappointed in Miss Marys beauty; she has a fine form, but her face is in my humble opinion only pretty—M<sup>r</sup> Befs the gentleman to whom she is engaged, is a Modest looking youth, rather effeminate in his appearance, answers very well as you say '*the common purposes of life*'—but is not at all distinguished—His place of residence is Mobile & her family will not consent to her removing to that country, so his intentions are, to settle his Affairs in that place & establish himself here—Sally Patten has not encreased at all in stature since I last saw her—She has a friend in Boston perhaps you knew her, a Miss Maria Foster, from whom she receives a long letter every week—*She* is a complete blue stocking, her communications are written in the most sentimental style & every two or three lines a few words of latin are introduced While Sally was reading it, I was in hopes every quotation was the

last, but finding them not likely to end, & my patience being almost exhausted, I made my exit from the parlour. Mentally exclaiming, 'tis very annoying so it is'—

Your friends here make many kind enquiries for you, & often wish you were here—We met M<sup>r</sup> Williams (aunts<sup>1</sup> brother) a few evenings since at M<sup>r</sup> Bakers, he said he used to be very fond of quizzing you & related the anecdote of the eye glaſs which he pretended to mistake as a medal—

He has lately married a very fine woman; & notwithstanding my aversion to second marriages, I was sincerely rejoiced at his, for Alice Douse has for the last two years render'd his life completely miserable—From the accounts I hear of her she must be wretchedly unhappy in her temper—Old Madam Williams occupies her usual station in her rocking chair at the back parlour window & life with her appears to glide on most smoothly & pleasantly—I never saw serenity of mind & freedom from all care more strongly expreſs'd in any countenance than in hers—

She says she is no friend to low spirits, but intends to enjoy the good things of this life while she can—fortunate woman! She has at present no cause of sorrow & perhaps cannot understand the feelings of those who experience it—

I have been in town but once since my arrival & that was merely to call on Mary Bordman & Helen Davis—I was surprised to see Mary looking so well & walks also much better than I had an idea of—she can walk a little without her cane, but generally makes use of it—She has been out to see us twice, yesterday came with Helen Davis—.

Helen said she told M—— she ought to try to conciliate her Father a little & perhaps the attempt would be successful, but Mary turned to her with a look of much solemnity, & said Helen, I swear to you, that I will never say another word to the man again upon the subject, & I *will* be married in October, & nothing shall prevent it unless it be a pistol shot through my heart!—I think she is not deficient in resolution—M<sup>r</sup> Bordman went to see

<sup>1</sup> Aunt was probably Mrs. Sargent.

M<sup>r</sup> Minot (son in law to M<sup>r</sup> Davis) & conversed with him upon the subject, told Minot he had no objection to M<sup>r</sup> G. that he had received information lately relative to his character & standing which entirely satisfied him—& that if M<sup>r</sup> G. could prove to him that he was able to support his daughter he should no longer withhold his consent—said with tears in his eyes that Mary was, & always had been his favourite child & that a report had been circulated that he intended to cut her off in his will, to disinherit her entirely but that it was entirely false, he had never such an idea, but that it could not be expected that she would receive as much as tho she married with his consent—I think it most probable the ‘old Don’ will come round at last—

When next you see our good friends M<sup>r</sup> Rogers & Susan (which occurrence I suppose takes place daily) give much love to them—I presume Eliza & Sarah have left Phil<sup>a</sup> ere this—I can hardly realize that it is not two months instead of two weeks since I have seen that charming family. I have been out to Newton to see my valued friend Judith—she is the same almost perfect character that she ever was. She says it is idle for me to think of returning with Maria to Cincinnati—but that I must positively remain the winter with her—as she will be entirely alone. What do you think of old M<sup>r</sup> B’s having the impudence to think of her as a Second Wife!! he is very much pleased with her, that is as it should be, but the idea of his going farther is as Washington says, worse than shocking—

Mama told me to leave room for her to add a post-script, I expect a scolding as it is, therefore I will say no more, but write soon to y<sup>r</sup> affec<sup>t</sup> Sister E

The very evening after I wrote you on our arrival here, my dear son, I received your welcome letter and bill—without the necessary information I wanted. I am astonish<sup>d</sup> and grieved that I do not receive a letter from your Pa’a. What can be the reason. have you written to him?—if not write a good letter, such a one as will please him. What has become of poor Benj<sup>n</sup> & Joseph. If you have any intelligence pray communicate immediately. I think you had better cut the hundred dol<sup>r</sup> bill in

two, and sent it by two different mails. Do not send the second half until you hear that I have rec<sup>d</sup> the first. The family all Join in love to you—from your Affec<sup>te</sup> Mother H. G. Remember me with Aff<sup>n</sup> to all enquiring friends—

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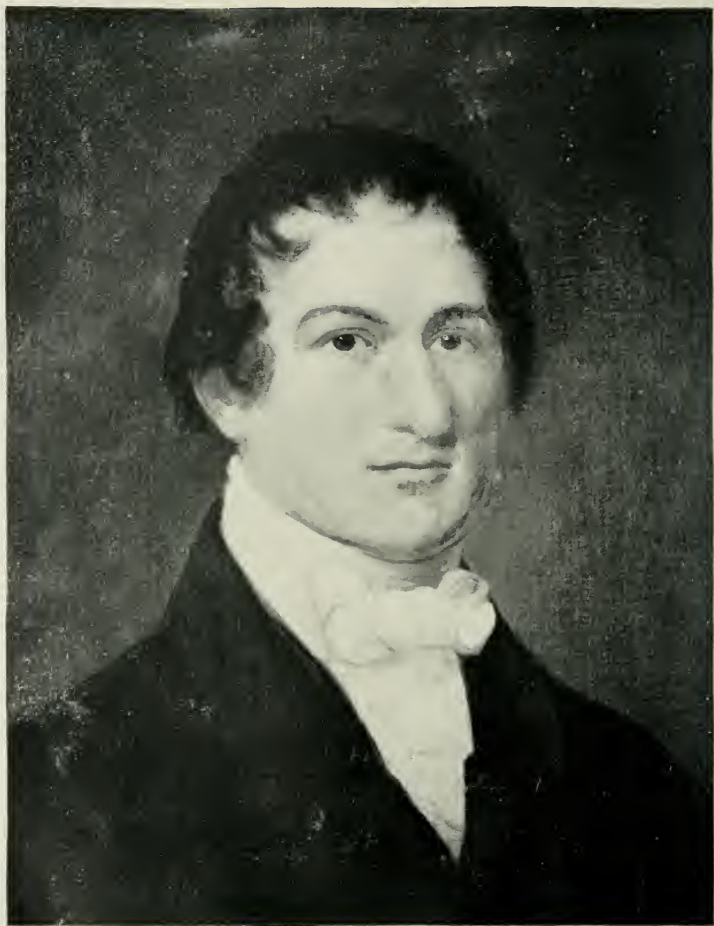
BENJ. IVES GILMAN to his wife, Roxbury, Mass.

Cincinnati August 19th 1823

Can You, My beloved Wife, retire to your closet & bow before your heavenly Father, saying with holy Job "*the Lord gave, the Lord has taken away, & blef<sup>s</sup>ed be the name of the Lord?*" Can you humble yourself before the Almighty & kifs the rod with which you are afflicted, saying thy will, O my God, be done & not mine? Yes, my beloved, I know you can do this & more if it be required. Your mind has been so disciplined by Christian experience, and all your affections so controuled by the blef<sup>s</sup>ings of pure Religion; that you will be enabled to bear all the afflictions of this life without a murmur. In my last letter (10th ins<sup>t</sup>) directed to Roxbury, you were informed of my intention to descend the River, & the sad cause.— On Tuesday, the 12th, at ½ past 2 O'Clock I arrived at Louisville & was preparing to jump on shore, and on the wings of the wind, to fly to the sick chamber. At this moment Cap<sup>t</sup> Pierce came hastening to the Boat & I saw, by the deep seated melancholly of his countenance, that I must prepare for heavy tidings. Still hope, clung to my heart & even when the heart rending truth was announced, I could not bring my mind to believe it. But it is a fact, for I have watered his grave with my tears. Yes, my beloved, our dutiful, our affectionate Son Joseph is laid in the narrow house appointed for all men: "*but blef<sup>s</sup>ed be God there is another house, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens*" where I humbly trust we shall all meet, spending a blef<sup>s</sup>ed eternity in Mansions where sorrows can never come. Benjamin has doubtless given you the particulars, but I take a melancholly satisfaction in repeating all that has come to my knowledge. Our lamented Son left New Orleans in high health & Spirits & after pafsing some days with his Sister, took







JOSEPH GILMAN

From a portrait owned by his grandnephew, Joseph Miller, of St. Louis, Mo.

passage in the Steam Boat United States, a large, heavy Vessel. Before reaching the mouth of the Ohio, they were overtaken by the S. B— Superior & by this opportunity he wrote (27th July) Cap<sup>t</sup> Pierce saying “The little boat now in sight, will probably get up several days before us. But having taken my passage with Cap<sup>t</sup> Shreeve, it would be to me, unpleasant to leave him for another Boat; therefore I shall stick to the States” Cap<sup>t</sup> Shreeve could only come ten miles up the Ohio (in consequence of low water) & then his Passengers went on board a small S. B. called the Rocket. At this time one of the passengers, Cap<sup>t</sup> Breckenridge of Louisville, was quite sick & our dear son was particularly attentive to all his wants, & from him I presume our affectionate & beloved Joseph took the fatal fever. Three days before his arrival at Louisville he began to complain & took some medicine, but it did not operate. He then took an emetic which appeared to afford momentary relief. From the first there was a total loss of appetite. On his arrival at Shippingport he was able to get into the Carriage, without help & on the day of his arrival (Friday 8th) expressed great satisfaction & thankfulness at meeting his friends. Doct<sup>r</sup> Galt (one of the oldest Physicians in Louisville) was called in, but no apprehensions were entertained of a fatal result. He was very pleasant, but did not appear desirous of entering into conversation. He desired Benjamin not to leave him, & said he had suffered very much on board the Steam Boat. On Saturday he appeared much the same & was able to walk about the Chamber, but told his Brother that he could not see the houses on the opposite side of the Street. No apprehensions appear to have been entertained until about 9 O’clock, Saturday evening, when he appeared a little flighty. A Blister was applied to his Stomach, but his mind still continued disordered. Twice, in the course of this night, he got out of bed & walked saying to Mr Chambers who was watching “come let us take a little walk.” He did not appear to suffer any pain & continued in this state until the sun was rising, on Sunday morning the 10th of August, when he expired, without a groan. Any attempt to describe the distress arising from the frequent

disappointments & my agonies when the fatal result was communicated at Louisville, would be perfectly inadequate & vain. You, My Love, will realize the sad sight of a fond fathers heart, bleeding at every pore. While at Louisville I was not out of my room, excepting the day when I visited the receptacle of the dead. From the head of the Grave, of our dear son I cull'd some spires of grafs, which shall be sent to you, with a lock of his precious hair, by Benjamin: who will probably be with you in ten days after the arrival of this Letter. I apprehend our lamented Son made a better estimate of his danger, than his attendants: for Benjamin says he appeared, when lying very quiet, to be in fervent prayer. He did not, however, exprefs any fears, neither did he converse on business or give any directions as to his affairs. There seems to have been a fatality attending our dear son, in the last month of his valued life. He wrote to Cap<sup>t</sup> P—— from Natchez, saying that he should take passage in the Superior. This Boat, as well as every other one, excepting the United States, brought up the Passengers in Good health. On his arrival, there was no experienced person to act as nurse. Cap<sup>t</sup> P—— was accidentally detained in the Country by a lame horse, & I did not think it prudent to leave this place, as my information induced me to believe that I might pass the dear son, on the River. By this Mail You will receive a Louisville Newspaper, with an appropriate obituary notice, written by some one of his numerous friends; & no person, I believe, had more. The Funeral was said to have been one of the largest ever witnessed at Louisville. Rev<sup>d</sup> M<sup>r</sup> Banks, a Presbyterian Clergyman, Officiated. He very kindly called to see me. He is from Fairfield Connecticut & since his residence at Louisville, say 4 years; has lost, at that place, his Father in law & Mother-in-law, two Children: & when he called on me M<sup>rs</sup> Banks & all his children were sick with Bilious Fever. The parents of M<sup>rs</sup> Banks, not wishing to be seperated from their daughter, left Connecticut with her, & both died within the first six months, after their arrival at Louisville.— Your affec<sup>e</sup> & afflicted husband

Benj' Ives Gilman

Benj<sup>n</sup> is here, & will embrace the first opportunity to

Chillecothe: & from thence will proceed in the Stage. It will now be absolutely necessary for me to remain here through the approaching Winter: therefore I shall expect you to commence your journey westward, soon after Benjamins arrival. Roberts dividends have been remitted, & I trust in time to meet his Notes mentioned in my last. If Robert should be married this fall, & Eliza should prefer spending the Winter in New York, She shall be supplied with funds. If my life is spared, I calculate on paying Robert for Eliza's board & also for Dear Winthrops board & Clothing—He shall not incur one cents expences on my acc<sup>t</sup>—I am not certain that I can consent to Winthrops remaining at N York, & I hope our [torn] will be with us next spring, if not sooner.

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Obituary of Joseph Gilman which appeared in a Louisville paper, 1823.

With deep regret the relations and friends of Joseph Gilman esq. will learn that he is no more—On Thursday last, he arrived at this place from New Orleans, and complained of slight indisposition; but the insidious disease was already preying on his vitals—its progress was rapid, though almost imperceptible—fears were not entertained until it was too late to hope, and on Sunday morning he ceased to exist without a groan. A numerous concourse of our citizens, many of whom had enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance during his temporary sojourning amongst us, escorted his remains and assisted in their interment the same evening.

Mr. G. was born at Marietta, Ohio, was 31 years years of age, and the eldest son of Benj. Ives Gilman of Philadelphia,—he graduated at Harvard University, and adopted the profession of commerce. For the last three years his time was divided between this place and Philadelphia. Those who knew him need not be informed, that his enterprise and talents, had secured him a high reputation as a merchant, and that the qualities of his heart had endeared him to numerous friends—and those that had not the advantage of his acquaintance, will not withhold

the tear of sympathy from his bereaved parents for the irreparable loss of one thus cut off in the prime of hope and of usefulness, who was a dutiful son, an affectionate brother and an ornament to society.

Aug. 10 Joseph Gilman, Philadelphia, bilious fever, aged 31 years.

Aug. 8, Mr. Parker (late from N. Orleans) Bilious fever, aged 34 years.

Mr. Parker and Mr. Gilman were taken sick on the river below this place, and died in a few days after they reached Louisville. A young gentleman of the name of Lindsey, (from Lexington) and who came up the river in the same boat with Mr. Gilman, died in this place on Monday evening last.

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BENJ. IVES GILMAN to his wife, Roxbury, Mass.

Cincinnati—

Wednesday August 20th 1823.—I have just parted (perhaps for the last time) from our dear son Benjamin, who has commenced his journey, in a Coachee, with three Gentlemen, who are on their way to the Atlantic Cities. They will probably take the Stage at Chillicothe, or Zanesville, and You may expect, My beloved Wife, to see Your son, in a few days after the arrival of this letter. But where is our affectionate son Joseph? Often do I ask myself this question, & say he cannot be dead; I must fly to his relief & by assiduous care I can restore him. This illusion soon passes off, & the fresh made grave is presented to my view. How much, my dear, do I need your consolations, in these agonizing hours of affliction. When I went to Louisville last week I took with me the vial of Sal-Eratus (which Chandler bo't for me) knowing it to be a useful medicine in fevers. I also took the model of the Steam boat, & my book of extracts which I made last Winter for dear Joseph; trusting that I should find him convalescent & knowing that he would be delighted to hear me read & explain every thing relative to improvements in Steam Engines. Who can figure to themselves, my grief & despair when the appalling news first struck



my ear? I could not resist exclaiming Joseph, my dear son Joseph! He is not dead. It is not possible that he is dead. How dark & inscrutable are the ways of Providence.—On this enterprising & industrious Son, we were leaning for support in our declining Years; and in the very hour when I was anticipating a joyous meeting, the icy hand of death was pressing heavily upon his affectionate heart. Oh, my dear Wife, can I; shall I; ever feel submissive, under this most excruciating bereavement? I am now alone, desolate & forlorn, upon the sickly banks of the Ohio, & not a soul to commune with, in my distress. The noise & gaiety with which I am surrounded greatly aggravate my sufferings. I have commenced this letter, not with an intention of sending it away soon, but merely to derive a melancholly consolation from spreading my sorrows before you, my beloved Wife, who for more than thirty years have shared in all my pains and pleasures. Yesterday I wrote to you, & to our dear Robert You will have passed sixteen (I hope) pleasant days with your relatives at Roxbury before the fatal news arrives, that will overwhelm you with distress. A merciful God, I humbly trust, “*will temper the wind to the shorn lamb*” Thursday even<sup>g</sup> 21<sup>st</sup>. The eastern Mail has just arrived but no letters for me. I saw the Philad<sup>a</sup> Newspapers, but they are not interesting to me, since your removal; & I have return<sup>d</sup> to my chamber to pass the evening in solitude. I was grieved at some information contained in Roberts last letter he says “all your furniture has been sold at auction, excepting a few articles retained for me” Now this is directly contrary to my wishes & expressed intentions. It was my desire to have almost all kept & a few sold; so that he might have enough to commence house-keeping, save a few fashionable articles for Parlours; and if he should not have occasion for the furniture, I should have prefer’d keeping the greater part; as it is possible we may yet want it ourselves. I am greatly afraid that Rob<sup>t</sup> will never be cured of extravagant ideas, and expensive habits. I am constantly filling my letters with admonitions, and if he fails in this attempt through extravagance or want of attention, I shall consider him as lost

forever. I was engaged this morning in writing to Mr Ives & Wilson & Chambers, and this afternoon in the melancholly task of arranging our dear, departed, sons papers. Although I have no rational grounds to expect it, still I entertain a hope that Benjamin will find some kind of business in the Atlantic States, for I should be very sorry to have him permanently established in this Country. I have no fears as relates to business on my own account, for I see the way quite clear to make enough to support us handsomely, if my health is retained; and I should not be disturbed by debts created by others. Of one thing you may rest assured, I shall keep the staff in my own hands, so long as I have breath. The Man who stole the money from Joseph's letters has at length been detected. About \$250 of the Notes have been found upon him, but whether any further sum will be recovered is uncertain. His name is Reese, formerly a Post Master. He has been carrying on quite a wholesale business—

Good night, my beloved Wife. Friday even<sup>s</sup> 22<sup>d</sup> I have been engaged all this day in a melancholly task. In the morning unpacking, airing & making a list of our lamented son's clothing & this afternoon have been arranging his papers. In the Trunk of Clothes I found 2 Coats, 8 vests. 7 p<sup>r</sup> Cloth Pantaloons, 7 p<sup>r</sup> drilling ditto. 8 Band<sup>a</sup> Handkerchiefs. 14 cambrick d<sup>o</sup>, 14 p<sup>r</sup> Socks. 5 p<sup>r</sup> Hose. 3 Razors. 2 p<sup>r</sup> Suspenders. 3 brushes. 1 Gold Watch. 1 musical box—4 shirts (two of them mere rags) 1 Outside Jacket. 2 p<sup>r</sup> Gloves. 3 Penknives 3 tooth brushes. 1 p<sup>r</sup> Elastic Garters—3 pocket books. 1 Razor Strop. 4 or 5 yards Cam<sup>b</sup> Muslin. There is also a large plaid Cloak & an Umbrella. When you see Benjamin, I wish you to ask him if he can give me any information respecting shirts. I presume our dear son had at least a dozen. The weather has altered very much within a few days & it is almost cold enough this evening for a frost—Thursday night the 7th ins<sup>t</sup> was the warmest I ever experienced. The Thermometer, before sun-rise on Friday morn<sup>s</sup> was at 87° Oh! how our dear son must have suffered in the confined Cabin of a small Steam Boat. My selfish feelings sometimes make me regret that you did not come immediately westward. I should then have been in hourly

expectation of a meeting. The idea of passing two more months in solitude, in the present state of my mind, seems almost insupportable. Hasten, my love, to your disconsolate husband.

Saturday even<sup>g</sup> 23<sup>d</sup> Aug<sup>t</sup>.—How happy have we been, in times past my dear Wife, when Saturday night came, with our children gathered around the supper table. Now we are scatter'd over the Country, forlorn & wretched. I cannot help repining at the sad reverse of fortune. A Doct<sup>r</sup> Johnson mentioned to me at the dinner table, that he saw my family at Philad<sup>a</sup> recently; but my heart was too full to ask him any questions. I have no grounds for expecting letters, & still was disappointed when the Mail came in this morning, & the Post Master answered "nothing for M<sup>r</sup> G——" A traveller has just arrived, who passed Benjamin near Chillicothe. I do not think he will be able to arrange his business so as to come out with You, even if he should be compel'd to return to this Country, to gain a living. It seems to me that I shall never be contented here, unless I can have our two youngest Sons with us. Perhaps dear Eliza will overcome the repugnance she has to Cincinnati. I hope you will be able to find a steady family for Chandler to board in, the ensuing autumn & Winter. Every hour ought to be devoted to professional pursuits, & he ought, this Winter, for various reasons, not to go into society.—Adieu.—

Sunday evening 24th August,—Another sorrowful day is past. In the course of this week you will receive the fatal news which will overwhelm you with distress. This morning I went to the second Presbyterian Church, in the expectation of hearing M<sup>r</sup> Root, but learnt that he is sick with bilious fever. The desk was supplied by a Young Man who gave a very good sermon. Never, in my life before did I so severely feel the loss of your Society. I am constantly alone in my Chamber, and see no one, excepting at Meals. It is reported here, that your Brother Samuel's Wife is very dangerously sick & that Gen<sup>l</sup> Putnam and Judge Woodbridge are dead.<sup>1</sup> I think it will be best, under existing circumstances, to board out, this

<sup>1</sup> Hon. Dudley Woodbridge died this year, but General Rufus Putnam lived until 1824.

Winter, and next spring (if our lives are spared) our minds may be made up, as to a permanent residence. I feel much anxiety on Benjamins account, & fear he will find it much more difficult to get into business, than he appears to apprehend. Do persuade him to leave off his disgusting habit of smoking Segars. The weather is remarkably cool & pleasant, and the Town quite healthy for the season. I hope to have a letter from you tomorrow-morning, dated at Roxbury. Monday Morn<sup>e</sup> 25th No cheering letter from you, my dear, by this days Mail, but one from Robert (12th inst<sup>e</sup>). If he is to be married this year, it had better be on the day proposed (6th of October) & leave Roxbury the same day (& hour if practicable) for New York. I beseech You to keep with him until this affair is over; or postponed to next year. Not being on the ground I am unable to form correct opinions; but my present impression is, that so much has been said, that the sooner the business is finished the better. I duly appreciate the motives that induced you to visit Boston, but you must recollect, my dear, that others have a claim upon Your time & attentions beside Robert. I have exerted myself, to the utmost, in his behalf; & shall continue to do so with pleasure, but in my depressed situation, it is necessary for me to think how you & I, my dear, are to pass the remnant of our days. Since writing the foregoing I have been informed that our friend M<sup>r</sup>Courtauld is dead. It is said he was on a visit to Pittsburgh, with his daughter Sophie, & that he died there. I have written to Robert repeatedly mentioning that he must not look to friends exclusively for aid, but that his principal reliance must be on his own exertions. He must make himself as useful as possible to Mactier & be in the store by night & by day: saving all Clerk hire & economizing in everything—He must render himself remarkable, for strict attention to business, punctuality, secrecy, perseverance, & fidelity—If he does this he may rise into the first rank for wealth and respectability; but if he neglects his business and attends to pleasure & amusement, he will be irretrievably ruined—

Tuesday 26th.—I am sorry to learn (from Rob<sup>t</sup>s letter) that he is considered an intemperate eater at New York.

Intemperance in eating will destroy the constitution, as certainly as intemperate in drinking. He has had a solemn warning at Natchez. It is a vulgar, ungentelemanly habit, which on every account he ought to avoid. I am now very anxious to know whether he will be married the 6th of Oct<sup>r</sup>—& know not what to advise. If the union sh<sup>d</sup> take place you will give our beloved son Winthrop, into the especial charge of Miss B—— He should continue his french studies. I cannot bear the idea of having him left behind.

B. I. G.

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Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to her husband, Cincinnati, Ohio.<sup>1</sup>

I have many times attempted to write to my dear Afflicted husband, & have laid aside the pen in an agony too great for utterance. And now how shall I begin, and what shall I say. O that it were in my power to give you the consolation I so much need myself. I had rec<sup>d</sup> your letter with information that the most amiable and dutiful of children, the best of sons had arrived and was indisposed. But Alas I was not prepared for the fatal stroke. My kind Brothers & friends assured me it was nothing but a cold and the fatigues of a long passage—and my next letter would undoubtedly give me the happy information of the health and happiness of our son. But now my child is gone—gone forever from my view.—The cold grave has received him, and we never more shall behold the support of our declining days. I feel as the Patriarch did when he in anguish said *would God I had died for thee O my son, my son*. But is there not a voice to us in this Providence—saying Be ye also ready? We now now see the uncertainty of life & all its enjoyments. O my beloved husband let me lead you to that blessed saviour, who is ever ready to hear our prayers to grant us pardon & peace, and enable us to say in strong faith Thy will be done. Apply to him I entreat you, in whom my soul most sweetly rests, that you may receive grace to improve this severe dispensation of his Providence

<sup>1</sup> A copy made by Mrs. Gilman.



aright. May it convince us how precarious are all our comforts: & the necessity of being prepared for every event. We have, within the last two years, met with Afflictions of various kinds, which we thought severe. But what were they in comparison to this. I have often in my petitions to my heavenly father said—strip me of all my temporal comforts—but spare O spare my husband—spare our children. For wise reasons, an Infinitely holy being has seen best to take from us one of our greatest comforts. This is a mysterious providence. He cannot err—his ways are perfect, the Judge of all the earth will do right. Shall we receive good, and shall we not receive evil at the hands of our God? Let us in humble gratitude, adore him for the mercies he has left us, let us be grateful that our dear departed child was spared so long—that he was suffer<sup>d</sup> to breathe his life out sweetly in the arms of his brother. Mercies my love, are mix<sup>d</sup> with all our Afflictions, let us be still, and know that our father who has chastened us, is our merciful friend and our God. And O may he bind up your broken heart and lead you to the rock that is higher than we. I have rec<sup>d</sup> a kind Affectionate & consoling letter from dear Benj<sup>n</sup>—& with it a paper from you. Yesterday I rec<sup>d</sup> a letter from Robert announcing his brothers safe arrival in Philadelphia, for which I shall ever possess a grateful heart. Poor Chandler had rec<sup>d</sup> no intelligence of his departed Brother until a letter from M<sup>r</sup> Chambers arrived with the heart-rending news that he was no more. I understand he was confined to his bed—so nervous that the least noise would cause him to start, as if his whole frame was convulsed. Doct<sup>r</sup> Parrish—and many of our friends visited him—and his friend W<sup>m</sup> Morgan scarcely left him. Feeling most sensibly for him in his lonely situation I wrote to him as soon as I was able to hold the pen. Eliza & Arthur are overwhelm<sup>d</sup> in grief. Arthur has had a touch of dysentary, but with the blessing of heaven & his uncles assistance, he has recover<sup>d</sup>. Now my dear husband all my anxiety is for you. I want to commence my Journey now to Cincinnati. But my Brothers & children think that my body and mind are too weak to encounter it. I have requested Eliza & she has written



to Benj<sup>n</sup> to ask his advice on this subject. and I hope he will think it best for me to come to you now. &c.

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Mrs. John S. Miller to Chandler R. Gilman, Philadelphia, Pa.

Lebanon August 30<sup>th</sup> 1823.

Dear Chandler,

You have doubtless heard ere this, of the unhappy State of Natchez in consequence of the yellow fever, which rages there with more virulence than it has ever before done — & lest the family should be anxious on our account, I have determined to write a few hasty lines this evening that you may know we are, by the goodness of providence, in perfect health at Lebanon. This fever (by some call'd the cold plague) originated at Natchez and as we heard of it 2 or 3 weeks ago, Mr Miller has not been in town since Joseph left us; consequently we could not hear particularly from our friends there — but the accounts which others have brought out, are dreadful indeed — On some days, 30 persons have died — & yesterday we were told by Judge Winston that Mr & Mrs Thompson were both dead! I have heard no particulars — but presume James Williams will write to Mrs Sargent, & you will probably hear more than I can tell you. — I never was more shocked in my life. Mrs Thompson I presume has left a helpless infant, as she expected to be confined this summer. — Washington has continued healthy but so many of the sick are brought out there from Natchez that they much fear the infection will be carried there. Seven of the sick (brought from N.) died there on Wednesday last — & Mr Miller thinks it best for us not to communicate even with Wash<sup>n</sup>. It will be a grief to me not to be able to send for letters — but we must submit to necessity & you will doubtless approve of Mr Miller's prudence. You must not be alarm'd at not hearing from us, as it will prevent our writing home till we are certain we can send to Washington with safety. I know not whether this letter will ever reach you, as we shall send it to a house on the road to Washington, to be given in charge to the first decent person who may pass to that place.

The sheriff was yesterday making arrangements to remove the prisoners from the jail at Natchez & the phisicians have all given notice they can no longer remain in the city. The *country* is as healthy, perhaps more so, than usual at this season—& at Lebanon we have not one of us been seriously indisposed this summer—not even a negro. The distress of Natchez however casts a gloom over every face—& I cannot but use the words of the episcopal prayer—“*May this thy fatherly correction have its due influence upon us by leading us to consider how frail & uncertain our life is, that we may apply our hearts unto that heavenly wisdom, which in the end will bring us to everlasting life.*” How often dear Chandler, we are reminded that we are but pilgrims here! Happy is it for those who have laid up their treasure in heaven—who can say “*tho I walk thro’ the valley of the Shadow of death I will fear no evil for thou art with me thy rod & thy staff they comfort me.* But in prosperity as well as in affliction the sincere christian has that peace of mind which our blessed Saviour died to purchase for us—which passeth all understanding & which is more precious to its possessor than all the pleasures & happiness which the world can afford—it is that peace which our Saviour bequeathed to his disciples—and Oh “not as the world giveth” gives he to his followers.

Mr Miller has this moment entered & to my inexpressible pleasure brought me a letter from dear Mama dated 28<sup>th</sup> July, which a neighbor of ours who went to Washington today, was kind enough to enquire for, & bring out. I am pleased to hear of the arrangements of the family—particularly that Papa has determined to reside some time at Cincinnati—if our lives are spared & nothing happens to prevent, we shall probably meet them, & I hope yourself there in the spring. Will not that be delightful? I really long to see you all—and dear Eliza—how delighted I shall be to see her again! I wish too to shew you Elizabeth & Jane—they are—but I will not praise them—for I know just the turn of expression your countenance would take on the occasion. I would write to dear Ma’a tonight were it not too late—I have therefore to request you to forward this scrawl to her;

that her anxiety on our account may be relieved—I however will write to her as soon as possible. Mr Miller is in excellent health as usual—He has lately hired an overseer—a very decent young man—who is intelligent & active in business—and humane to the negroes. Do not delay writing to me dear Chandler—I may have opportunities of sending to the office, & I am anxious to know what you are doing & what are your plans. Mr Miller desires to be remembered<sup>d</sup> to you. From your affectionate Sister Rebecca.

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Robert H. Gilman to BENJ. IVES GILMAN, Cincinnati, Ohio.

New York 1<sup>st</sup> of September 1823.

My Dear Father,

I wrote you a few hasty lines on the 28th Ult<sup>o</sup> by way of postscript to Winthrop's letter, since when I have received yours of the 14th Aug<sup>st</sup>. from Louisville, enclosing the 2<sup>d</sup> of Exchange on London for £584.19<sup>s</sup>.11<sup>d</sup> which will enable me to sell the bill at 6½ pr ct. prem<sup>m</sup>. This, my dear father, makes us quite easy and has satisfied Mr Mactier for the present. I am in hopes soon to receive from you the certificate for my six shares in the Rob Roy which will enable me to raise as much money as will be necessary for my arrangements here. Our business still continues excellent. Commissions already exceed \$2500. & we yesterday received orders to effect insurance on another cargo of about 450 bags of coffee which is daily expected to our address. By the mail of this morning I had the pleasure to receive a letter from Benjamin announcing his safe arrival in Philad<sup>a</sup> in good health.—I am alarmed my dear Parent on your account as Benjamin says you were somewhat indisposed when he left you at Cincinnati. I hope & trust you will be very careful of your health & not allow your affliction to prey upon your mind. You have many comforts remaining dear Paa & I have no doubt there are happy days in Store for us yet. My prospects appear very bright & if I can only hear my father is well & happy I shall be content. My dear Mary

expresses the greatest concern & anxiety for you & desired me when I wrote to present her tenderest affection to her dearest father. Affairs in Boston begin to assume a much milder aspect—the family are beginning to say that they can see no objection—and since her father has discovered that is our fixed determination to be united early in October, he says that he is so much distressed at his daughters decision that he can't sleep &c—and that he wants to give her as much as his other daughters, but is afraid that it will be sanctioning bad examples &c &c. My own opinion is that he will come round before we are married one week.

We shall be united on the 8th of next month<sup>1</sup> & shall probably remain in Boston four or five days & then set out with Maa, Eliza, Arthur, Miss Osborn (Mary's friend who intends passing the winter with her in New York) Mary & myself for this City, where I have already engaged & furnished two handsome rooms in one of the most pleasant & agreeable situations in town, for her reception. Mary is anxious for Eliza to remain this winter with her & if you think it best, she will remain.

In one of my late letters I asked you to furnish me with a suitable letter to send Mr Bordman as soon as I am married & I hope you will gratify me as I wish to send him a very proper letter on the occasion. I have not heard from Ma'a (excepting through Mary) for the last ten days. I had a letter yesterday from Mary stating that they were well & then absent at Salem on a visit to Thomas Bancroft.

I suppose ere this you have taken out letters of administration on the estate of our lamented Joseph & presume it will be 12 or 18 months before you can bring his affairs to a settlement. I believe the law allows 18 months for the winding up of a deceased persons estate, & I suppose you will not be able to say whether the estate will be solvent until all his property is entirely sold—so that you will not be able to make any payment on his account until all monies are collected & the estate ascertained to be solvent. If his Steam Boat Shares are to be sold I should like to become the purchaser for which I would

<sup>1</sup> He married Mary Bordman, on September 20th.

give you the original cost in my notes at 1 & two years with interest from date. If you can sell me these shares it will enable me to raise sufficient money to set me entirely easy here & I can with ease meet the payments for them as they fall due.

I enclose a memorandum for a Cargo for Aix Cayes & hope you will be able to execute it. Please write me fully upon this subject in reply, as well as upon the subject of a new boat.

Again enjoining it upon you, my dear father, to be careful of your health, I remain your affectionate and dutiful Son  
Robt H. Gilman.

Winthrop is well & joins me in love.

William L. Hodge failed last week & I wish you to tell Morsell not to make him any further payments on a/c of my domestic adventure until he hears from me. I shall write Morsell soon.

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Mrs. John S. Miller to BENJ. IVES GILMAN, Cincinnati, Ohio.<sup>1</sup>

Lebanon, Oct. 8th, 1823

My dear Father:

It was not until last evening that I received your letter of the 28th August containing the heart-rending intelligence of the death of my beloved brother, Joseph. This distressing news was so totally unexpected that it was like a dagger to my heart. He appeared in such excellent health when here, and such a length of time had elapsed since his departure from Natchez that I had ceased to be anxious on his account concluding, as we heard nothing to the contrary, he had arrived safe and well. Dear Joseph! what anguish will all his family feel for his loss! He was so good, so affectionate, such an amiable disposition,—truly he was "*an Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile*". He particularly endeared himself to us during his last visit—he spoke affectionately of all the family; and while conversing with us on the society of Philadelphia, he observed "the happiest moments of

<sup>1</sup> MS. loaned by Mrs. Jane (Coe) Brant, Rolla, Mo.

his life had been passed in our domestick circle in Phila.” Our family, he said, formed a little society in itself, and when he was with them he did not wish for more society. He mentioned Eliza with much interest, and told me he intended presenting her with two shares in the steam-boat. Since I read your letter everything wears a gloomy aspect—I wander from place to place recollecting, “here he sat”, “here we all walked together”, and “here but a short time since, we conversed so pleasantly together. And I can only find consolation in the hope and belief that he is now receiving the reward of his uncommon excellence in that world where *“the spirits of just men are made perfect”*, and where there is *“fulness of joy and pleasures forevermore”*. We know it is the hand of our Heavenly Father which has removed him from us.

Benjamin’s letter to Mr. Thompson did not probably arrive till after his death. Mr. Miller, in his letter to yourself, mentioned the death of Mr. & Mrs. Thomson, and we have since heard that their three children are also dead! The fever has abated considerably in Natchez, and many persons have been so imprudent as to return to that place and some have lost their lives in consequence—amongst whom is Dr. Proveen.

It has been confined to a particular place in Washington and has never spread from there. We have nothing to call us to town and shall not, perhaps, go there until Spring. Our little son (John Gibbons) is quite well, nearly three weeks old. Elizabeth and Jane are also well as is all at Lebanon. I hope my dear mother will be with you dear Papa, before this letter reaches you. Mr Miller begs to be remembered affectionately to you. It is unnecessary to say that he sympathizes most deeply with us in our distress. I hope yourself or my dear mother will write to us immediately on receipt of this letter, as I am exceedingly anxious to hear from you. Your affectionate child,

R. I. Miller



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Arthur Gilman to Chandler R. Gilman, Philadelphia, Pa.

Cincinnati Octo: 21st. 1823.

With great pleasure, my dear brother, I now sit down to address a few lines to you, altho' I did not receive the promised letter from you in Alexandria. You will have heard, through my letter to Benj<sup>a</sup>, of our safe arrival here, on Thursday last & of our having found Paa almost well, he is now perfectly well, altho' he has not, as yet, entirely recovered his strength. As I suppose you would like to hear some of the particulars of our journey out—I will proceed to say, 'that the morning after we left you we arrived safe at Baltimore, which place we left, in a private stage, same morning for Alexandria, where we arrived at about 6 o'clock P. M. & found Uncle Isaac & his family all well. They enquired very particularly after you. Cousin Jane has grown considerably larger than when I last saw her, but she is the same in other respects, as when in Philad<sup>a</sup>. We left them for Washington, on Monday evening & stopt at Browns that we might be ready for the stage, which was to start at 2 o'clock A. M. Next day we arrived in Fredericktown<sup>1</sup> at about ½ past 1 o'clock, After we had been there about ½ an hour the Stage from Balt<sup>e</sup> drove up in which there were 9 passengers. We found no difficulty, however, in procuring seats, as I had entered our names for Wheeling in Washington. At about ½ past 9 same night, we arrived in Hagerstown, at 2 next morning left Hagers.T. & proceeded that night to Endsleys tavern 21 miles beyond Cumberland. At about ½ past 1 next morning left Endsleys & arrived that night in Washington,<sup>2</sup> left Washington at about 2 next morning Friday & were in Wheeling at about 10. We found the river very low, but as there

<sup>1</sup> This new way of going west is now called "The Old National Pike." It is described in the Automobile Blue Book as being a "succession of steep climbs and descents." Some of the old inns are still in operation and the scenery is magnificent. It was the regular way that the family took after this and must have saved time.

<sup>2</sup> Pennsylvania.

was some hopes of a small Boat call'd the Experiment getting up, I had concluded to wait a few days for her, when M<sup>r</sup> McKee call'd & brought a letter containing an acc<sup>t</sup> of Paa<sup>s</sup> indisposition. I then ask'd him, in which way he thought we would get down soonest & he said that I had better take two seats in a hack, the offer of which I had just had; I immediately did so & we left Wheeling that afternoon Friday at ½ past 3 & arrived in Cinc<sup>a</sup> the following Thursday at about the same hour. So, taking all things into consideration I think we made a pretty expeditious trip, 10½ travelling days from Philad<sup>a</sup>. Cincinnati is very much improved since I left, a great number of new buildings have been put up, which has altered the appearance of some of the streets very much. Almost all the young Ladies I was acquainted with are married off. I had the pleasure of meeting the lovely M<sup>rs</sup> Schenck in the street the day after I arrived. She does not look quite so beautiful as she used to. Jimmy is very well & appeared very much tickled when Maa presented him with a piece of wedding cake from Rob<sup>t</sup> he cut it up into small pieces & sent it round among the ladies of his acquaintance to dream on. He appears very anxious to see Rob<sup>t's</sup> wife & says that if he crosses the mountains this winter he will certainly go to N. York to see her. He made a great many enquiries about his Philad<sup>a</sup> friends. Tell Mifs Susan Rogers that in obedience to her request I remembered her very affectionately to him. Paa received a letter from M<sup>r</sup> Miller, last week, with the information that Rebecca had a fine son, one week old at the date of his letter & R was well enough to be about her room. The child is to be call'd John Gibbon. Paa desires me to say that he received a letter from you while he was sick, but as yet had not been able to answer it, he will however soon. Remember me very particularly to the Jaudons, Rogers & to all enquiring friends. I am sorry that I brought your Coat as it was only an incumbrance on the journey, the weather being too warm to use it. I shall take the first opportunity of sending it on. Answer this soon—from Y<sup>r</sup> Aff<sup>e</sup> bro<sup>r</sup>

A Gilman.

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Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to Elizabeth H. Gilman, New York.

Cincinnati Oct<sup>r</sup> 30<sup>th</sup> 1823

Your interesting and affectionate letter my dear Elizabeth, came to hand a few days since, and gave us great satisfaction. Your Pa'a has indeed been extremely sick, but heaven has again appeared for his relief, & prolonged his valuable life. May we never forget that in all our afflictions, the kind hand of mercy has been extended to us. It appears my dear E, that not only you was kept in ignorance of your Pa's illness, but I also, did not know it, until my arrival at Wheeling. Your Pa'a, while at the worst, was held up in bed, while he wrote his particular situation to Robert, that I might know it before my arrival at Cincinnati, least his life should not be spared and the shock be too great for your poor mother. But as it is,—I am glad I did not know it, and think Rob<sup>t</sup> did prudently. For had I known it, in the state of mind I then was in—I think it probable I should not have been able to reach this place. Robert mentioned in his letter to your Pa'a, that your health was improved, and as you would probably see much gay company this winter your spirits would also be improved. I think my dear children, that the situation of our family, ought to preclude gay company, and I sincerely hope that you will not at least this winter, mix in the gay world. You will be thought my dear Robert, very unfeeling after this severe affliction to be seen in fashionable life—and I pray you may not. I feel exceedingly anxious about Robert's cold, He had a cough while I was with you, and I fear it will prove serious. If it is no better—I wish you & Mary, would go to the Apothecary yourselves—and get every ingredient of the recipe which M<sup>rs</sup> Latimer gave you for a cough. Do my dear Mary—(for remember I depend on you—you have so much influence over him) do not let him take the evening air—and take good care of his health, & your own! Your Pa'a says, tell Robert if he wishes to be rid of his cough—he must sleep on a mattrafs—rise early in the morning—and avoid the

evening air. I suppose you will all wish to know how I like Cincinnati—how we live—who we see—where we go &c &c—But really my dear children, it is a subject that perhaps I better not venture upon. You know Elizabeth, my feelings and thoughts—respecting this country. When I was married, I felt willing to leave Parents—doating parents—Brothers—sister—and the most affectionate of friends and acquaintances—and take up my abode in a howling wilderneys—a land inhabited by savages and beasts of prey. We were blest with children—lovely children—our substance increased—to whatever we turned our hand, we were prospered.—In a few years, we were able to set under our own vine and fig tree—and have none to make us afraid. If we had continued there, I should have forgotten any other mode of living—I should have been contented and happy. But we soon saw our children growing up—like calves. We had not the benefit of schools—we saw the propriety, and felt the necessity of them, and we determined to remove to our native soil, that our children might be educated, and brought into life. We left this country—and your Pa'a could say with Jacob of old, "*with my staff I passed over this Jordan—and now I have become two bands*". We left this country—and O my children—it was the happiest moment of my life. We were happy in our family—we grew and flourished many years—and when heaven saw fit to send us adversity, my only fear was; that probably some day, we should be obliged to remove into this country. I must not view it as the path of duty directed us, by Infinite wisdom.—I must be grateful to heaven that we yet live—and pray that the happy time will come, when we shall again leave this country, and reside a few years—it will not be more—with the dearest and best of children. When parents are growing into years, particularly if they have been unfortunate—there is a void in their hearts, which nothing but the society of their children can fill. In their absence, they feel like useless beings—whoever they associate with, appear uninterested for them—and totally indifferent to them, and little comfort is to be found for them—but in the society of their children. No Affliction on earth so great

as for Parents to be deprived of their children.—Then how agonizing to be deprived of them by the rude hand of death. O may a kind and merciful God, who is my God, spare us to see our children, and spare their precious lives, that we may meet once more, never to be separated. We received a letter from your dear sister Rebecca, of the same post date with yours. They were all well—her Infant son, was three weeks old. She had Just heard the heart-rending intelligence of the death of our lamented Joseph. She says,<sup>1</sup> . . . I wish my dear Elizabeth you would write to Rebecca, her letters are peculiarly interesting and instructive, particularly to a young christian. Her experience in the christian life, is truly astonishing. She laments the death of M<sup>rs</sup> Thompson, and says they have Just heard that their three children, are all dead! this report I most sincerely hope is without foundation. We hope you will all write often—never neglect private conveyances—we look forward to the Mail days with a thousand hopes—and when we have no letter, if we have a news-paper, I am filled with delight. Tell Winthrop his letters are a cordial to us—and I should like to see another hand pointing to an advertisement. I wish him to call at F & R Lockwood N<sup>o</sup> 154 broadway—and buy me the christian Almanack, Price 8 cents. Robert will show him how to do it up that it may come cheep.—I have written Benj<sup>n</sup> & hope you & Rob<sup>t</sup> will Keep up a correspondence with him and Chandler. As Rob<sup>t</sup> has money of y<sup>r</sup> Pa's—when you want any, you must ask him for some. Old M<sup>rs</sup> Wallace & her daughter have call<sup>d</sup> on me—M<sup>rs</sup> Jones & M<sup>rs</sup> Crittendon. Give the enclose bill of exchange to Mactier & C<sup>o</sup>—Your Pa'a & A Join me in love to all. Remember me particularly to M<sup>rs</sup> M—— & darling Kate Your mother. H. G.

I shall soon be expecting a letter from my dearly beloved Mary. I wrote her on the 21<sup>st</sup>. Nov 3<sup>d</sup>—This letter my d<sup>r</sup> E was put in prefs, and forgotten until yesterday. We have Just rec<sup>d</sup> your Kind letter of 18<sup>th</sup> ult<sup>o</sup>. We are all well & send love. HG P. S. I wish you to make Winthrop two flanell waistcoats to wear next his skin.

<sup>1</sup> Repetition from Mrs. Miller's letter omitted.

Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to Chandler R. Gilman, Philadelphia, Pa.

Cincinnati Nov<sup>r</sup> 15<sup>th</sup> 1823

Your interesting letter my dear Chandler, of Oct<sup>r</sup> 17<sup>th</sup> came to hand a few days since, and gave us a great deal of pleasure. I am much pleased to hear that you and Benj<sup>n</sup> like your place of residence so well—but am rather surprised that you have not yet a room by yourselves. Does not Benj<sup>n</sup> occupy that small chamber? M<sup>rs</sup> B told me he should have it immediately. In your next, let me know the particulars. I am grieved that you are deprived of the society of your friend William—but hope you will keep up a correspondence with him—which will in some measure alleviate the pains of absence. I wish you may find another William Morgan, in your friend from the south. I am pleased to hear that his sister was so favourably imprest, and hope and trust, that you will not disappoint her expectations—but will prove indeed a Mentor to her Brother. Your Pa'a desires me to say, that it is quite out of character for a young man Just coming into life, to be subject to depression of spirits—and he hopes that a word to the wise will be sufficient. As to a place of residence in future, he strongly recommends that part of the world to any other. He says that your profession in this country is so crowded, that you must not think of coming west. And what is still worse, Physicians cannot get their pay. In the sickly seasons, people are sending for them constantly—and when they recover, it is all forgotten, and you may get your pay if you can. However, I hope and trust that a kind providence will bring us together again, before you are ready to settle down and then your Pa'a will be better able to advise you. He has now recovered of his late sickness, and looks like himself. Since his indisposition, he finds that it hurts his head, to write letters, and it is difficult for him to write those that he is obliged to write on business. Or you would have had one from him before now. As to Doct<sup>r</sup> Parrish, I am not surprised that he discovers an unwillingness to give advice in A's case—



because there is no prospect of a fee. Do not say any more to him—as A's health is much improved. We have lately rec<sup>d</sup> a letter from Rebecca. She had just heard the heart rending intelligence of the death of your dear Brother Joseph. She says<sup>1</sup> . . . I hope my dear Chandler you write to that dear sister—her letters are peculiarly interesting—particularly at this time. Her experience in the Christian life, seems truly astonishing. She laments the death of M<sup>rs</sup> Thompson, and says “we have Just heard that their three children are all dead! M<sup>r</sup> Lewis Evans and family have arrived from Phil<sup>a</sup>—M<sup>rs</sup> Huntington & M<sup>iss</sup> Catherine are are Coll Macks the latter very sick with billious fever—M<sup>iss</sup> Sarah, ruptured a blood vessel at Chambersburg—and has a billious fever, and is so low, as not to be able to be brought on shore. M<sup>rs</sup> H told me that they should remain here until Catherine was able to be carried into a steam boat—and then they should proceed to Natchez. She says, her father has hired Gloster Place—and M<sup>r</sup> Tichenor is living there, to [have] every thing in order, for their reception. What will poor M<sup>rs</sup> S, say to that. A family which she has so much dispised. They have been two months on the road. Tell Benj<sup>n</sup> General Ganes & his lady have been at Macks the last week, and left here for Washington city this morning. I think he looks very much like M<sup>r</sup> Ives—and his lady I admire. Your Pa'a wrote Benj<sup>n</sup> last mail, & I as usual, added a PS. Arthur wrote you, some time since, largely—and is in daily expectation of a reply. This town is very pleasantly situated—but I feel like a desolate being—without my children—nothing can supply the loss of their society. When absent from our children, we feel like usefess beings, and very little comfort is to be found for us—but the society of our children. No affliction so great, as for Parents to be deprived of the company of their children. The [torn] ing—to be deprived of them by the rude hand of death I [torn] of dear M<sup>rs</sup> Rogers in this severe affliction—and have mingled my tears with her's—and trust we have met at a throne of grace. Tell her no one can with more feeling, sympathize with her, than your Affectionate

<sup>1</sup> Repetition from Mrs. Miller's letter omitted.

mother. H. G. Your Pa'a & Brother Join in love to you both.

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Mrs. John S. Miller to Chandler R. Gilman, Philadelphia, Pa.<sup>1</sup>

Lebanon, Dec. 3rd, 1823.

Dear Chandler:

I received your kind letter of the 29th of Sept. not long since and I felt myself so much obliged to you for overlooking my silence and answering my letter of August so readily that I should not have allowed one hour to pass without responding to yours had not a weakness in my eyes, the consequence of a bad cold made it imprudent for me to write, and since my eyes recovered I have been so much engaged that it was not until this morning I could find time to take up my pen to write you. Your letter was doubly welcome in consequence of my having heard by a letter from Mama, of your illness and I was rejoiced to learn that you had recovered, and that Benjamin had reached Philadelphia. Your situation must have been very unpleasant before his arrival, but the friendship and kind attentions of William Morgan must have been a great consolation. The attachment between yourself and that young gentleman seems to be much more than the common friendship of young persons of your age; it does credit to you both and I hope it may be as lasting as it is strong; for amongst all your acquaintances I believe you could not have made a more judicious choice.

You say you have determined to settle in New York. It will be pleasant to Robert to have you there. Eliza and Winty may perhaps also settle there. Benjamin, if he remains in Philadelphia, will not be far from you, and I expect to hear that Papa and Mama have determined to move there also, for wherever their children are, they will wish to be. You will find New York, I think, a more pleasant place of residence than Philadelphia. I am only fearful that the gaity of the City will make you forgetful of the uncertainty of life and its enjoyments. I know

<sup>1</sup> MS. loaned by Mrs. Jane (Coe) Brant, Rolla, Mo.

young people are apt to hope for and expect so much happiness in this life. It is to be regretted that the minds of so many young persons are led astray by the hundreds of novels, scarcely any of which give a true and faithful picture of life, but on the contrary they induce us to believe that altho' sorrow has "*our young days shaded*" yet we shall be perfectly happy at the last—and death and eternity instead of being looked forward to with serenity and hope, become subjects of melancholy and horror to the mind. We are taught by them to lay up our treasure and heart on the earth and to dread nothing so much as the close of our earthly pilgrimage.

Mr. Miller went to town yesterday for the first time for 4 months. He visited James Williams' family, who are well, but Mrs. Williams is constantly in tears for the loss of her two lovely children, Mary and Percy. Our society is much broken up at Natchez. I suppose you have heard of the death of all Mr. Thompson's children. Mr. T. died at the Grove. James then took Mrs. Thompson over to Belmont, where she died the next day. There being many persons at Belmont, James sent for a bed to the Grove, and they sent the one on which Mr. Thompson died. Mary and Anna Thompson, Mary Williams and Percy, who were in fine health, were put to sleep on it and in a few days they were all dead!! Is not this sufficient proof that the disease is contagious? We are all well at Lebanon.

R. T. Miller

I suppose you have heard of the birth of our little son, John Gibbons. I will say nothing of him, as it will go for nothing with you, but a lady of my acquaintance said he was the prettiest of the three. Remember us affectionately to Benj., and write very soon to your Sister,

Rebecca.

Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to Elizabeth H. Gilman, New York.

Cincinnati Dec 29<sup>th</sup> 1823

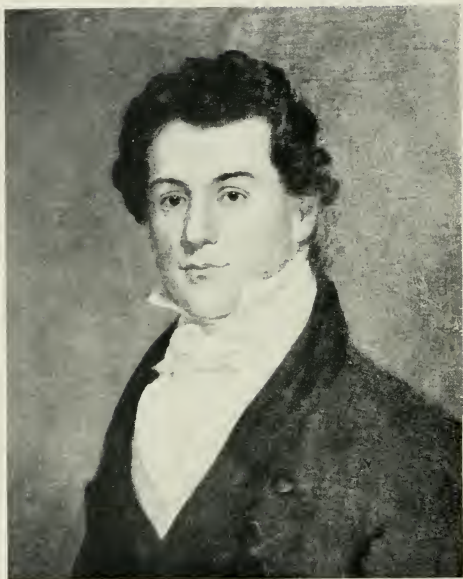
Never my dear Eliza did I so much rejoice, as when I open<sup>d</sup> my beloved Winthrop's letter of 2<sup>d</sup> inst, and discover<sup>d</sup> your own hand writing. My mind—so much torn

by afflictions, was full of fears, of the worst kind, for your health—and I hardly dared to break the seal. I have thought of you my dear child, with great anxiety since we received Robert's letter, you suffer'd so much, the first time you was attacked with that distressing complaint. But the Lord, who hears the cries of his children in distress, and is often seen in the moment of danger, has again appeared for your relief. I trust my dear that you called upon him in your distress, and he has answered your prayers. May you be enabled to give yourself to him, through the blessed Redeemer, which is your duty and privilege. Remember he has said, *whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess before my father who is in heaven.* And O remember his dying command *Do this, in remembrance of me.* It is of little consequence whether we attach ourselves to a Presbyterian or Episcopal church, provided they hold to the Deity and atonement of Christ. Without these fundamental doctrines, the hope of a sinner is destroyed and the whole fabrick falls to the ground. You my dear Eliza are convinced of these important truths—and O how it would rejoice my heart could I know that my beloved Mary and her husband were also established on these all important points. Blessed be God, there is a throne of grace—and a God who hears our prayers.

We have received a letter this week from your sister dated 24<sup>th</sup> ult°. She says they are all well—her little son resembles Elizabeth—only he has black eyes. Rebecca says “you have probably heard a confirmation of the death of M<sup>rs</sup> Thompson's three children. M<sup>r</sup> Thompson died first. Both himself and his wife were sensible to the last moment, and she was almost constantly in prayer”.

We are now through mercy, as well as usual. Arthur's health seems rather delicate—but I think is improving. Your Pa'a complains of sciatica, and I expect every day he will be confined to his chamber. He scarce allows himself to eat his meals. He rises in the morning before day, and at the Pork house until late at night. I am sure that Roberts Pork, will be the best that ever was—for I doubt whether there was ever such pains taken before.—I am





ROBERT HALE GILMAN

From a portrait owned by his nephew, Benj. Ives Gilman,  
of Boston, Mass.



told that Miss Mordewell is married to my favourite Mr Snodgrafs I hope you will renew your acquaintance with her, and tell her you wish to hear her husband preach. He is a very pleasant man—and I think you would be pleased with him—and the society you would find at his house. Is she a professor of religion? if not—I presume she will soon be—as I recollect hearing some time since, that she was very thoughtfull. Mr Lambden arrived this morning, from Philadelphia. Mr Morsell will commence housekeeping next Monday. Mr W<sup>m</sup> L Jaudon, not before spring. Remember me most affectionately to all my dear children—tell Robert, I request he would always mention my beloved Mary's name, yours and Winthrop's in all his letters.—When he does not—I think some are sick—which is the reason of the omission. Your Paa says I must leave a page, for him to say a word to Robert. Be careful not to venture out too soon. Wear in the house, morocco shoes—and when you go out—wear double sole<sup>d</sup> shoes<sup>1</sup>—& cover yourself well with flannel.—That you may all be the peculiar care of heaven—is the daily prayer of your affec<sup>d</sup> mother

My dear Son,

Your letter of 14<sup>th</sup> ins<sup>t</sup> with Power of Attorney for Cozzens is at hand. My last was under date of 25<sup>th</sup> ins<sup>t</sup>: since which the competition in the Provision Market, has continued encreasing. Very prime Pork will now readily command \$2.50 & I shall be compel'd to pay that price, to make up some bbls of extra Mefs. In general, the pork is not so good this year as usual, owing to an abundant crop of Acorns and Beechnuts, & rather a short crop of corn. I have on hand about 80 bbls. Mefs, 140 Prime, 200 kegs of Lard, & 25 hhds of Hams and Shoulders. The price of the latter, in pickle, as mentioned in your last (7 @ 8c' lb) at N York; exceeds my expecta-

<sup>1</sup> "They never wear muffs or boots and appear extremely shocked at the sight of comfortable walking shoes and cotton stockings. . . . They walk in the middle of winter with their poor little toes pinched into a miniature slipper, incapable of excluding. . . moisture." *Dom. Man. Amer.*, ii, 135. Perhaps this may account for Mrs. Gilman's anxiety about going out at night and her daughter's wearing morocco shoes. The dress of the women of that day was perfectly unpractical in every particular.

tions, and would be much better than to sell here on contract at 4 cts—Therefore if you have good grounds to believe that the first quality will command that price, it would be well to omit making a contract, as it will not cost 2ct<sup>s</sup> lb. to send them from this place to N York, including insurance. I wrote to Cap<sup>t</sup> Pierce the 26th requesting him to be at Louisville the 1<sup>st</sup> of Feb<sup>r</sup> & I shall repeat my directions, by the Scioto & Congrefs, which are to leave this the 31<sup>st</sup> for N Orleans. The River is quite high, no ice, & every prospect of an open Winter. White Beans are 40 ct<sup>s</sup> bus<sup>l</sup>. Will it answer to send 100 bbls, as Cargo for the Brig. I have thoughts of placing a Keg of Lard in the Centre of a bbl of Beans. The plan of putting the article in tin Cannisters, is novel, & no doubt will keep it perfectly good for years. There are plenty of Stone Jars here, but I do not like the Shape. The pork which I have purchased (527 Hogs) cost on an average about 1.87. Average w<sup>t</sup> 180 lbs—The best quality is yet to come in. For reasons, heretofore mentioned, I have not made any further arrangements with Parsons respecting a Sch<sup>r</sup>. If he should build, I could not superintend his Vessel, & a Steam Boat at New York. The latter would be most agreeable by far, provided the means can be easily commanded. I am very glad to hear that my dear son Winthrop is to prosecute his studies at a French School, & have no doubt of his success. The Rob Roy arrived at New Orleans the 6th inst—No letters yet received. I calculate that you will receive the consignment of Tobacco &c, about this time, & shall hope for your report of its quality by the 15th of next month. The bbl of Pork N<sup>o</sup> 219, I do not expect will pass the New York Inspection as Mefs. I cannot account for Cap<sup>t</sup> ——'s drawing on You for \$500—It was an incorrect measure on his part; and you were wrong in coming under an unconditional acceptance. I hope you will not encounter the same hazard again, for any friend or relative, however dear to You, or respectable. There is something mysterious in this transaction, and I greatly fear the Captain has suffered himself to be imposed on by some friend.—It appears that your dear & lamented Brother, had taken up the amount of what will be coming

for the dividends on 10 Shares; & I have not yet been able to obtain a Dollar on account of your Shares; & it it now said the amount will fall far short of the sum contemplated, in consequence of the expensive alterations & repairs, made last summer. If you have anything very important to communicate, relative to commercial operations, it may be well to send a Duplicate to Knox & McKee. A Gentleman arrived here yesterday, in a Steam Boat from Wheeling 6½ days from Washington City! I think it will be quite necessary for your Brother B—to visit this Country very soon, to Superintend the operations of M<sup>r</sup> Cozzens.

29th December

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Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to Chandler R. Gilman, New York.<sup>1</sup>

Cincinnati, June 10<sup>th</sup> 1824

On my arrival at this place my dear Chandler, I had the pleasure of perusing one of your letters to your Pa'a, dated 15<sup>th</sup> ult<sup>o</sup> which I assure you gave me, as your letters always do, much amusement and pleasure. I am happy to find you have at length concluded to begin your operations at N York. As you cannot at present be with your Parents, you will find it very pleasant, as well as advantageous, to be near Robert, and where you can see Winthrop every day. As to Eliza, if we are not to reside in New York or near there—I shall have her with me, wherever it may be. Your Pa'a seems pleased that your Office is so far from Roberts.—He says the walk which you appear to dread this summer, will keep you in health. This he knows from experience. He ridicules your dyspeptic complaints—and concludes its all imaginary. He says of all things, a Physician should never let it be known that he is dyspeptic, or has any complaints whatever. For when that is the case, his employers will shun him altogether.

I do not like to have you breakfast on milk. You have always been accustomed to a fine cup of coffee in the morning—and I think it highly necessary for your con-

<sup>1</sup> MS. loaned by W. Stewart Gilman, Sioux City, Iowa.

stitution. It will exhilarate your spirits, and keep you in health. I have been flattering myself that Robert would be able to procure some business for your Paa, at New York, in the Domestick line, or some other, and thought how happy we should be to hire a small house, in a retired spot, and have once more you—Eliza—and dear Winthrop in my family—and Benj<sup>n</sup> as often as he could make it convenient. A kind Providence, who has the disposal of all events, only knows if we shall ever again be so happy. I have often in imagination, seen dear Robert and Mary, coming to see us, in the cool of the evening—and felt a pleasure which I cannot describe, in visiting them, & administering to their comfort. But heaven only knows if such happiness is for me.

Your account of Eliza, and Winthrop—and of Robert's family—gave us much pleasure—and I do anticipate the time, when I shall sit and look at you all—as I once did—and experience a pleasure which none but a Mother can feel. We have been expecting a letter from Robert for the four last mails—and your Paa is anxious in the extreme. We are almost afraid to hear. I hope you will pass as much time at his house, as you can spare. For depend on it, 'tis a great advantage for you to be introduced into such company as you will find there. I hope you will avail yourself of every Opportunity to visit medical gentlemen of the first respectability. We are pleased that you have become acquainted with Doct<sup>r</sup> Mott—he is I'm told very plain in his manners—not unlike my favourite—Doct<sup>r</sup> Parrish—and much respected.

You are now my son, forming your character for life. Every eye will be upon you. Let your first desire be to respect religion. There are very few, but would rather employ a religious Physician—or one who respected religion, than any other. Let it therefore be seen, and known that you keep the sabbath in the way that God has appointed. If your Patients do not require your attention, never let your seat be vacant in the house of God. Doctor Dorsey, who in his life time, always respected religion—and shew it by his constant attendance on public worship—said to M<sup>r</sup> Ralston on his death bed.—“I long to depart and be with Christ.” I am not my son, particularly desirous that you should attend a Presby-

terian church—yet 'tis natural to suppose I should prefer it. There are a number of good preachers in N York. I think as a man of talents—you would be pleased with M<sup>r</sup> Wellsley,—M<sup>r</sup> Snodgrafs—& M<sup>r</sup> Cummings. When in N York I heard the latter, and was really very much pleased. If Robert has hired a pew, & your sister goes with them—you had better go too. But above all things my son—be constant in your attendance on publick worship. There is a blefsing promised to those who forget not to afsemble themselves together in the house of God. Your Brother Benj<sup>a</sup> will leave us in the first steam boat. Arthur will wait and see if Robert wants him—if not, he will probably try to get into some store in this town. Your Paa is much deprefs<sup>d</sup> with his late losfes—and sometimes talks of boarding in the country, to save expence. He longs for a little room, that he could call his own—where he could have his cup of coffee, as he use'd to. I am sorry you was disappointed in the watch, when you said I had promised you a gold one, I thought you had been dreaming. If I did—I must have thought of your dear deceased Brother's—and thought that Benj<sup>a</sup> had a gold one. But as he had none—but the one we sent you—your Paa thought as he was the oldest—it was most proper that he should have it. Of course—sent Benjamin's to you. However—he thinks it highly necessary as you are a Physician—that you should have one that will keep perfect time—and I believe has concluded to send you his that he has worn so many years. If so—I hope you will never part with it—but ever keep it in remembrance of an Affectionate father, whose greatest wish is to make his children happy. I wrote my dear Mary last week and shall write Eliza and Winthrop, by Benj<sup>a</sup>, if I have time. That you may be prosperous and happy is the prayer of your Affectionate Mother

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Mrs. John S. Miller to Elizabeth H. Gilman, Cincinnati, Ohio.<sup>1</sup>

Lebanon, April 15, 1825

I have lately received, dear Eliza, a letter from Ma'a

<sup>1</sup> MS. loaned by Mrs. Jane (Coe) Brant, Rolla, Mo.



dated 7th March and a few days previous one from your self of the 8th inst. We were surprised to find you had not at that time heard of the birth of our little son as Mr. Miller wrote to Papa the same day he was born and sent the letter to Natchez by a man who happened to be going immediately who said it was put on board a steamboat just ready to sail for Louisville — and I have since written myself to Mama. A week before your letter arrived Mr. Robitalle had sent Mr. Miller word that there was a barrel &c at his store for us. We immediately sent John and the horse-cart and had them bro't home, and for the precious work-stand, the barrel of cranberries and all the numerous articles our dear Parents sent us, we return our sincere thanks. As soon as I discovered what the barrel contained I exclaimed that Mr. Tichenor should have some, and I found on reading Ma'a's letter in the work-stand drawer that it was also her wish, accordingly Mr Miller who went to town in the buggy a few days afterwards took in about a third, presenting them in Mama's name and they were received with many thanks. I also sent some to Mrs. Huntington and to one or two of our neighbors, to whom they were a great treat. Mama would have been amused to have witnessed the delight of Elizabeth, Jane and John Gibbons upon discovering that Grandma had sent them sugar-plumbs. The little girls were equally pleased with their needle-books; E. chose the silk one and Jane was as much pleased with the morocco one. Upon opening the second drawer I was as much delighted as the children to find two elegant caps for our little Joseph. They are both beautiful and the lace such as I could not procure at Natchez, for I tryed, but the work on yours is splendid and I am much indebted to you for taking so much trouble for the little fellow; Mama says you thought you had made it too small, but it is considerably too large for him at present. I shall do it the greatest honor I can; that is, shall let him wear it for the first time when he is presented in baptism. I had no idea Mama intended sending me a bonnet and was quite surprised to find the work-stand contained a handsome black leghorn, which I indeed wanted to save my other, which being white with



white trimming is easily defaced. Mr. Miller says you have sent us such a load of things that Ma'a must let him pay for my bonnet and he intends enclosing 20 dollars in this letter for that purpose, and tell Ma'a she need not say a word against it for he will always have his own way. The bonnet Miss Carroll brought me was 30 dollars. Of course it is fine and handsomely trimmed much in the same way that the black one is. Mama divined what I happened to want, when she procured the corset laces, tape, sewing silk, hooks and eyes &c for me, for I go to town so seldom and when I do go have so little time for shopping that I am often in want of these little matters, and Mr. Miller dont like the trouble of shopping for small articles. I am also much obliged to dear Ma'a for sending your dress for a pattern and admire the taste displayed in the trimming. In making mine, however, I shall omit the gathers and trimming in front, as it is so different from anything worn at Natchez that it would be considered the extreme of fashion.

The road to town has never been so bad since I have lived in the country [as it is at] present owing to the excelsive rains and heavy travelling of cotton wagons, and I had not been to town since my illnefs, till last Saturday (the day following being Communion Sabbath at our church) we went down with little Joseph and a servant, and alited at Mr. Tichenor's door where we found the family all well and looking out for us. They all admired the babe and said they never saw a child of his age take so much notice; indeed the truth was, he had had his head covered with his cloak from the time he left our own door and when he arrived there was glad to look about a little. After tea we went to church and heard an excellent sermon from "*Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you*". On Sunday morning Mr. Potts preached again from the words—"Do this in remembrance of me". I thought of you frequently during his discourse; indeed I never hear a good sermon nor read anything very striking and good but I involuntarily exclaim to myself—"O, that dear Papa and Eliza, and all could hear this". Indeed, dear Eliza I feel the importance of these things so much; the shortness of life, the instability of all

earthly happiness and the unspeakable peace which the christian enjoys whose heart sets loosely to the things of this world and whose hope is in heaven; that I cannot but most earnestly wish all who are dear to me to possess this "*pearl of great price*". True, it is sometimes a "*strait and thorny road*"—the soul of the believer is tryed and tempest-tossed; his greatest warfare is within. As Hannah Moore says—"*Here his spirit truly labours. He has to watch as well as to pray that his best intentions do not mislead his judgment; that his moderations do not freeze nor his zeal burn. He has to control his patience at the defeat of his most wisely conceived plans. He finds that his obedience is incomplete; that his warmest affections are languid, perhaps his best intentions not realized, his best resolves not followed up. In this view, tho' he is abased in dust and ashes in looking up to God as the fountain of perfection, he is cheered in looking up to Him also as the fountain of mercy in Christ Jesus. He has to watch against cold and heartless prayer, he has to struggle against over-anxiety for temporal things. He has in short to watch over a long list of errors, sins and temptations*", but dear Eliza altho' he is humbled he is not discouraged—he looks to his Creator not as a severe judge, but as an indulgent father, "*who knoweth our frame, who remembereth that we are dust*", and who will pardon our iniquities and accept our feeble efforts for the Redeemers sake.

I have scarcely room to say we are all well, and Mr. Miller joins me in love to Papa, Mama and yourself. Write soon to                      Yours Affectionately,                      Rebecca.

P. S.—The work-stand arrived without any injury.

Mr. Miller has purchased a pew, the 5th from the pulpit on the broad isle and on the right hand of the minister, which he can at any time sell for what he gave—\$125. He has also bought 153 acres of land which connects his two tracts; about one-half very rich, the rest poor—at \$300. I was opposed at this purchase as I thought it looked like fixing on this country, but he says it will make the place much more valuable, sell better, and keep out intruders.

On Sunday Mr. Potts in addressing those who were

not altogether indifferent to the truths of religion, said — “Be not satisfied with your present attainments. Be severe, watch, seek—those that seek shall find, but for those who do not seek there is no hope”.

I wish we had something good to send dear Ma’a, but we have nothing here which you have not at Cincinnati, except cotton.

I partook of a very fine cranberry tart at Mrs. T’s, and she says they are the largest, finest and in the best preservation of any she ever saw

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Shortly after beginning his life in New York as a practicing physician Dr. Chandler R. Gilman married (1), November 5, 1825, Serena, daughter of Martin and Mary F. (Seton) Hoffman, of New York. This was the first “Serena” in the GILMAN family, a name which has now been used for four generations.

During this year Thomas Poynton Bancroft was engaged in business at Cincinnati with Mr. Putnam, of Salem. Mr. Bancroft had married in 1822, Hannah Putnam. Their children were: Ellen Bancroft, and Robert Hale Bancroft, of Boston, Mass., who inherited the old Hale house in Beverly, in which Mrs. JOSEPH GILMAN spent her childhood. Mr. Bancroft died at New Orleans in 1852. Benj. Ives Gilman, Jr., was packing pork in Terre Haute, Ind., at the time of this letter.

Benj. Ives Gilman, Jr., to Thomas P. Bancroft, Salem, Mass.

Dear fir

New York October 31<sup>st</sup> 1826

Your letter of 28<sup>th</sup> inst. has this moment been handed to me, and I am glad to hear you speak so encouragingly of your Aunt’s health. You say there was a remark in my letter respecting \$800. Providence Money which you did not understand. I do not recollect what that remark was, & cannot refer to it, not having a copy of my letter. But of this item, if you will examine your two Accounts, you

will find that you are credited, in the account transmitted, by my Father with \$1000. Prov. money rec<sup>d</sup> from B. & I.—When he arrived at Cincinnati, finding they could not be paid there, he handed \$800 of them to me to be credited you at Terre Haute. I handed them over to Linton, & he credited your a/c, as you will see on reference to the same. So you see you are twice credited with \$800. and having rec<sup>d</sup> a credit at Terre Haute, you should receive a debit at Cincinnati. But you are not debited at Cincinnati; therefore you ought to be charged “on the Cincinnati Books” *Quod erat demonstrandum*. I hope you can make a sale of your contracts, and have the pleasure of spending the winter with your Family and Friends at Salem. I have made up my mind to commence my journey on Thursday and expect to be at Terre Haute by the 20<sup>th</sup> of November. If you were going out in the course of the month I think I would wait for you, but from your letter I presume it is quite doubtful.—Should you go to Cincinnati, we must be neighborly, and see as much of each other as we can. If you will make me a visit at Terre Haute, I will give you a Ball, to commence at 2 P. M. and end at 6 A. M., as is the practice, you know.—You shall be fed on tender lines, Grouse & Venison Steaks, & by way of finale, or “Grande Floorishe”, you shall have a magnificent Wolf Hunt on Fort Harrison Prairie, with Forty chosen men, & Old Billy Durham’s Dogs.—Lausee! what a time we should have?—Hoping to have the pleasure of hearing from you in course of the winter and with my best respects to your Uncles Family

I am Your Friend & Ser<sup>t</sup>

B. I. Gilman jr

Please say to Mr M. B. Ives, that owing to Military parades, the Boot makers have not had any time for work the last week. I called on Mr Benton this morning, and if he can get the Boots down in time for this afternoon’s boat they shall be sent. If not, they will certainly go in the next boat, under charge of the Steward. I don’t think much of this said Mr Benton.

The demand for Pork is steady in this market, but the prices Keep low. They are considered at the very lowest rates. I hope there will not be a lofs on that at Providence. But we must take things as they go. I should be satisfied to sell at present prices for Cash. There would





JOHN S. MILLER

From a miniature owned by his granddaughter,  
Mrs. Brant (Jane Coe), of Rolla, Mo.



be no advantage in selling on a credit as the presumption is that prices must improve. However, you must do as you think is best. I shall be mighty sorry if I dont get back what I paid.

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John S. Miller to Arthur Gilman, New York (rough draft).

Lebanon 17 Oct. 1827

D<sup>r</sup> Arthur

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I have no doubt you have heard of the distressing occurrence on board of the *Arelia* before this can reach you. She died in my arms the 5<sup>th</sup> Oct. 3 Ock P. M. off Salt Key Bank Lat 24.16, Long. 80.21. She was perfectly sensible to the last, & spoke to me two minutes before she went out like an expiring taper. the interment took place the next day at 9 ock A. m. in the Gulph of Florida. Rachel was very kind and attentive. Cap. Thatcher has placed me under great obligations for his kindness to me & my family during the passage. I have taken the liberty to give him a line to you.

We arrived in New Orleans on the 12<sup>th</sup> inst. on the 13<sup>th</sup> I left Rachel on board of the *Arelia* in care of Cap. Thatcher, M<sup>r</sup> Fisk & M<sup>r</sup> Bowers.

Cap. Thatcher will deliver you a barrel of sugar & the trunk. The handbox &c remained in the care of Rachel.

We arrived at Natchez on the 15<sup>th</sup> 11 ock A. M. went up to M<sup>r</sup> Tichinors. they arrived the day before all well. M<sup>r</sup> Fisk is at Cincinnati M<sup>rs</sup> F. has recover'd her health. We remain'd two hours at M<sup>r</sup> T's & set out for home & arriv'd at 8 P. M. My two little boys are much improved in health. I am (Thank God) as usual. my negroes are all well as is also M<sup>r</sup> Penny — they have made me an excell<sup>t</sup> crop of cotton confidering the drouth. The yellow Fever is in Natchez — there are many of the inhabitants out this way. Some of my friends have called to see me and M<sup>r</sup> Rowan & M<sup>rs</sup> Tichinor enquired particularly after your health. Kifs my dear Elizabeth & Jane for their Father. Remember me to my Friends and accept my best wishes for your health & welfare and my earnest invitation to you to come and spend the winter with y<sup>r</sup>

Friend J<sup>no</sup> Miller

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Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to Elizabeth H. Gilman, Philadelphia, Pa.<sup>1</sup>

New York, Nov. 10th, 1827

By your Pa's request, Saturday Evening

It becomes my painful duty, my dear Eliza, to inform you that your dear sister and my darling child is no longer an inhabitant of this world. By this evening's paper we have an account of the "Arelia's" arrival at New Orleans and that Mrs. Miller died on her passage to that place. We have heard nothing more—but shall probably receive a letter from Mr. Miller by mail next week. Although we had reason to expect this intelligence, yet we all cherished a hope that the voyage would prove beneficial and that her precious life would be prolonged for many years. But a righteous God, whose ways and thoughts are not as ours, has seen fit to take her from this vale of tears to a state of perfect happiness, where no sin can enter and where all tears will be wiped from her eyes. You have now no sister, my dear Eliza; you are alone. O, follow her example as far as she followed Christ. Do not be afraid to own him for your Lord and your God. Come out from the world and make a profession of your love to him and make up my loss. Then will he own you before the great day before an assembled universe. Your dear departed sister was a sweet, humble Christian. She was perfectly free from bigotry and her heart was full of love to every human being. Her trials were great but they were the means of weaning her from the world, and ripening her for a blessed immortality. Our loss which is great is no doubt her unspeakable gain. Her dear children are all too young to feel their loss; the two little girls weep, but it is from seeing our distress more than feeling their loss. Poor Arthur has passed so much of his time with his dear sister for these two years past that he feels her loss most sensibly. You must, if possible, procure some articles of morning; a bombazean gown, etc. I wrote you last Saturday or Monday and sent your trunk Monday last by the Transportation Line.

<sup>1</sup> MS. loaned by Mrs. Jane (Coe) Brant, Rolla, Mo.

But you have not acknowledged the receipt. We have received intelligence of the death of poor James McMin. He died in August on a trading voyage down the Mississippi, without a friend to close his eyes. Your Pa'a will write to his brother tomorrow and give him the sad intelligence. Take good care of your health, my dear daughter and write soon to your poor afflicted mother,  
[Letter dictated and signed] Hannah Gilman  
To Miss Elizabeth H. Gilman

at Mrs. Mary Sargents  
Chestnut St near 13 St.  
Philadelphia  
Pa.

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Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to John S. Miller, Lebanon, Miss.<sup>1</sup>

New York Dec. 2nd, 1827

With anguish of heart did we read in a New Orleans paper the painful intelligence which your letter to Arthur, my dear Mr. Miller, has confirmed. And is it possible that my darling child is no longer an inhabitant of this world? Is it possible that her precious body is now a prey to the monsters of the great deep? The horrid thought is almost too much for human nature to support. O for that sweet submission and pious resignation which shone with such lustre in the character and life of my dear departed daughter. Although we had reason to expect this distressing intelligence, yet we did cherish a hope that the voyage would prove beneficial, and that her precious life would be prolonged<sup>d</sup> for many years. But a righteous God whose ways and thoughts are not as our's has seen best to take her from this vale of tears to a world of spotless purity, where no sin can enter, and where God will wipe all tears forever from her eyes. Your dear departed wife was a sincere and humble Christian. She was perfectly free from bigotry, and her heart was filled with love to her God and to every human being. Her protracted sufferings were the means of weaning her

<sup>1</sup> MS. loaned by Mrs. Jane (Coe) Brant, Rolla, Mo.

from the world and ripening her for a blefſed immortality. It is my great conſolation, and I doubt not my dear ſon it is yours alſo, to reflect on her humility, her ſweet ſubmiſſion and pious reſignation to the divine will. I love to dwell upon it.

Your dear little girls are not old enough to feel their loſs. They weep to ſee our diſtreſs, but ſeem ignorant of the cauſe. O may we have wiſdom and grace to train them up for God. Jane ſaid to me, Grand Ma'a who will make Papa's linnen? Elizabeth ſays, who will get the good things for Papa.

Dear children—my heart yearns with pity and love towards them. They are my greateſt comfort. Do not take them from me ſo long as I live.—When I am gone they muſt look to you for protection. And as it was the wiſh of dear Rebecca to place them under my care, I know you will conſent. We are all exceedingly attached to them, and they improve aſtoniſhingly. They bring home the medal as often as twice a week. They write ſo well that they will ſoon be able to write you a letter which they look forward to with great delight. The Arelia arrived yeſterday after an exceſſively boiſterous paſſage of thirty days. Poor Rachel has been quite ſick, but is now convaleſcent. The trunk I ſhall keep and make up the clothing for the children as neceſſity may require. I will keep an account of their ſchool expenſes &c. and remit the ſame to you, as I know it will be your wiſh. I thank you, my dear, for the preſent you ſent me, and was ſurpriſed that you ſhould be ſo thoughtful. But it is juſt like yourſelf. Soon after you left us Benjamin left us for Terre Haute, and Eliza went to Philadelphia to make Mrs. Sargent a viſit. We expect her return this week. Arthur is ſo well as to be able, we think, to remain this winter in New York. Winthrop expects to paſs the winter in the weſtern country, and go down the river to New Orleans with a cargo, in the Spring. He will probably make you a viſit.

I hope, my dear Mr. Miller, you will write as often as you can make it convenient, and tell us about the dear little boys. Elizabeth and Jane ſend love to Papa, John Gibbons and Joſeph. The family all unite with me in

best wishes to yourself and the dear children. The bed — pillows — basket & contents, &c. were disposed of as you desired.

From your affectionate Mother,

H. Gilman

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Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to Dr. Peter G. Robbins, Roxbury, Mass.<sup>1</sup>

New York, May 17th, 1828

This will be handed you, my dear brother, by Rachel Thomas, a woman of colour, who has lived in my family nearly two years. She has been lawfully married to Jacob Thomas eight or nine years. They have lived in perfect harmony, and she has proved herself one of the best and most affectionate of wives. About six weeks since, he took passage on the steamboat for Providence, and she has heard lately that he is in Boston. She knew nothing of his intentions, and has mourned herself almost to death. She takes no comfort, and is nearly deprived of sleep, and now she is determined to go to Boston and if possible find him out and know from him the cause of his deserting her, and his future intentions respecting her. What makes his conduct more abominable is, he has been, and was when he left his wife, a Methodist preacher, preached in this City once in two weeks, and we all had the highest opinion of him as an honest African preacher. If Rachel should meet with any difficulty, do let her tell you her troubles and see that she is not abused. We all feel deeply interested for her and shall always love her for her uncommon affection for our family, and for her kindness and care of my dear departed daughter in the last scene of her distress in the vale of tears. The dear little girls are still with us and I hope will remain with us as long as we live, as my dear Rebecca often mentioned great satisfaction that they were under my care. I think that Mr. Miller will not take them from me. They go to school and have improved very much. How is dear sister-cousin Sally, and all your family? It is so long since I have heard from you

<sup>1</sup> MS. loaned by Mrs. Jane (Coe) Brant, Rolla, Mo.

that I shall feel very impatient for Rachel's return; that I may know particularly how you are and how you look. It is time for you, my darling brother, to look old. You are now hastening on towards half a century. Make Jesus your friend and you will be safe. I too have lived in affluence, I have mixed with the gay and drank the cup of their pleasures, but I found no solid satisfaction until I had comfortable evidence of my interest in the sufferings and death of a crucified Redeemer. In a life of religion there are pleasures unalloyed. A peace of mind that the world cannot give. I hope and trust, my dear brother, that you have obtained that better part, that can never be taken from you. If so — give yourself to prayer. And may we persevere to the end and be prepared to meet our parents and friends among the blessed in mansions of everlasting rest. My family are all well, as usual, and unite with me in tender regards to you all. I shall write to brother Chandler by Rachel but as I do not know where he lives, I think I will enclose his letter in this. Rachel says she will walk out to Roxbury and give this letter to you herself. I hope you will write by her, and write particularly. Dont you think of visiting us again? Do, my dear sister, plan to visit us this summer, as you did before. Bring Chandler and Harriet with your dear selves and make glad the heart of your affectionate sister,

H. Gilman.

Where is Chandler and Samuel? Give them my love.

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In 1829, WINTHROP S. GILMAN was packing pork at Laurenceburg, Ind., and as he was not quite twenty-one, his father came out to aid him in his business.

BENJ. IVES GILMAN to his wife, New York.

Lawrenceburg 3<sup>d</sup> Jan 1829

On my arrival here the 1<sup>st</sup> inst, I had the pleasure, My beloved Wife, of finding our affectionate Son Winthrop in good health & spirits. — As your Journals have always given me so much satisfaction, I will endeavour, from Memory, to detail the occurrences of the last eleven days.



After taking leave of New York (the 23<sup>d</sup> ult<sup>e</sup>) we proceeded as usual to New Brunswick, and soon after dark commenced our ride to Trenton where we arrived at 10 P. M. In the room where I lodged, there were two other persons, one of whom was afflicted with a violent catarrh, and he coughed incessantly until  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 3 and then concluded to rise—This left us  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hour for sleep, for we had not closed our eyes before. On the 24<sup>th</sup> at 10 We landed at Philad<sup>a</sup> & I had the pleasure of passing a few minutes with Eliza. She urg'd me hard to return to New York, but having put my hands to the plough I could not look back. After making sundry purchases I embark'd for Baltimore, where we arrived about 2 hours after the departure of the Stage. The delay was owing to the breaking of a valve, and we were obliged to ly 4 hours at Anchor in the Chesapeake.<sup>1</sup> Christma's day was passed unpleasantly enough at Balt<sup>o</sup>. The day was cold, and I only walk'd out once. This was to see the Catholic Cathedral a splendid Church. Service had not commenced, but I was gratified with the sight of some ancient & valued paintings. In order to obtain a good nights rest, I went to bed early & was soon asleep, but was awakened at ten, by two Frenchmen who lodged in an adjoining chamber. I suppose they had passed the day merrily, for they soon commenced singing, in imitation of Garcia (in the Barber of Seville) and kept it up until after midnight. On the 26<sup>th</sup> at 3 A. M. I took my Seat in the Mail Stage & arrived at Hager'stown at 8 P. M. I soon went to bed, and slept about an hour, but there was then so much noise in the House, that I arose at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past ten; and at twelve

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Trollope throws light on this part of Mr. GILMAN's trip. She was going the opposite way and begins: "We passed the night at Baltimore and embarked the next morning on board a steamboat for Philadelphia. The scenery of the Elk River, upon which you enter soon after leaving the port of Baltimore is not beautiful . . . at twelve reached the Chesapeake and Delaware canal; . . . walked two or three hundred yards to the canal where we got on board a pretty little decked boat, sheltered by a neat awning and drawn by four horses. . . . At one, we reached the Delaware river . . . got on board another of their noble steamboats; . . . reached Philadelphia at four. . . ." *Dom. Man. of the Amer.*, ii, 70.

took my seat in the Stage, with the determination not to undress again until I saw Wheeling—At the end of this days journey (27th) we found ourselves at 10 P. M. on the top of the Allegany, in a very poor house. After partaking of an ordinary supper I wrapped myself in the old Plaid Cloak, & with my feet to the fire had one hours sweet sleep—At 12 O'clock on the 28th we were again seated, and after a tedious day's ride, reach'd Washington at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past ten. While at Brownsville I found time to send a printed sheet, which I hope arrived in due course. At Washington I had another hours sweet sleep before the fire. At the usual hour (12) we resumed our seats, and at ten O'clock (29th) set down to a good breakfast. The fatigues of the Journey were endured better than I expected, altho' the road was excessively rough, & caused many sciatic twinges. At Wheeling I was lamenting the detention in the Chesapeake, which delayed me one day, and prevented me from being on, in time to embark in the S. B. Reindeer. We found the River low, & it had been full of ice, so that our prospect appeared quite gloomy. We had not remained in this state more than one hour when the joyful sound of a Steam Boat Gun echoed through the hills. In a few minutes we were safe on board the Potomac, a small boat, crowded almost to suffocation. We passed Marietta about midnight, and arrived, on the evening of the last day of the year at Cincinnati. I went to the Hotel to enquire for Winthrop but could obtain no information—After hunting out Mr. Wrights Store, and dwelling house, I found him and was told that Winthrop was at Lawrenceburgh. I returned on board the S. B. to lodge, and the next morning Mr Wright accompanied me to this place. I found Winthrop busily engaged, in casting up the weight of some Hogs & surrounded by half a dozen farmers, in Linsey Hunting Shirts. He did not see me until I had hold of his hand and spoke.—You can judge of his surprise. He says his health is excellent and that he has gained 10# in weight. Of his prospects in business, I must refer to his Letters. The Tavern where we reside, at first sight, does not appear promising. The bar-room answers all purposes, Parlour, Hall &c—In one of the recesses (by the side of

the fire) is a large Wash Stand (or Sink) to which all the guests resort in the morning. There are three doors to the room, one opening into the Street, and all generally open. On an average there are half a dozen Back Woodsmen, around the fire, and *sometimes* they take a little whiskey. Now for the bright side of the picture. The beds are neat & clean; the table pretty good and the Landlady very handsome, well-dressed and very fond of Flowers—She has ten or a dozen pots & boxes with plants, which appear well—A lemon tree, Chrysanthemum & Wall-flower are in the number—What is still better she has a little son 2½ years old, whose voice so perfectly resembles that of our dear Grand Son Ives,<sup>1</sup> that you could not distinguish them, by their speaking—

Yesterday Thomas Baker (of Marietta) accosted me in the Street, and observed that he was going out to see Cap<sup>t</sup> Crandon, who resides about two miles from this Town. I expressed my surprise and desired him to present my best respects. In about two hours I rec<sup>d</sup> a very polite note from M<sup>rs</sup> Crandon saying that She had sent a boy and horse and wished me to come immediately to their house, apologizing for Cap<sup>t</sup> Crandon's not calling as he was quite infirm—I declined the invitation but observed that I would come out the first leisure moment. This morning I walk'd out to their farm and received a most hearty welcome. The Captain shews evident marks of old age, but is not much altered in his face—Time has robbed her of the roses & lilies of youth; but she is a good looking Matron, and I was surprised to find so much intelligence & good sense in one who has had so few advantages.—In mind she is far superior to our friend the Captain. After half an hours conversation I return'd, first engaging to pass next Tuesday at "Pleasant Retreat." Before I went to see her, M<sup>rs</sup> C—— had written to two of her friends in Town, desiring them to call on me, and to shew me the way to their place. One of them (Cap<sup>t</sup> Vance who married a Grand Daughter of Gov S<sup>t</sup> Clair) called upon me, and I suppose will be of the party on Tuesday.

<sup>1</sup> Benjamin Ives Gilman 3d, son of Robert Hale and Mary (Bordman) Gilman.

I was very glad to meet friends after so long a separation, and I was also glad from a selfish principle: for if Winthrop or myself should be taken sick, we should meet with the kindest treatment from M<sup>rs</sup> Crandon.

I wrote to You from Balt<sup>o</sup> and to Arthur from Wheeling & Cincinnati, and I also forwarded a Newspaper to Eliza & one to A—— from this place. After this my Communications must not be so frequent. I know not whether you will be able to read this letter: the first page was written at Winthrops Warehouse where for want of a Chair, I sat on a new Lard keg; but finding the situation rather unpleasant, I adjourned to the Bar-room; where I am now writing by Candle-light. We have just been at Supper, where we had Hyson Tea & brown sugar (which I relish highly) with pork tenderloins, Indian Johnny Cakes, Crellers &c &c—Our dinners are not extraordinary, but the first day we had roast Turkey & Cranberry Sauce: So you can tell Mary that I presume the Land-lady is from Boston. The morning that I left Balt<sup>o</sup> it was very cold, but in the course of the day it moderated; and when we were on the top of the Allegany, was uncomfortably warm, in the Stage—On the whole, I never found more pleasant weather in crossing the mountains at any season of the year—From Wheeling to Cincinnati, the beautiful Ohio was as smooth as a mirror—The weather has now become cold & quite favourable for pork Merchants. We shall look with impatience for the arrival of your next Journal. Tell the Doctor to inform you if he should chance to have a new patient, & ask a certain young Gent<sup>n</sup> of the family whether Gold Watches, dignified with the name of Chronometers, are in demand. If he does not effect a Sale soon, tell him I shall remind him of a bargain made for green Spectacles, as recorded in the history of the *Vicar of Wakefield*. At the Hotel (Cincin<sup>a</sup>) I met Col<sup>o</sup> Piatt who is quite well & in good spirits. We were alone in the great Parlour (it being a Ball night) and on my asking him some simple question he commenced talking & I verily believe would have continued until this time if I had remained quiet. M<sup>r</sup> Wright informed me that M<sup>r</sup> Root was very well—M<sup>r</sup> Clark is still the same vision-

ary enthusiast. A poor match for Miss B—I dare not say who made it, although at so great a distance—Give my love to Mary & Serena—Ask the latter to present my best respects to her good mother. Remember me especially to Mr Starr & say that I should have called on him the morn<sup>g</sup> of my departure, if time had permitted. When you write to our dear Eliza, tell her that my health & spirits are good, and that (as usual) I am always last to leave the Breakfast table. Our friends at Marietta were all well a few days since. Tell the Doctor that our Landlord is staunch for the present Administration as are most of the decent people whom I have met.

Your ever affectionate husband.

Benj<sup>e</sup> Ives Gilman

I believe Winthrop thinks my journey will “cost more than it will come to” I do not, however, despair of doing enough to cover my expences.

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BENJ. IVES GILMAN to his wife, New York

Lawrenceburgh 4 Jan<sup>y</sup> 1829. Having so often been delighted, my beloved Wife, with your interesting letters, written in the Journal form, I have concluded to attempt an imitation, & altho the occurrences will be almost too trivial for a recital, still I am sure you will be pleased to hear of the daily movements of your absent Son. He left me this morning for Cin<sup>a</sup> & took a letter for you, containing an imperfect sketch of my journey to this place. At 11 OClock I went to the Methodist Church. There were not more than fifty persons present. For half an hour we waited in Quaker-like silence, then one of the leading men commenced singing a hymn on the nativity. No one joined until the second verse, when one or two elderly females united. After waiting about twenty minutes, in the same stillness, one of the females began singing another Hymn, on the same subject, & in the chorus was joined by the man who first commenced. This had rather a pleasing effect.—At length the Preacher arrived: a sober modest young man, who gave us a very



good discourse, without the least rant. Text from Amos "Prepare to meet thy God"—The weather is very fine. Monday 5th—W— returned about 1 O'clock, with a letter from Benj<sup>n</sup> and one from Arthur. I am not quite so well pleased with our boarding house, as was anticipated. The Chambers are miserably furnished, cooking bad & children noisy. Tuesday 6th. Agreeable disappointment, walk'd (with Cap<sup>t</sup> Vance) out to Cap<sup>t</sup> Crandons. We arrived about noon & found M<sup>rs</sup> C & her husband quite well. They gave us a hearty welcome, & in short time 8 or 10 of their neighbours, came by invitation, to join us—At 4 we sat down to a sumptuous repast. Instead of Madeira, or Champagne, we had what I very much prefer excellent Coffee. On the whole, the day passed off pleasantly. The Captain is feeble, but retains his faculties & has much of the garrulity of old age. Like many others, he is particularly fond of giving a very precise account of the disorders with which his wife & himself are occasionally afflicted. Cap<sup>t</sup> Vance accidentally mentioned that he had been confined the preceding day by "sick head ach"—This was a fine text, & our old friend instantly commenced, in his slow, formal manner, informing us that his wife was much troubled with the same complaint. He was much puzzl'd & could hardly make up his mind, as to the cause. He had his serious doubts whether the disease was occasioned by a "full stomach, a foul stomach, or an empty stomach". On the whole he was inclined to believe that it proceeded from "an empty stomach" for said he (addressing Cap<sup>t</sup> Vance) you know if "the stomach be empty"—at this time I thought it high time to interfere (a young Lady being in the room) and abruptly asked him a question relative to a gale of wind, he had encounter'd when in the "Ship Muskingum". My effort was successful, otherwise we should doubtless, have heard much more about his Wife's stomach, of remedies, & all the particulars of their operation. Col<sup>o</sup> Pike, father of our deceased friend the General, is Cap<sup>t</sup> Crandons nearest neighbour. On our return home we call'd to see him. He is near 80, very feeble but in good spirits, & appears much gratified when strangers call, who were acquainted with his lamented son. Wed-



nesday 7th. Yesterday W— rode into the Country to examine a drove of Hogs.—It detained him so long that he was compel'd to stay all night at Elizabeth-town. In the evening it commenced raining violently & continued all night—He return'd this morning (between the Showers) but cover'd with mud.<sup>1</sup> He is very imprudent often, riding out, without taking his Cloak. It is now wet & warm, very bad weather for pork & there were One hundred hogs on hand this morning. Thursday 8th W— was at the Warehouse last evening until 11 at which hour the workmen finished salting all the meat on hand. This being the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, preparations are making at a Hotel, on the opposite side of the street, for a splendid Ball. It is now  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 4 & the Ladies are collecting. The streets are as muddy as when you used to attend Balls at Marietta. Friday 9—W— rec<sup>d</sup> an invitation, but declined. A young man from Salem (Mr Appleton) joined the party. He says the dancing commenced at sun-set & continued until 5 this morning—There were 40 Ladies present. One half from Kentucky.—Saturday 10th. Last night the wind chang'd to N W & it is now very clear & cold. There are 3 or 4 persons here today (Pork Merchants from Boston) one of whom has just return'd from the Barbers Shop. He was disappointed, the Barber saying “he could not shave any more Gent<sup>a</sup> this week, being out of soap”, but he had sent to Cincinnati for a Cake, which would be down in the “Lawrenceburgh Packet” on Monday next. Sunday 11<sup>th</sup> W— is gone to Cin<sup>a</sup> in a S.B. Our Landlord is one of your obliging, negligent, good natur'd, indolent characters. He will sit all day with both doors open, in the most severe weather, and if you complain of cold, he calls a boy to pile on the hickory wood, until there is a fire large enough to roast an Ox.—The doors of the front entry are both open from sun-rise until bed-time. The water used in the family, is drawn from the River, and stands in a hogshead, in the street. The Maid Servant carries it, as wanted, thro' the front entry to the

<sup>1</sup> In one of WINTHROP S. GILMAN's later letters from New York to his wife, when his health began to fail, he wrote that his brother, Dr. Chandler R. Gilman, said he had used up his vitality by too strenuous work.

kitchen: of course it would be quite too much trouble to shut the doors.—Monday 12th Weather continues very cold. Wrote to Benj<sup>n</sup> & to M<sup>r</sup> Whitney. Sent a Lawrenceburgh paper to the Doctor cont<sup>s</sup> Gov<sup>r</sup> Rays unique inaugural addrefs. W— return'd at 8 P M. Not any letters from home: much disappointed. Tuesday 13th. Notwithstanding the unfavourable report of the Bostonian, I concluded to try the “Lawrenceburgh Barber” it being too cold to shave at home. I found him with his front door wide open and a stove full of green wood. In answer to my request to shut the door, he said the room would be fill'd with smoke. This, I observed, would not be so great an inconvenience as the cold. When he commenced his operations, I shut my eyes very close & was not much annoyed: but the poor Barber was almost suffocated. Master, said he, (with the tears streaming down his sooty cheeks) will you please let me open the door “a little bit”: the smoke is so thick I cannot see your face. After the door was opened he observ'd, that he “never saw a white man before, who could beat him standing smoke”—He says his business is growing (being the Village shoe-black, as well as Barber) for the Gent<sup>n</sup> of the Town formerly only shav'd & had their shoes black'd once a week, but now they begin to come twice. Wednesday 14th Mild cloudy weather & very muddy streets. W— rode into the country after hogs, & return'd at 8 in the ev<sup>s</sup> well spatter'd with mud. This business is very fatiguing and he will not spare himself in the least by day or night. Thursday 15. Same disagreeable cloudy weather. W— is gone down the River to a Town called “Rising Sun”—For the last two days I have been unusually busy at the Warehouse from morning until late at night. Superintending my Cutters, weighers, packers, &c, &c. Friday 16—W—return'd this morning & only remained long enough to take breakfast, then set out on another tour. He rode 36 miles yesterday (14 after dark). He exposes himself very much, but appears to enjoy excellent health.—Saturday 17. W— return'd this morning after a tiresome & fruitless jaunt. My time is constantly employed at the Warehouse. When Saturday night comes, I think more than ever, of “home sweet home” & wish for the privilege of the weekly labourer,

who returns to his cottage fire side on this peaceful evening: so eloquently & feelingly described by Burns. Monday 18<sup>th</sup> No preaching. Our indolent Landlord has the most noisy, unmannerly children I have ever seen: excepting one daughter, who being constantly with her mother, behaves very well. The two eldest Cubs (13 & 11) will shove themselves between strangers & the fire, & with the greatest *sang froid* look one in the face, & whistle most outrageously. Altogether it is a most uncomfortable house. The Landlady was married at 17 is now 34 & has 7 children living: of course she cannot do much more than take care of her babies. They have no milk but what is purchased by the quart: yet a good Cow may be purchased at \$8 & corn to feed her for 18 c<sup>ts</sup> bushel. We drink our tea without milk & sweetened with brown sugar—The Coffee is generally very weak & our dinner badly cook'd: still we drink & eat with sharp appetites, & are in good health. Monday 19—Capt<sup>t</sup> Vance invited me to take tea with him, & regretted Winthrops absence—There were several very agreeable persons at the party—Cap<sup>t</sup> V— is a Widower. His eldest daughter (a young Widow with one Son) presides in the family. His other daughter, Catherine, enquired particularly for Eliza, She, too is married (to a Physician) & has one son. They are both charming Women, sing sweetly, and are pious members of the church.—W— return'd this ev<sup>g</sup> with an interesting journal for him & two newspapers. The account of the "Female Monster" I think very just; not more severe than true. The poetry "Youngling of the Flock" is the most exquisite thing I have read for many years.—When Miss Frances Wright<sup>1</sup> was last at Cin<sup>a</sup> she took a fancy to an Englishman of the name of Jennings, who had been a Universalist Preacher, then a

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Trollope came to the United States with Miss Wright and visited her at her plantation, Nashoba, near Memphis, Tenn. Miss Wright was an Englishwoman who had a desire to educate the Negro and intended to start a school on her plantation for that purpose. It failed, and Mrs. Trollope evidently considered Miss Wright an enthusiast without much judgment. The gossip Mr. Gilman repeated probably began because at that time it was unusual for a woman to do any public work. Mrs. Trollope says that "she cannot recall the self-devotion with which she gave herself to it [*i. e.* her project] without admiration."

Swedenborgian, & lastly an Owenite.<sup>2</sup> He has a family here, but Fanny wanted him for a scribe & travelling companion, and actually gave M<sup>rs</sup> Jennings \$300 (some say \$500) for her husband. My information came from M<sup>rs</sup> Burnet (as well as others) of course I cannot doubt of its correctness. With the price of her husband, M<sup>rs</sup> Jennings purchased some Merchandise, & is now keeping a small shop in lower Market St.—I think she has made an excellent bargain for herself & children.

Tuesday 20. Some laughable occurrences took place at Cin<sup>a</sup> a few months since. A Female appear'd at the yellow springs (near Dayton) very beautiful, accomplished & well dressed, and was attended by a very obsequious female servant. Her manners were so fascinating that everyone was charm'd, & she came to Town with a respectable Lawyer & his family. She was introduced to all the Balls, Cotillion partys &c &c and all the Bachelors & young Beaux were striving to gain favour, but no one was so great a favourite as your Cousin H. S. She took lodgings with our friend M<sup>rs</sup> Mack, & in her serious moments, when she unburthened all her sorrows, she represented herself as a young Widow who had become disgusted with the vanities of this world, & being a Catholic she had come to Cin<sup>a</sup> to bury herself in a Nunnery. This pased very well for a time, but M<sup>rs</sup> M— became suspicious. Very soon the Lady thought best to change her residence, and (as is said) with the assistance of your Cousin, was conveyed to Lawrenceburgh. Here she fortunately found a noted Lawyer (Amos Lane) whom she recognized as her Uncle, & who acknowledged her to be his niece. She remained here until M<sup>rs</sup> Lane & her Daughters began to remonstrate, and then step'd on board a Steam Boat (after having taken an affectionate leave of her dear Uncle) and arrived safely at Pittsburgh, where her uncommon charms captivated a respectable Citizen, who led his prize to the Altar (nothing loth) and so ended the Adventures of the Nun. How very enterprising, my dear, are some of your sweet sex, and how easily they

<sup>2</sup> Robert Owen was a manager of mills in Wales, who advocated a system of community of property and started his experiment at New Harmony, Ind., in 1824. He was unsuccessful and returned to England.

dupe the wise "Lords of the Creation" — Wednesday 21. Owing to some want of system, we do not breakfast until  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 9. — For some days past, at my suggestion, we have had but two meals, combining the dinner & supper. This has caused some uneasiness, particularly to the harmless young man from Salem (Mr Appleton) who was never from home before. He has moan'd so piteously for his third meal, that in compassion for his sufferings, I mentioned his distress to the Landlady. So we shall hereafter have the canonical number of meals. A hearty breakfast between 9 and 10, Dinner at 2 and a meat supper at 5 — Thursday 22<sup>d</sup> Remarkably fine weather for W-s business, & the days bright & clear sunshine — What we used to call excellent Sugar Weather. Friday 23 Same fine weather. Honey bees out & blue birds singing in the Gardens. — All day extremely busy at the Warehouse. Saturday 24 Last evening we were invited to Gen<sup>l</sup> Dills (whose wife was the eldest sister of Louisa St Clair) — We had an excellent supper. Room full of young Ladies, & Winthrop was quite sociable. I believe it was the first evening passed in Ladies society, since he left N York: altho invitations have been frequent. Sunday 25<sup>th</sup> Attended Methodist Meeting, but not so well pleased with the Preacher, as with the unassuming young man whom I heard three weeks since. This person (too vociferous for me) is considered, however, by the Society as one of their best and most powerful preachers. I was pleased with his liberality for he warmly eulogized Socrates, Plato & other heathen Philosophers. Perhaps he would not have been quite so liberal if he had been speaking of Calvin or Toplady. In mentioning the vexations & difficulties which St Paul encountered among the Corinthians he said "the church at Corinth was made of as rough & raw materials, as any one which had been gathered since God made the World" — Monday 26<sup>th</sup> Dull, gloomy & spiritless. The night dark & stormy. Very anxious about W — he was to have return'd this afternoon. I hope my dear little Grand Daughters, Elizabeth & Jane pursue their studies assiduously & that our equally dear Grandsons W<sup>m</sup><sup>1</sup> & Ives are training in the right

<sup>1</sup> William Henderson, second son of Robert H. and Mary (Bordman) Gilman.



paths. They are both fine boys & I feel anxious that they should be govern'd steadily & most cautiously. Few persons are aware of how much depends on early impressions. Tuesday, 27th I have been very anxious all this day about W— He did not return until 8 o'clock this evening. Another of your precious journals has arrived & has been read with usual avidity. I had flatter'd myself that this communication would have been directed to me. Wednesday 28—Busily engaged at the Warehouse. W— is preparing for New Orleans & I hope by going down early, he will sooner be able to return. Thursday 29 Last night the weather became cold & snow fell 6 in: deep—I was pleased to learn, from the Journal, that you took an interest in the plants. The charm, however, for me is broken, and I shall never renew my attachment to the flower garden. If Robert can find an opp<sup>y</sup> of disposing of your collection, I think it best to sell the whole: unless you wish to reserve one or two favourites. Friday 30—Extremely busy sending off provisions & preparing for W-s departure. Saturday 31 At 5 o'clock P M our dear Son W— “the Youngling of the flock” took leave of Lawrenceburgh & went on board the Velocipede for Cin<sup>a</sup> where he is to embark for N. O. May a kind Providence guard & protect him, during his long proposed absence. Sunday 1 Feb<sup>r</sup> A Presbyterian Clergyman preach'd at the Methodist Church. He is an Agent of the “Home Mission Society” At the close of an appropriate sermon, he proposed establishing an auxiliary society at Lawrenceburgh, which was carried into effect. They are now to have a respectable Preacher (from the Princeton Seminary) who is to have \$400 pr. an<sup>m</sup>—He is to receive all that is collected here, & the balance is to be paid by the Parent Society at N York. Monday 2<sup>d</sup> Very windy & cold, At 9 P M our dear Son W— landed from a S.B. and staid an hour with me. This last short interview, was as pleasant as unexpected. He is extremely anxious to arrive at New Orleans in time to make a remittance to A— by the packet of 15th inst—Tuesday 3<sup>d</sup> & Wednesday 4th Busily engag'd both days winding up W-s business. I now feel the want of his company very much, & am quite lonesome and forlorn. Weather very mild. Thursday 5th rode to White Water 12 miles up the Mi-



ami, to close a contract made by Winthrop. It was quite cold & snowed almost all day. Friday 6th Employed all day dlvr<sup>s</sup> pork sold by W.—Saturday 7th Extremely busy packing & deliver<sup>s</sup> pork, Dined at M<sup>rs</sup> Pinkhards (Cath<sup>e</sup> Vance) in company with M<sup>rs</sup> Crandon. This day has been one of the pleasantest, I ever witnessed in Feby. Mild as May. Sunday 8th Warm, rainy morn<sup>s</sup> at 10 OClock the wind suddenly shifted to N West & blew a gale, attended at first with heavy rain, then hail, & afterwards, a sudden snow storm, which continued until sunset. The most violent change in the weather, I ever witnessed. Now very cold. Monday & Tuesday 10th Engaged as usual closing up W-s businefs. It is now finished & I shall be off in the first S.B. M<sup>r</sup> Whitney made an appointment to be at Cin<sup>a</sup> this day & I am very anxious to meet him. Wednesday 11th Quite idle, waiting for a pafsage. Thursday 12th—At 10 OClock heard the welcome shout “a Steamer in Sight”—I hastened to the landing, and at 4 OClock P.M. was in comfortable quarters at the “Broadway Hotel” kept by Arthur Fleurie, an old acquaintance from the neighbourhood of Marietta. M<sup>r</sup> Whitney has not arrived—Detained by the severe Weather. Friday 13—Last night was extremely cold (Ther: 5°) and the river is now full of ice. W— was off in good time, no Steam Boat can now move. Wrote to Arthur & enclosed a Check for \$425 on W-s a/c—Call’d on M<sup>rs</sup> Mack, M<sup>rs</sup> Selman, M<sup>rs</sup> Benbridge & 3 grand children, M<sup>rs</sup> Stover, M<sup>rs</sup> Clark, and last upon M<sup>rs</sup> Isaac Jones—All very well excepting M<sup>rs</sup> Selman. In the ev<sup>s</sup> your cousin H. Starr called on me. He is very well, much respected & a popular Lawyer. Saturday 14—Still very cold—Cin<sup>a</sup> is much improved in buildings since I was last here, but it never had so few charms for me. House Rent is high & fuel & provisions advanced 50 pr C<sup>t</sup> since you was at M<sup>rs</sup> Greenes—Sunday 15. Call’d at M<sup>rs</sup> Greenes with the view of attend<sup>s</sup> her to church, but she could not venture out on such an extreme cold day. I went to the old meeting house ½ an hour before service commenced & found M<sup>rs</sup> Burnet there, superintending the Sunday School Teachers.—M<sup>r</sup> Root is just the same, and has the same peculiarity of manner. His Sermon was on a subject that I never heard discufs’d before in the pulpit,

The difference in the religious character of the sexes—I was highly pleased, & occasionally much amused, at his peculiar naïveté. His text was from the Acts of the Apostles (chapter & verse forgotten) “Of the chief Women not a few”—After a short exordium, he stated the fact that in the church, in Bible classes & in Sabbath Schools Females were in the proportion of 2 to 1 & how was this disparity to be accounted for? He answered his question by saying “They were made of finer materials, of more exquisite finish—More sensitive, more susceptible of Love, of hope, of faith & of charity—More attentive to the counsels & admonitions of their Pastors. Some men sneeringly say this is all owing to their imbecility & quote the words of St Peter ‘they are the weaker vessels’—This is a gross perversion. The Apostle did not allude to their moral or mental qualities.—In truth Women have more decision of character, more firmness of purpose, more perseverance & more discriminating minds, than Men: and these facts are proven, by their seeking more ardently, & imbibing more readily divine truths”. So far I agreed perfectly with the Preacher, as his statement of facts so precisely accorded with my own experience, for you know, My dear, that I have “many a time & oft” witnessed female “decision of character, perseverance” &c; had it been otherwise, I should now, probably, be surrounded, in this pleasant region, by my beloved wife & children: instead of being alone comfortable & forlorn.—But to return to the 2<sup>d</sup> head of the Sermon. Mr. Root observed “Other reasons can be given for females being in the proportion of 2 to 1 in all religious societies. They are more constant in their attendance on day meetings, night meetings, morning meetings & are much more attentive to their pastors. They do not (like unfeeling, obdurate man) shrink from the view of their minister, when he comes to pay his parochial visits, and with callous insensibility avoid his instructions” I confess I was not exactly pleased with this last observation, for I remember’d (that it so happen’d) I had never met Mr Baldwin,<sup>1</sup> at our house.—This discourse, how-

<sup>1</sup> Minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, corner of Greene and Mercer Streets, which MR. GILMAN’S family attended in New York. They were living far up town in a three story brick dwelling in Prince Street near Broadway.

ever, was on the whole very satisfactory to me, and was really an admirable Eulogium on Woman. After Sermon M<sup>r</sup> Root gave notice that he should visit M<sup>r</sup> A & M<sup>r</sup> B on Monday M<sup>r</sup> C & M<sup>r</sup> D on Tuesday & M<sup>r</sup> E & M<sup>r</sup> F on Wednesday.—I like this plan (altho' a novelty) of giving notice of parochial visits. All the angelic "weaker vessels" can attend: while the brutified husbands are engaged in dull, debasing, earthly pursuits: providing food & raiment for their sensitive Wives.—Monday 16 still very cold. Call'd on M<sup>rs</sup> Pierce—just the same—a fine hearty boy in her arms 8 m<sup>o</sup> old.—Arthurs letter of 5th came to hand yesterday & this day your always welcome journal (of 1<sup>st</sup> ins.) directed to M<sup>r</sup> W. S. G.—was received, by the Lexington Mail. Tuesday 17—Last evening (by invitation) drank tea with M<sup>rs</sup> G—Edeliza is very well & in good spirits. The family all appear prosperous & much improved, particularly Lewis. Wednesday 18 Rec<sup>d</sup> a very friendly letter from M<sup>r</sup> Ives. Thursday 19 Cold snow storm. If the weather has been so severe in proportion at N Y you will be sav'd the trouble of seeking a market for plants—On my arrival here, I found D<sup>r</sup> Smith had not been paid—This day I have been dunn'd for the am<sup>o</sup> of a medicine chest for the Caravan & have had to give security for payment. This has made me heart sick.—Friday 20 Wrote to Arthur & enclosed a Bank Check, on N Y Branch for \$1000—(one thousand dollars).

(Monday 23<sup>d</sup>)

I have now, my dear, done journalizing, and must request you not to judge of my feelings by the lightness or frivolity of the details. I have endeavoured to speak with gaiety, when all within me has been darkness and desolation.—One consolation only have I had, a hope that my exertions, however feeble, might be of advantage to our dear family—Tell Arthur his letter of 12th ins was rec<sup>d</sup> yesterday—I will endeavour to send him some aid, if practicable, but he must not place any dependence on it, for the prospect is very, very miserable.—With great regret I learn that Chandler is to change his residence, & still greater that Arthur thinks of taking a house at \$450 rent.—

Love to all Your ever affec<sup>e</sup> husband

Benj<sup>n</sup> Ives Gilman

Cin<sup>a</sup> 23<sup>d</sup> Feby 1829

The writing in this letter, is so crowded, that I fear you will not find it legible. We have had steady severe cold weather from the 8th ins<sup>t</sup> to this time. The Ohio is completely frozen over, so that men walk over to Covington & Newport. I shall probably have to go down to Laurenceburgh, when the River opens, to ship the few bbls of Pork &c which are yet there. M<sup>r</sup> Whitney cannot come down until a material change takes place in the weather, of which there is not yet any prospect. I am desirous of seeing the principal part of W-s Hams sold, or shipped, before I leave the place. Adieu—Monday even<sup>s</sup> 23 Feby.

(Cincinnati)

For

( Feb )

M<sup>rs</sup> H. Gilman

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M<sup>r</sup> Arthur GilmanN<sup>o</sup> 3 Exchange place

Mail)

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Elizabeth and Jane Miller to John S. Miller, Lebanon, Miss.<sup>1</sup>

New York May 14th, 1829

My dear Father:

I suppose you have sent to the Post Office two or three times for our letter of the first of May, But I hope you have not felt very uneasy about us, for we have been perfectly well. But the reason I did not write was, we have been moving from Prince St. to Chambers St. opposite the Park. Grandma and Aunt Eliza worked so hard that Aunt Eliza has been sick ever since. Grandma got Mrs. Davenport to board us one week while they were moving. She charged Grandma five dollars for us both. Jane did not like it much because we had nothing for our dinners but boiled rice and bread and butter, and we were glad to get back again. We all like this house very much. It has only one step from the street, and then you go

<sup>1</sup> MS. loaned by Mrs. Jane (Coe) Brant, Rolla, Mo.

into two basement rooms; one is an eating-room with two large closets, the other is a lodging-room, the parlors are up-stairs in the second story, the third story has four lodging-rooms and the garret has two finished chambers, and you go out of the kitchen into a pretty little bedroom for the cook. Grandma says it is much more convenient than the Prince St. house but there is no garden, like that, and this yard is not half so large as that. Grandma is going to let us finish this quarter at Mrs. Davenport's. It will be out the 11th of June, and then we shall have to go to a school that is nearer. Grandma has to go with us to school every morning and the waiter comes for us at three o'clock, because it is so far that she is afraid we shall get lost or run over by horses. Before the quarter is out she is going around to see if she can get us into a good school and a cheap one. O how glad we were, my dear father, to receive your letter of March 14th where you said you had some thoughts of a journey to the North. Do pray, when you come, bring John Gibbons and Joseph; we do long to see them. Jane is very well. Her cheeks are red as a rose. The next time I write you will know where I am at school, and all about it. Please to kiss my dear brothers for me. \* and for me too Papa from your dutiful daughters, Elizabeth H. Miller and Jane Gilman Miller.

\* This line with her name was written by Jane without any guide. [Note by Mrs. GILMAN.]

This is the first leisure moment that I have had, my dear Mr. Miller, since our removal from Prince St. and I will now devote it to you—and say we are all as well as usual with the exception of colds. I am very sorry to take the little girls from Mrs. Davenport but it would be impossible for them to go so far in the winter or stormy weather. I hope to be able to get them into a good school but I am afraid we shall have to give more for tuition here than up there. However, I cannot tell until I make the trial. In reply about Rosalinda,<sup>1</sup> Robert had read your letter and says he has some idea that he made a bargain with you about her but what it was, he does not remember and had forgotten that Rosalinda was in the land

<sup>1</sup> A horse of Mr. Miller's.

of the living. Therefore, he says you must do just as you please about her. All unite in love to yourself and the dear little boys. My cousin, Mr. Starr,<sup>2</sup> whom you saw here, lives with us and is to make our house his home. Love to all the negros. From your affectionate mother,  
H. Gilman

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BENJ. IVES GILMAN's son Robert H. Gilman died in New York, September 20, 1830. His widow went back to Boston with her two little sons, Benjamin Ives and William Henderson Gilman, and later married John H. Bates of that city. Her elder son changed his name to Ives Gilman Bates and died unmarried. William H. Gilman lived in China for some years and was later connected in business with his uncle WINTHROP S. GILMAN in St. Louis, Mo. He married in 1851 or 1852, Helen Stettinius, daughter of Joseph Stettinius, of St. Louis. After some years they separated and in 1863 Mr. Gilman went into the U. S. Navy as paymaster. He was honorably discharged in 1866 and died leaving no children.

During the year and a half that elapsed between the previous letter and this one, Mr. and Mrs. GILMAN were together part of the time and kept house in several places. They were living in New Haven at the time of the marriage of Elizabeth H., their only living daughter, to Martin Hoffman, eldest son of Martin and Beulah (Murray) Hoffman, of New York, October 28, 1830. The Martin Hoffmans apparently began housekeeping in Walker Street, two blocks below Canal Street.

Rev. Isaac Robbins to Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN, New York.

Alexandria 29<sup>th</sup> October 1830.

Yours dated New Haven 16<sup>th</sup> Ins<sup>t</sup> My beloved Sister

<sup>2</sup> Philemon R. Starr, son of Rev. Peter Starr and Sarah Robbins, sister of Rev. CHANDLER ROBBINS. Other sons mentioned are: Henry, a merchant of Cincinnati, and George Starr.



came to hand in My absence to Annapolis (the Capitol of Maryland) Where I had been to take your Sister, & where she yet remains with our Dear Jane, who was confined the Wednesday before — 13<sup>th</sup> inst., with a fine Son. We had not seen her since Feb<sup>r</sup> last. At the Annual Conference in Bal<sup>o</sup> last March M<sup>r</sup> Dorsey was stationed in Annapolis, She Went with him in Feb<sup>r</sup> from Washington — where he was last stationed to visit his family & Connections who live not far from Bal<sup>o</sup> — was with him during the Conference, & After the Conference rose, they went direct to their Appointment. I left her — doing finely, and highly delighted with having her Mama with her for two or three Weeks.

Infinite Wisdom, My Dear Sister knows best how to proportion to us our joys, or our Woes & afflictions. You have had your Seasons of Sorrow & Mourning, by bereavements of the severest kind, but I trust, “neither cast down” “nor forsaken” having made the Lord your Sun & your Shield. You have his promise that “He will give Grace” to endure affliction & losses in this life “and Glory” in the end. In the death of your beloved Robert the admonition is repeated, that all our Creature good are only loans — & when required again, give them up cheerfully, in confidence that they will be supply<sup>d</sup> with more substantial good, as earthly ties are dissolved closer union with Jesus may be the Substitute & so closely united to Him, that he “will never leave or forsake thee.”

We had not heard a word of the dear Childs death untill announced by yourself — truly life is but as a dream, soon passeth away; What folly to be taken up with toys, while every surrounding object tells us we are travellers to the grave.

It has been a long long time since I received a line from either of my Brothers — Doc<sup>t</sup> Sewell, with whom Polly & I staid, in Washington, on our way to Annap<sup>o</sup> told me — that in his late visit to the North, he call<sup>d</sup> on Chandlers Chandler who spent an evening with him at his lodgings in Boston — that they were all well. Cant you My Dear Bro<sup>r</sup> & Sister make us a visit this fall I see nothing to prevent it — it would truly be one of the most gratifying circumstances I can conceive of. M<sup>r</sup> Dorsey & Jane in-

tend paying us a visit the latter part of Nov<sup>r</sup> or as soon as the babe & Mother are able to encounter the fatigues of a days ride in a Gig. Come & spend a few Weeks with us. Chandler will also be at home about that time, & we shall have all our Children & two Grandsons to show you. At this time my family consists only of myself, Mary, David Howell & the two servants. I shall look for my Dear Pollys return next week, if Jane continues to improve so that she can leave her with perfect safety. O do come & see us. I continue in the same Institution I was, when last [with] you. I cant say when, or if ever, I shall visit the North again.

When you write your Dear Children, present my affectionate regards to them. I will conclude my letter with another intreaty to visit Alexandria. Give my love to Eliza. I hope when she marrys she will marry in the Lord. Your affectionate Brother Isaac Robbins.

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The Martin Hoffmans kept open house for their cousins, the Battells, of Norfolk, for Mr. Hoffman's unmarried half-sisters and for all their relatives who were passing through New York. In order to make these gossiping letters of Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN more interesting, it is well to explain something about the people whom she mentions.

Martin Hoffman was the third son of Martin Hoffman and his first wife, Beulah Murray. The children of this marriage were: Murray, who married (1) in 1819, Frances A. Burrall, (2) about 1837, Mary Murray Ogden; Lindley Murray, who married in 1823, Susan Lindley Ogden; Martin, Jr., who was born July 2, 1793, married October 28, 1830, Elizabeth Hale Gilman, and died in 1857; and Anna Maria, who married in 1818, Anthony Rutgers Livingston.

Martin Hoffman, Sr., married (2) in 1802, Mary Frances Seton. Their children were: Serena, born February 28, 1803, who married November 3, 1825, Dr. Chan-

dler Robbins Gilman, and died February 27, 1842; Mary Seton, Matilda, Maria Colden, Cecelia Seton, Harriet Seton, Cadwallader Colden, Edward Seton and James Farquhar Hoffman. These younger half-brothers and sisters married after the date of these letters. At this time Colden was a boy of eleven or twelve and lived with his half-brother, Martin, while he was going to school in New York. The Hoffman family home was now in Stratford, Conn., and later in Goshen, N. Y. It seems from these letters that Mrs. Hoffman, Sr., was a widow in 1830, although in "*The Ogden Family*" the date of her husband's death is given as 1838. Mrs. Hoffman died in 1861.

Martin Hoffman, Jr.'s half-sisters were about the age of the Battells, who were the children of Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN's cousin Sarah Robbins, daughter of Rev. Ammi Ruhamah Robbins. Sarah married Joseph Battell, of Norfolk, in 1805. The names of her children were: Joseph, who never married; Sarah, who married Rev. Joseph Eldridge, of Norfolk; Irene, who married Professor Larned, of New Haven; Urania, who married James Humphrey, of Brooklyn; Ellen, who married Rev. Azariah Eldridge, of Detroit; and Robbins, who married Ellen R. Mills, of Newark, N. J., and was identified with the musical history of Yale University.

Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to Arthur Gilman, New Orleans, La.

Wednesday. Dec<sup>r</sup> 14th N<sup>o</sup> 4. As you have exprefsed a wish my beloved son to have a copy of my Journals to your Paa—I will with pleasure gratify you—& begin without further ceremony.—I have Just returned my beloved husband from pafsing the day with Eliza. I found the Doc<sup>r</sup> was not going down this morning—and as my Journal N<sup>o</sup> 3 was ready, I took it to Eliza's, and she sent her servant David with it to the Office before one

o clock. I have great difficulty in sending the news papers the day after we receive them, because the Doc<sup>r</sup> cannot go down to the Office. I was mentioning this circumstance to M<sup>r</sup> Starr, and he told me that whenever I wanted to send to the Post Office—I must send my letters or papers over to Chandler's and his Boys would take them down in the morning—for they always went to the Office—the first thing. Our little girls were highly pleased with the bright present you had in reserve for them. Jane thinks, that when you come home, you will see the greatest alteration in her—and will be astonished at her improvement. I think they have improved—and have an excellent school. Next week, they are to have a publick examination. M<sup>rs</sup> Priest has sent me an invitation—also the Doc<sup>r</sup>, Serena, Martin & Eliza. I hope some of them will go, for she seems anxious to have her parlours filled with the friends & relatives of the children. Thursday 15th. The Doc<sup>r</sup> went to the Parthenon today—and the keeper I believe, asked him for you, and when he heard you were to be absent until spring he invited the Doc<sup>r</sup> to come there in your place whenever he felt disposed. Chandler wants to know if he may next March subscribe for you another year. I hope you will give him liberty. This forenoon, I went over to M<sup>rs</sup> Starr's—and sit an hour with her and M<sup>rs</sup> Smith. The old lady cannot forget M<sup>r</sup> Baldwin's Prayer on thanksgiving day. She says he prayed three times for our wise and excellent President of the United States. that he might be continued a lasting blefing to the Nation, and that all the enemies of his cabinet—might be put down. And many other things, which I do not remember. I almost wish I had been present. The Doc<sup>r</sup> told M<sup>r</sup> Baldwin, since that as he himself was an anti-Jackson man—he did not like his prayer—he thought politicks ought not to be mentioned. M<sup>r</sup> Baldwin replied that his heart was so full and he felt so thankful for the prosperity of the Nation under Jackson's administration—that he could not help it. Friday 16th. At home all day in my chamber. In the evening I asked the Doc<sup>r</sup> if he thought I should add to my cold—if I went with him and Serena to M<sup>r</sup> Baldwin's Sefsion room. He replied no not

at all. I went—but was sorry afterwards, for I was quite sick all night, but did not disturb anyone except by coughing. Saturday 17th. I received a paper from you my beloved husband, enclosed in one of my old covers, and I put the observer in it and sent it to Benjamin. Serena's girl went to Eliza's on an errand and told her that I was quite sick. She sent me some new cough mixture the Doc<sup>r</sup> made, composed of Balsom Taloo and Morphine which had cured her cough—and Sarah Battells. Also some of the best figs I ever saw—some excellent apples—some soda crackers—and two bottles of dear Arthur's Champeign wine. In the afternoon, Eliza and Martin and Sarah came up to see how I was. I was almost sorry to see them—for it is cold and windy beyond all discription. I think I never suffered so much with the cold in my life. I have not the faculty of keeping up the fire as you have—and I miss you more than I can exprefs. There is scarcely an hour but I think if we are to be separated another winter—I should wish to be shut up in a tight room lined with down as George the 3<sup>d</sup> was. Sunday 18th. Another extreme cold day. The Doc<sup>r</sup>, Serena, and the little girls went to church. I did not go down to dinner, had some cold coffee and a cracker, Put the Sopha acrofs the fire with a blanket on it—wraped myself up—and laid on it all day. Eliza and Martin called to see how I was—and then went to St Thomas's to hear M<sup>r</sup> Hawkes preach his first sermon. Tis said, that one of the vestry men at St Andrews church tretted M<sup>r</sup> Hawkes very badly, and he sent in his resignation—which was accepted. The same afternoon they heard of it at St Thomas's, called a meeting, made out a call—sent a committee—(Murray Hoffman was one) that evening—while the members waited at the church until they returned, saying the call was accepted. This day he preaches as their Pastor. Many people blame M<sup>r</sup> Hawkes—but before I give an opinion—I would rather hear both sides. Monday 19th. My cough is better and I am very much engaged fixing the little girls for their examination next friday. The scholars are all to be dresfed in uniform. White cambrick frocks short sleeves & long white kid gloves. Elizabeth's clafs have book

muslin aprons (about the size of Masonic aprons) — trimmed with blue satin ribbon & blue belts. Jane's clafs have their aprons trimmed with pink satin ribbons, and pink belts. After examination M<sup>r</sup> Mills is to present the medal to the best scholar and M<sup>rs</sup> Priest is to pin a knot of white satin ribbons on the shoulder of the next best. Elizabeth says the girls are all so anxious to have the medal that they are studying for their lives. She says they all hope to have it — and she does too — but she is afraid she shall tremble so that she will not be able to answer the questions, altho she knows them perfectly. Jane says she shant tremble at all because she knows her lefsons perfectly. This forenoon Eliza Sarah and Maria came up and set with us an hour. Tuesday 20th. Extremely cold — I am sure I never felt such weather before. I intended to have gone to Eliza's in the middle of the day if it had been mild, but ever since the 20th of Nov<sup>r</sup> the cold has been intense. This afternoon Martin sent me a paper from dear Arthur dated St Louis but no A W on it.<sup>1</sup> I feel exceedingly anxious about you all. I want to hear from Benjamin too — if I thought it would be any gratification to him to receive my Journals I would with pleasure send them to him. Wednesday 21<sup>st</sup>. So very cold and windy that I have kept house all day and have hear nothing but that Lacawana coal is twelve dollars a Ton. I don't know what we shall do. Thursday 22<sup>d</sup>. I am very much engaged today preparing the children for their publick examination. Elizabeth has had for two days past, a very severe cold and is so unwell today, that I am afraid she will not be able to attend. She is so anxious to go, that she can't bear to hear us say she is sick. The Doc<sup>r</sup> has been preseribing for her and I have nursed her faithfully. In the evening M<sup>rs</sup> Priests two daughters came to see how she was and if I did not think she would be well enough to attend. They spoke very highly of her as a scholar. Friday 23<sup>d</sup>. Elizabeth much better. Just before tea Sarah Battell and Martin came up — and brought a letter from dear Winthrop to Martin dated 2<sup>d</sup> inst — and a news paper from dear Arthur dated St Louis 3<sup>d</sup> inst. He had been there

<sup>1</sup> Meaning "All Well."



three days, the River impassable. The last boat for the season was going to New Orleans—and he had concluded to go down without going to Alton. My heart sunk at this intelligence—knowing it would be such a sore disappointment to you all. What will poor Arthur do. I am afraid he will suffer with cold & fatigue. May a kind & merciful Providence watch over you all, and again bring us together. At seven o'clock The Doc<sup>r</sup>, Serena, and the little girls went to M<sup>rs</sup> Priest's. They looked like little pictures. They all returned a little after ten. The Doc<sup>r</sup> says they all performed extremely well. Our's both answered very promptly and perfectly. Elizabeth got the Medal—and Jane had the knot of ribbons pinned on her shoulder. Doc Cox was there—and a number of Scientific gentlemen. The Parlours were both full. It was so very cold that it was thought most prudent that I should remain at home. Martin told me this afternoon, that I must come down tomorrow—and stay with Eliza while he goes to Stratford. His mother cannot excuse him from eating his Christmas dinner with her. And as he has always had the management of her business, he must go and arrange her affairs. Saturday 24th. Eliza sent me a note this morning saying I must be ready at ten o'clock with the children—when a carriage would be at the door, to bring us all to Walker St. That I must put my bedding in the carriage and be prepared to pass the promised month. At 12 the carriage came and altho it rained violently, I stepped in, bag and baggage, and arrived safely at Eliza's—where I found her, Sarah and Maria in a warm parlour, pleasant and comfortable. Martin went early this morning in the Mail Stage. Sunday 25th. The streets a perfect glare of Ice. Eliza—the children and myself remained in the morning at home—while Sarah—Joseph and Maria went to the Catholick church. Joseph returned with the girls and dined with us. In the afternoon Eliza myself—and Jane went to M<sup>r</sup> Patten's church—in Broom St. In the evening—M<sup>r</sup> Starr and———called. The latter is on his high ropes, to think he is so soon to see his dear Matilda. As I am now so comfortably fixed—I think I will remain a month. Is M<sup>r</sup> Creed to send the remittance

due in Nov<sup>r</sup> to me? I want to pay the Doc<sup>r</sup>. He does not say any thing about it but I know he wants it. Last night I had one of my sleepless nights. I began to think about you my beloved husband and the dear children—and my mind was so much excited, that I could not close my eyes until nearly morning. Monday 26th. The Doc<sup>r</sup> came down this morning, and challenged Sarah to write a page to Arthur in 9 minutes. He wrote the first page just in time—then Sarah took it—and completed the 2<sup>d</sup> in that time. Then they wrote alternately, until the paper was full. And such a letter—I believe was never written before. I had to take up the pen and make an apology to dear Arthur. While they were writing M<sup>rs</sup> Roberts & M<sup>rs</sup> Vasha called to see Eliza. The walking was terrible, but she said she was determined to call before Matilda arrived—least M<sup>rs</sup> Hoffman would think she called to see her. As soon as they were gone, M<sup>r</sup> Norton called to see Sarah. In the evening Joseph called and took the little girls and Colden to a confectioners shop and gave them candy and cakes. Tuesday 27th. A most delightful day—pleasant as May. I went with Elizabeth to Doc<sup>rs</sup> to see the Jolly baby,<sup>1</sup> but she was asleep. On the way—we met a stage—and a gentleman leaned out of the window and bowed to me. I did not know him I thought it could not be Martin, because we were not to expect him until night. When I returned to Eliza's here was Martin—Matilda and M<sup>r</sup> ——. They were breakfasting on a fine broiled chicken, and cup of coffee. They rode all night. Matilda was so much fatigued that they concluded to invite the Doc<sup>r</sup> and Serena to dine—and after tea she would be sufficiently recruited to go home with them. As Eliza was not very well—I went down into the kitchen and made a batch of ground rice puddings and some cake. The puddings—E thinks, is the best I ever made. We had Soup—roast turkey & roast Beef, with one of those hams which I baged for them last summer—and it was really one of the best hams I ever tasted—and so thought all. I hope Winthrop will not forget

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Gilman had two children who died in infancy. This baby was Serena Hannah, born September 29, 1830, entered the sisterhood of St. Barnabas in New York, and died January 9, 1870.

to send Martin some—Just like this. They say it was one of Winthrop's or Benjamin's—but I think it was one of Arthur's. I rec<sup>d</sup> a paper this morning from you—dated 5th inst. I feel so anxious to hear of Arthur's safe arrival at New Orleans, that I have little comfort in any thing. Wednesday 28th. One of the most violent snow storms I have seen this year. Martin feels very thankful that they returned from Stratford yesterday. Notwithstanding the violence of the storm Sarah wrapped up so that we hardly knew her when she came down—and went to pass the day and night by particular invitation with M<sup>rs</sup> Egleston. We miss her much. I have began to knit Martin some socks for winter—shall probably knit him several pair. When he came home to dinner he brought me a letter from Benjamin to the Doc<sup>r</sup>—a paper from you to Martin dated 29th ult one to me dated 5th inst—and a very friendly affectionate letter from your cousin M<sup>rs</sup> Brown.<sup>1</sup> Professor Chamberlain is dead. She has carried her son through college—and he is studying Theology. Thursday 29th. I walked up to the Doc<sup>rs</sup> and sit an hour with the baby—who is extremely interesting. Gave the Doc<sup>r</sup> five dollars to pay for 2 volumes of the Encyclopedia Americanus. Sarah is still absent—and we miss her exceedingly. Friday 30th Extreme cold snow storm. Eliza and I—intended to have gone to M<sup>r</sup> Baldwin's—to hear his preparatory sermon for the sacrament. Matilda and ——— passed the day here—and after tea—I went into Eliza's chamber, where a good fire is commonly kept—and I passed the evening alone, reading I trust to edification. Saturday 31<sup>st</sup>. Eliza and I, called on M<sup>rs</sup> Lin Hoffman and on my way home bought some new year presents for the children. They expect a present from Uncle Arthur—they say he promised a book I think [if] they got the medal when they were examined. It is very sickly here—scarlet fever—and Influenza. Two young merchants of great respectability died last week. Poor brother Cox, has lost four children within four weeks. Sunday January 1<sup>st</sup> 1832. I wish you all my dear husband and sons—a happy new year. May you all be prospered—and returned

<sup>1</sup> See letter of May 30, 1820.

home in safety. I went to M<sup>r</sup> Baldwin's church. Martin and Eliza went in the morning & returned home. I dined at the Doc<sup>rs</sup>—and Just as I was seated in the pew—in came Martin and Eliza. After church we all came home to Walker St. No person called in the evening but Joseph—and we all sung sacred musick—and wished for Paa and Arthur to sing with us. Monday 2<sup>d</sup> As new year came on Sunday—the usual visiting was today. We had a fire in both Parlours—the table was arranged with caks of various kinds—with wines and cordial. At eleven the gentlemen began their visits. Eliza—Sarah—Maria Harriott—and the little girls were all dressed and took their seats in the front parlour. I put on a clean cap—and stationed myself in Eliza's chamber before a good fire. I was sent for—to see M<sup>r</sup> Starr—and Joseph Battell. Just before three, I was summoned again to see your old friend M<sup>r</sup> Corfs—who made many enquiries for you, and the sons. Maria counted 26—Serena and Matilda had 15. We dined at 4 o clk. Before we left the table, Matilda—Harriot and M<sup>r</sup> ——— came and after tea, Joseph Battell. Eliza observed to me that no one tasted the cordial—but L & M and it was so pleasant that the dose was repeated two or three times. The former—I think—lacks the one thing needful. Tuesday 3<sup>d</sup> I rec<sup>d</sup> a letter from dear Arthur dated at Alton—giving an acct of his pafsage in the Globe. I was more pleased than I can exprefs—to think that he was with you. I have been mourning ever since I rec<sup>d</sup> his news paper from St Louis saying he should go to N O next day—without seeing you. I rec<sup>d</sup> also, a paper from you, saying it was cold as Green Land. Is it pofsible it is so cold at Alton. I am afraid you will take cold and be sick. Do be very careful not to wet your feet. The Doc<sup>r</sup> and Serena were much pleased to have Arthur remember the baby. After tea—old M<sup>r</sup> Battell came in and Joseph. M<sup>r</sup> Battell took up the paper, giving an acct of the meeting at Alton—was much pleased—& handed it to Joe—who wondered if the Secretary drew up the Resolutions, but no one knew. In came Starr saying he had a letter from Winthrop—they were all well—in good spirits—& business flourishing. Thursday 5th We are all well

and send much love. Thus far I wrote dear Arthur—and sent the Journal this day to your Paa. I have began N<sup>o</sup> 5—and will when the sheet is full—copy it for you. Do write soon—we have heard by a letter M<sup>r</sup> Starr rec<sup>d</sup> last eve<sup>s</sup> from you that you had arrived at St Louis—on your way to New Orleans. Take good care of your health & come home soon to your

affectionate Mother.

I have not time dear Arthur to read Maas letter, but presume she has told you all the domestic news, therefore shall only say, we are all well & hearty, think, & talk of you every day—last eve<sup>s</sup> we had a bottle of your wine, which I wish to my heart you had.

Norton is very attentive to Sarah—sh<sup>d</sup> not be much surprised sh<sup>d</sup> you find them comfortably fixed in Broadway on y<sup>r</sup> return. Do not grieve too much. As for Maria & Joe, I do not know what to think of them, but presume they understand each other—Sarah teazes her without mercy about him. Emily Erving is spending the winter in town—how much you have lost. M<sup>r</sup> Scott has presented his letter of introduction & dines with us tomorrow accompanied by M<sup>r</sup> Norton. D<sup>r</sup> will probably dine with us—I wish you could join us. Farewell—let us hear often.

Y<sup>r</sup> Sister E—

Am not I a punctual correspondent dear Arthur? This is the second letter I have written you within a few days, and if you do not answer it I shall be tempted to choke myself. I have nothing very interesting to communicate except last evening your Mother, Eliza, and myself, very considerably left the front parlor to Joe & Maria Hoffman!!!! I do not know the result!\*

M<sup>r</sup> Frd Norton has come out in a new wig and I find it quite irresistible! dont pray mention this. Mifs Clara Trotter I have not seen as yet. I suspect she keeps herself quite secluded in your absence. I regret extremely that you forgot your engagement to meet me here in the Autumn. I took as it was meant! (by the way I drink to your health every day and believe always Your aff<sup>t</sup>

Cousin S.

\* It is no such thing, Sarah to the contrary notwithstanding.  
Maria.

This is the joint letter Mrs. GILMAN wrote about in her last. The first page is from Dr. Gilman, the next from Sarah Battell, with a postscript, and then the Doctor and Miss Battell write turn and turn about, finishing with bits from Mrs. Hoffman and Mrs. GILMAN.

Dr. Chandler R. Gilman and Sarah Battell to Arthur Gilman, New Orleans, La.

You sweetest of all flesh—we were entirely astonish<sup>d</sup> to hear that you did not intend going to Alton, I should have thought that a man of your Energy would have built a bridge rather than not go across the River. Sarah Battell is here as mad as the D——l, on the whole I am rather glad you did not make your advances to her. She is now ballancing between a gay darling beau— a Unitarian by the way—and a Godly minister of the true Old Calvenistic School Who has ten children: Joe is here every day and Maria is here all the time of course things may be differently a Year hence from what they are now. Martin has gone to Stratford for Matilda, he has (Contrary to all Expectation and reasonable Calculation) very fine weather, which remind one of the Mohomedan Doctrine that foolish People are under the Especial protection of Providence. the Baby improves astonishingly. She says a great many words What is rather singular She learn<sup>d</sup> to say Arthur and Hatchy<sup>1</sup> on the same day. Hatchy by the way looks Very well. She is by far the prettiest of the Hoffman family and in due time, I think it might be Well for you to consider the Subject. Serena who knows not of my Writing often Thinks of you and Enquires for you. take Good Care of your health.

Yrs C. R. Gilman

I have but 10 minutes to write you and you cannot of course expect a very connected epistle—I merely write to assure you of my remembrance and that I still remember I am engaged to live at the West with a certain cousin of mine. I dont like over much what D<sup>r</sup> has said about Hatey, but will merely say she is not so very pretty.

<sup>1</sup> Harriet Hoffman.



The girls I have heard from this morning—they are well but confined to house in consequence of the Thermometer being below Zero—Don't pray dear Arthur kill yourself in consequence of what Dr has written you about Fred Norton—he has a new wig and looks well, but not like a certain person in Chamber Street who wore a light scratch—do you remember? Starr is very attentive and squints and blinks as formerly—I have enjoyed myself inexpressibly but was sadly disappointed in not seeing you, as I came as I promised in Autumn. Do pray write us girls and you will give much happiness to your

Very afft

S. Battell

Dear Arthur I am really ashamed of this letter—but I did not wish to be outdone by Doct who thought I could not write as quick as himself—but promise I will take more time when next I write.

Its all fudge about Hatch not being pretty She is by far the prettiest of my relations let folks say what they will.

By the bye Arthur it is Dr<sup>s</sup> wife who is a cousin of mine, so you know I am not included in the above. I fear me much that you wont make out this 9 minute letter—if you do you will evince great skill in reading, and I shall be encouraged to again write. Dr says I'm mad as the D—I now this same gentleman is a great favorite of Dr therefore he meant it as a compliment—the fact is they (the Lady & Gentleman) are both persons in whom I feel great interest and I look forward to their union with very sincere & ardent Satisfaction. I must go. Dr is certainly selfish for he intends to have me yoke myself with this parson and then you know he will take the family practice—

If you ask any Experienced Physician he will tell you that Parsons are the worst possible patients You never can charge anything and they keep you always busy. N B—Mr<sup>s</sup> Dr Spring has 16 children.

You take the idea—that is she has the same number of John Rogers including the youngest one which if you remember your catechism you will remember more than Doct. Sarah knows all about the Catechism—for She begins to find out that it is advisable for Ladies to be

prepared with a ready answer to any questions. Dont you ask any.

Sarah means Parson I meant D——l.

I take up the pen dear A. just to remark upon the D<sup>rs</sup> impudence in exprefsing himself as he has done about my Husband—tis true he has gone to Stratford & businels called him there—he will bring Mat down to the City—but I sh<sup>d</sup> like to know how many ages might elapse before his censurers would sacrifice so much personal comfort for the benefit & gratification of friends. We were more than sorry that you were not able to see Paa & Wint<sup>p</sup>. They will be greatly disappointed—hope soon to hear of y<sup>r</sup> arrival at N. O. Maa & children are with me—came the day Martin left & I intend to keep them a month—you know they promised me the visit before Paa left us. We have had a Charming visit from Cousin Sarah—only regret you are not here. Maria remains with me until March. We have had several letters from Mary G.<sup>1</sup> She is quite unhappy in Boston & pines constantly for home as she calls N. Yk. her Brother sails for West Indies 1<sup>st</sup> of Feb<sup>r</sup>—he is very tyrannical & makes M acc<sup>t</sup> for every cent she spends. Maa wishes to add a line. Y<sup>r</sup> attached Sister

When will my poor children learn wisdom and sobriety. I really want to erase half of the first page of this letter. O that they would set a watch over their lips. I rec<sup>d</sup> a paper from you dear Arthur dated 3<sup>d</sup> inst., saying the river was impafsable & you had concluded to go to New Orleans. I hope this step is for the best. But I never felt more hurt & disappointed. Your Paa is very lonesome and in all his letters has mentioned his desire to see you—and the pleasure he expected on seeing you. Pray write as often as you can & send papers when you cant write. I have sent three N<sup>os</sup> of Journals—and this week shall send another. Tell me about dear Benj<sup>n</sup> and about your health. Shall you go to Alton—and when Do you wish the 4th no of my Journal? I am sorry you did not see the others as they are connected. Heaven blefs you my beloved son prays your Mother.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Robert H. Gilman.

Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to Arthur Gilman, New Orleans, La.

As you request a copy of my Journal to your Paa, my dear Arthur—I will now sit down and copy it. I cannot find out whether you have seen those I have sent him—or not. If you have not—I must tell you first that Martin came to the Doc<sup>rs</sup> before Christmas and requested that I would come and make the promised visit of a month then and bring the little girls. He was going to Stratford to eat his christmas dinner as usual, and he wanted I should be with Eliza and Maria—who was to pass the winter at his house—while he was gone. He went the day before Christmas—and I came to Walker St with the children on that day. Now I will begin as far back as Jan<sup>y</sup> 5th Journal N<sup>o</sup> 5—hoping you have perused the others at Alton. “I have Just sent my Journal N<sup>o</sup> 4 at the Office my beloved husband, and most sincerely hope it will have a quicker passage than the last. I was perfectly astonished to hear that you had received but one since your arrival at Alton—which Arthur assured me was the fact in his letter of the 9th Ult. Since you left us—I have sent you every week two Spectators, and often an Advertiser & Journal of Commerce. I can account for your not receiving them in no other way than this. The winter thus far has been so uncommonly severe—and the roads and creeks often impassable—that they have left the letters, and taken the papers. I am grieved for it—for I am afraid you will think I neglect writing to you—when it is my greatest amusement and comfort. I long to receive a letter from you—giving every particular that I want to hear. I think it is time for you to write—and I shall really expect a letter very soon. I believe I mentioned at the close of my last that Mr Battell was here. Joseph and he passed the evening with us yesterday and I was not a little gratified to see them one after the other read the paper you sent giving an account of the meeting at Alton. Joseph asked if Winthrop drew up the resolutions—but no one was able to answer. They are both invited to dine with us this

day. In giving an account in my last of the visitors on new-years day—I forgot to mention cousin Moses Ives. He came in a sleigh with a number of gentlemen who waited for him at the door—and as I was up in my chamber he could not wait to see me. He was so kind as to call the next day to see me. He sit an hour and was very pleasant. Cousin Hope is much better but not intirely well. He has been at Washington six weeks—and now on his way home. Friday 6th. M<sup>r</sup> Battell and Joseph came yesterday and dined with us—on boiled turkey oyster sauce—another of those excellent Hams of Arthur’s—roast ducks—minced pies—Marlborough puddings &c—they sit until near dark then went to take tea and pafs the evening with a M<sup>rs</sup> Croach who’s husband is a businefs acquaintance of M<sup>r</sup> Battell’s. The party was made for Sarah—(who has been at Eliza’s dear Arthur, nearly three weeks) but it rained—and she was glad of an excuse to stay at home. About an hour after they were gone—Joseph rode up in a sleigh—with exprefs orders not to return without her. She reluctantly went. Maria and I—sit up for her until after eleven—and then concluded they had persuaded her to remain all night.—and we went to bed. Just as the clock struck twelve—she came home. It rained all that day—and I gave the little girls India rubbers & an umbrella, and sent them to school. Sarah and Maria concluded as it was so unpleasant—no one would call—and they would not drefs—but devote the day to writing. Norton with Sarah constantly—but we cannot find out whether she is attached to him or not. But to day it seemed suspicious. She was very much in a dishabille—and he came into the parlour so still—and unexpectedly—that she screamed—and blushed—and was evidently so much agitated—that she could not recover herself until he was gone. Saturday 7th. I went this morning to see Serena’s baby. She was very sick last night—and the Doc<sup>r</sup> was so very much frightened—that he could do nothing for her—and sent in the middle of the night for Doc<sup>r</sup> Hoit. I presume her illnefs was in consequence of teething. When I returned—I found M<sup>rs</sup> Murray Hoffman. She was uncommonly agreeable—and Sarah was charmed

with her conversâtion. M<sup>r</sup> Battell—Joseph—and M<sup>r</sup> Starr pafsed the evening with us. M<sup>r</sup> Starr engaged Sarah to go with him tomorrow—to Murray St church. Sunday 8th. I went early to the Doc<sup>rs</sup> to see the baby—she was better—and I went with them to church. Eliza and Martin went to hear M<sup>r</sup> Hawkes who is now settled at St Thomas's. It was very cold—and while we were in church—it rained—and when we came out—it was a perfect glare of Ice. So that we could not walk without being supported. I went into the Doc<sup>rs</sup>—thinking it would be better towards night. But very soon—to my great Joy—Martin and Eliza came in and sent for a hack, and we soon found ourselves in Walker St. Matilda—who has been at Serena's since christmas—went to hear M<sup>r</sup> Eastburn. Canal St—had to come here and pafs the remainder of the day—and night. I sleep in your chamber—dear Arthur—and Maria & Matilda in the upper story. After tea — came—and pafsed the evening. As there is a constant fire in Eliza's chamber, Martin and I went up there, and read—all the evening. Eliza came up—and said — and Sarah were disputing on Dueling And were both very high and quite excited. She wanted Martin to go down and on Matilda's account—try to turn the conversation. For she was afraid her feelings would be hurt. M<sup>r</sup>—— insisted that dueling was a necessary evil. Sarah was so much astonished that she took him up—and supported the argument extremely well. M<sup>r</sup>—— told her that her brother Joseph might be in such a situation tomorrow—as to fight a duel before dark. And he believed he would. He made some remarks on the good state of Connecticut and their religion &c with so much contempt—that Sarah said afterwards—that she could hardly keep her temper. Martin said if he went down—he should be opposed to M<sup>r</sup>—— and probably say something that would hurt Matilda's feelings more than if he remained where he was. Mat remained all night—and slept with Sarah and Maria. Monday 9th. I went up to the Doc<sup>rs</sup> to see how the baby was—and found her much better. Returned to dinner—and found the two Miss Seton's—and Miss Henry—who all dined here. After dinner Martin brought

out some of Arthur's wine as he calls it—Scuppernon for Sarah to taste. She thinks it the best wine she ever tasted. Miss Henry and the Seaton's went home before tea. As we had a fire in both parlours—after they were gone I took possession of the front Parlour—and thought I would write by myself all the evening. But had not been their many minutes before I was interrupted. Mr Battell and Joseph came—and very soon Mr Starr—and as Mr——was in the back parlour Sarah brought me three relatives to pass the evening with me. Of course all my plans were interrupted. Mr Starr told me he had come on purpose to tell me he had today received a letter from Arthur—dated at St Louis, on his way to New Orleans via Kaskaskies. That he and Winthrop left you 20th—quite well. He said Arthur appeared to write in fine spirits—and said that Alton had improved so much that he should not have known the place. I am much pleased to hear from you so recently—and hope to receive a letter very soon. Tuesday 10th. Sarah dines with Mrs Ludlow—the clergymen's wife. Mr Norton called to wait on her there. She often says she will never marry him—even if he should turn Presbyterian—because she could not love him. And yet he calls to see her almost every day—and she certainly does all in her power to encourage him. After dinner I went to Mr Patten's church—where is a protracted meeting. Mr Ludlow preached a very solemn sermon to a very crowded house. We were to meet Sarah there—and come home together. But she was not there. Mrs Ludlow being very unwell, she remained with her—and went there in the evening. Wednesday 11th. Mr Dutton called this forenoon to accompany Sarah in visiting some of her acquaintances—as she expects to leave town tomorrow with her father. Just after she was gone—in came Kate Lawrence—and told Eliza, she had been coming in to make her a sociable visit, a long time—and if she was not engaged—she would stay. Of course—she remained, much to my regret. Sarah soon came home—was introduced—and made herself very agreeable. They played duets together—and Kate seemed much pleased with her. At three o'clock Mr Scott—Mr Linton—and



the Doc<sup>r</sup> all came by particular invitation to dine. Sarah really exceeded herself. She kept the company at the table in a constant roar. M<sup>r</sup> Scott claped his hands together—threw himself back in his chair—and laughed immoderately. M<sup>r</sup> Linton looked in perfect astonishment and delight. The Jokes were all about Arthur and Sarah. If you ever see those gentlemen—you will hear all about it. Thursday 12th. We breakfasted very early this morning—And Sarah and Martin got into a hack—and went on board a steam boat—where M<sup>r</sup> Battell and Joseph soon made their appearance. He says M<sup>r</sup> Battell told him that he went into the American Hotel yesterday where M<sup>r</sup> Scott and M<sup>r</sup> Linton put up—and heard them tell a man of their acquaintance that they had Just come from M<sup>r</sup> Martin Hoffman<sup>'s</sup> where they had dined. And they saw there one of the drollest girls without exception that they ever saw in their lives. She really did beat all the girls they ever saw. Her name was Sarah Battell. She was a confounded smart girl too. M<sup>r</sup> Battell said he was afraid to hear any more—and he walked out. He then asked Martin if Sarah was not too high. He was afraid she was. Martin assured him she was not—and he did not know how we should have done without her—for she was the life of the company. We miss her exceedingly. She is very witty—and a sensible girl. But I think she is too fond of company—too careless—too fond of admiration—and I am afraid will not make a good wife. It is pleasant to pass a few days with a person of this description—but after that it becomes rather tedious. Friday 13th. Jane came home from school yesterday with a high fever, face bloated—and I thought she was going to have the scarlet fever. There was no abatement of fever all night. In the morning her face was covered with the measles. In the evening—Joseph Battell called—and eat an oyster supper with us. Before his father arrived—Joseph had made arrangements to go into the Grocer business with M<sup>r</sup> Lawrence—whose father lives below M<sup>r</sup> Baldwins church. But when M<sup>r</sup> B arrived, he found by enquiry that the young man had accepted largely for some person of doubtful standing—and he made an excuse for dissolving the connection—be-

cause M<sup>r</sup> L sold ardent spirits—and Joseph was a temperance man. Before M<sup>r</sup> B left this city he settled Joseph in the Grocer business—with M<sup>r</sup> Sacket—of the Firm of Mead Sacket and Mead. He made great enquiry<sup>s</sup> of M<sup>r</sup> Starr—Arthur Tappan—and many other Merchants—before he made up his mind. Joseph seems much pleased that he is in business here and not at Norfolk. Saturday 14th. Jane is doing as well as can be expected. I walked up with Elizabeth to see the baby—she begins to look like herself. M<sup>r</sup>——Mat's beau—is very apt to speak before he reflects. The evening before Sarah left us—he was here with Mat—Sarah and Maria had on new clean checked aprons. He seemed quite shocked—and begged they would take off those aprons—they were only fit for cooks and chamber maids. I was Knitting—and Matilda said she wished she could Knit. Why said he, do you wish to Knit—it will do well enough for old women to Knit—but it shows such a vacancy of thought that I can't bear it. The last of the sentence was spoken in rather an undertone—but everyone in the parlour heard it. I am sorry to find that he is exceedingly disliked by every member of her family. But they are now determined to make the best of it—because she is devotedly attached to him. Sunday 15th. Jane is so well—that I went with Eliza and Martin to M<sup>r</sup> Baldwin's church in the morning, and as he was not to preach in the afternoon—I went to hear Doc<sup>r</sup> Spring<sup>1</sup> but was disappointed. M<sup>r</sup> Carroll of Brooklin preached. Doc<sup>r</sup> Spring has lost another child. He went to church in the morning—but was so affected—he had to sit down. We passed the evening to ourselves. Monday 16th. I sent you this morning Saturday's advertiser—with price current—and Benj<sup>n</sup> the Observer. Did you read a piece of poetry in it—headed the Old Man. I think it beautiful. You are not fond of Poetry—and I am afraid you did not read it. Tuesday 17th. Eliza and Maria went to hear Colden examined. In the evening M<sup>r</sup> Starr

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Gardiner Spring, born in 1785 and died in 1873. He was still the pastor of the Brick Church, by that time removed to Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street, when WINTHROP S. GILMAN became one of its Elders and Trustees.

called, and read us an excellent letter he received to day from his brother Henry at Cincinnati. Full of Affection and good feelings. He seemed rather disponding. Said he felt alone in the world. He had the highest opinion of domestick happinefs—and the older he grew—the more he was convinced that it was not good for man to be alone. For the last twelve months, he had been in persuit of a wife—but could not find one suitable for him. Wednesday 18th. A beautiful spring like day—Maria out—Eliza and I alone. The Doc<sup>r</sup> came in about lunch time—eat some bread & butter and honey-comb. The best I have seen for many years. He and Eliza had a long dish of discourse about——. He dislikes him exceedingly, but is not so violent in his prejudices as usual. Thursday 19th. Matilda came, this morning and dined with us. Martin came home at the usual hour, and brought a newspaper from you my dear. I thank you for it—but it is time I had a letter. I want you to feel a strong inclination to write me a letter. I can truly say—my greatest pleasure is writing to my beloved husband. I shall probably return to the Doc<sup>rs</sup>—next week. It is very pleasant here, with our only daughter—and since I have made this my home, I have been as contented as I can be—seperated from you. When I left the Doc<sup>rs</sup>—I was in his debt, he said thirty seven dollars—but it is not in my power to pay him until M<sup>r</sup> Creed remits me something. Friday 20th. Matilda came down to pass the day—soon M<sup>r</sup>——came. Eliza and I went up to Serena's and Maria went out—so that they had a cozy time. After tea Mat and M<sup>r</sup>——went to the Theatre. M<sup>r</sup> Scott and M<sup>r</sup> Linton will leave the city dear Arthur next Saturday—as they will be in N O soon—some of us will write by them. I have send copy of this sheet to your Paa—and began another. Let me know when you will leave New Orleans. On your arrival there—you will find two letters in the Post Office—one directed to the care of Mefs<sup>rs</sup> Newkirk & Olden—and the first to New Orleans only. Hope you will receive them both. 24th. This I will send by mail to day—for M<sup>r</sup> Starr says since the new arrangements he receives his letters in fourteen days. Do write as often as you can my dear son—take

good care of your health—and return as soon as you can to your affectionate mother. Eliza sends love & will write by M<sup>r</sup> Scott. as no one has written a line to poor Ben—I have copy<sup>d</sup> this Journal and sent him—Saturday last. I see by the papers, an extract of a letter from some one in New Orleans that a vessel had arrived from Smyrna—with that horrible disease cholera. If this is true my dear Arthur—do leave all business and go up the river. We are not our own keeper's but it is our duty to take every mean in our power—to preserve life. Give yourself my son to that merciful being—in whose hands your life is—and whose are all your ways. From your  
Anxious Mother.

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Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to Arthur Gilman, New Orleans, La.

Friday January 20th (1832) N<sup>o</sup> 6. This morning my beloved husband, I sent you Journal N<sup>o</sup> 5—and now I will begin the 6th. After breakfast Matilda Hoffman came down—and passed the day with us. About 11 o'clock—came in—and Eliza and I went up to Serena's and Maria went out. So they had a fine opportunity for private conversation. We remained at the Doc<sup>rs</sup> until near dinner time and then returned to Walker St—and found Matilda alone. After tea she and Maria went down to M<sup>rs</sup> Roberts—much to Maria's annoyance—and they all went to the Theatre. I sit up alone until they came home, half past twelve—gladly embracing the opportunity to copy My Journal for dear Benjamin and Arthur. Saturday 21<sup>st</sup> Matilda passed the morning with us—and then went to M<sup>rs</sup> Roberts to dine and pass the day. She made an agreement to pass every Saturday at her house. Eliza walked out—and while she was out M<sup>rs</sup> Brooks called. Harriot Hoffman dined here and went home to Lindley's before tea. Martin received a letter from his mother—saying that M<sup>rs</sup> Poor (sister to M<sup>rs</sup> Doudell) was dead. Ten days after her confinement she ate thirty buckwheat cakes. Martin brought me a paper from you—which rejoiced me exceedingly. But

I wish it had been a letter. He presented me also, a set of Perryan Pens /6/—Powder for the Ink—with directions how to use it. Since you left me—I have wanted nothing so much as a pen.<sup>1</sup> And nothing could be more acceptable. Sunday 22<sup>d</sup>. Eliza and Martin went to St Thomas<sup>'s</sup> and I went all day to M<sup>r</sup> Baldwin's. Dined at the Doc<sup>'s</sup> with Doc<sup>'</sup> Hoit and Matilda. After tea—Joseph Battell called and sit an hour. Then went to hear M<sup>r</sup> Hawkes. He is very much celebrated and his church since he was settled at St Thomas<sup>'s</sup> is full to overflowing. Monday 23<sup>d</sup>. A fine pleasant day—and I let Jane go to school, and Kept Elizabeth at home. She is quite unwell—with a violent cough—and every symptom of measles. At calling time we were siting in the parlour when two Ladies came bowing in—elegantly dresed—and made a thousand apologies to Eliza because they had not called before—but neither Eliza nor Maria knew who they were—nor could they have any Idea. At last—I presume they observed some confusion—and they introduced each other. Mifs Wadington—and a Mifs Ogdon, whom Maria never saw before. While they were siting very stiffly—in came two more—perfect strangers to the whole company. But by conversing a while Eliza found out who they were. It was really painful to see them, and I have no doubt they were all relieved when the visit was over. Tuesday 24th. Elizabeth was so unwell yesterday that when I left my bed this morning I did not wake her. About ten o clock I went up she said she felt better and would get up. I afsisted in drefsing her and she went down into the parlour and began to sip some tea—then said Grandmaa I must lay down. And before we could take her to the Sofa she fainted. We were very much alarmed and immediately sent for the Doc<sup>'</sup> who ordered a fire in my chamber—which was Arthur's—and said I must apply farlicks to her feet—give an emetick—Calomel—&c. She was very sick all day and all night. Wed-

<sup>1</sup> Evidently Arthur cut quills for his mother and the gift was a box of steel pens, which were still a novelty. Could the "Perryan" pen be that invented by James Perry in 1830? He is called "the father of the steel pen" in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

nesday 25th. Elizabeth in bed all day. At noon — when the Doc<sup>r</sup> came and examined her closely — we could see the measles under the skin like the finest grater. Not like Jane<sup>rs</sup>, who had fine large blotches all over her. In the evening M<sup>r</sup> Starr called and told us his brother George had arrived to try again Electricity. He is not so well and I am afraid he will not live long. Maria has at last received a letter from Sarah Battell. She tells her that Urania has received a letter from her friend Mifs Foot of Cincinnati. And it is such a good Joke she must tell her. That M<sup>r</sup> Henry Starr was engaged to be married to M<sup>rs</sup> Kilgore of that city. He went to Columbus to attend the court and before he came back M<sup>r</sup> DeWitt merchant — who is a widower — stepped in and cut out poor Henry — and before he returned from court M<sup>rs</sup> Kilgore engaged herself to M<sup>r</sup> De Witt. When M<sup>r</sup> Starr returned he was extremely mortified — disappointed and afflicted. For he was very much attached to her. They boarded at the same house — and at the dinner table he talked at her — says Mifs Foot — so that she fainted away. It made a great noise nothing else was talked of — for some time. After a few days they were married and were dashing away at a great rate — giving Parties and Balls &c — I think Henry may consider it a very fortunate escape for him. I am sure that a woman who could be so void of principle as to engage herself in so short a time, to two men — would never make him happy. I presume this affair had Just happened when Henry wrote that disponding letter to Philemon. Thursday 26th. This morning Elizabeth was covered with measles and is still kept in bed. Colden<sup>1</sup> came home this forenoon from school with violent pain in his head and a high fever. The Doc<sup>r</sup> was sent for and said a cot must be put in my chamber as he wished me to take care of him — and he must go to bed — take an emetick — and powders every two hours through the night — and he would see him in the morn-

<sup>1</sup> This young boy, Cadwallader Colden Hoffman, of whom Mrs. GILMAN wrote so frequently, became a missionary to Africa under the Episcopal Church. In a notice of his work there the fact is mentioned that it was through the influence of Mrs. Martin Hoffman and Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN that Colden Hoffman went to the Foreign Field.



ing. I have the sole care of them both and my hands are completely full.

Friday 27th. Elizabeth better and poor Colden, very sick. The Doc<sup>r</sup> says he has a remitting fever. Matilda called and Maria and she went shopping for articles preparatory to her marriage. They came here and dined and after tea M<sup>r</sup>—— came and pafsed the evening. I did not go down for Colden requires my whole time and attention. I burn a lamp and was up with him three or four times last night. Saturday 28th. Colden very sick and Elizabeth better. She sit up in an easy chair—great part of the day. Matilda called this forenoon with M<sup>r</sup>——to see how her brother was—then went with him to pafs the day at his Mother's. M<sup>r</sup> Starr and the Doc<sup>r</sup> dined here by invitation last week—on Salt fish. After dinner Maria went to M<sup>rs</sup> Ogden's and pafsed the remainder of the day and evening. Was up with Colden twice last night. Sunday 29th. Colden a little better—but not able to sit up a moment. Elizabeth has so far recovered, that I think if the weather will permit I will let her go down in the parlour tomorrow. This has been a very unpleasant day to me—for Eliza had last night one of her ill turns of violent sick head ach. She at last insisted that her throat was so much inflamed & swelled inside (when there was not the least appearance of it) that if she went to bed she should suffocate. I told her that I had been so before she was born—which seemed to relieve her—and after one o'clock I bathed her neck with sp<sup>ts</sup> of hartshorn—made her go to bed—then went myself. After that I was up once with Colden. The Doc<sup>r</sup> called this forenoon and told me not to let him sit up a moment today—nor take any nourishment but toast and water. Martin brought his Brother Murray home with him from church, to eat minced fish. No one went to church but Maria and Martin. Eliza was well enough to take her seat at the dinner table, but could eat nothing. Jane crying almost all day with the tooth ach. For myself—I desire to be thankful for a good constitution. Monday 30th. Elizabeth so well as to be able to go down into the parlour. The Doc<sup>r</sup> called and gave me more medicine for Colden and said he must not get out of his bed

today. Martin came home and sent up for me to come down. As soon as I was seated he gave me a newspaper from you my beloved husband which I opened with great avidity and saw A. W. Martin said, I believe there is another. I took it and it was dated 9th inst. Then he said Why seems to me there's another yet. and gave me a paper from our dear Arthur dated Dec<sup>r</sup> 31st. On the margin was written St Genevieve—start tomorrow for New Madrid in a sleigh—disappointed in a conveyance at Kafkaskia—A W. After all these—Martin took from his hat a letter. I could hardly contain my feelings. Then he said—why here's a paper looks like Arthurs writing. and gave me another paper from him, dated Randolph Jan<sup>r</sup> 8th—A W. Wrecked yesterday in S.B Oregon—go on today in Argus—A G. A.P.W. I feel very thankful for the letter, and all the papers. But my anxiety to hear how he was wrecked—where he is—and how he is is great, in the extreme. May a merciful God protect him and spare us to meet again. I am grieved my dear that you should write in such low spirits. When you were here your spirits were generally good. After breakfast you could walk down to the reading-room—stop on the way at your dear daughter's and refresh yourself—return—and converse pleasantly with the Doc<sup>r</sup>—take a game of chefs—and sleep soundly. Now you are at Alton your fare—though you do not say it—I know is not fit for a Pig. Your business I fear is vexatious and I doubt not you have sleepless nights. I feel extremely anxious about you and I do most sincerely wish you were again in New York. You mention my not taking any notice of what you said in respect to our future residence. Almost the last words you said when we parted were that you should if possible return here in April. And I concluded that what you said in your letter from Alton was merely to see what I would say on the subject. But as you have again aluded to it I will promptly reply—that if it is your choice and it be necessary to pass the few remaining days we have at Alton I will part with our only daughter, and the Doc<sup>r</sup>—never to meet again in this world and follow my beloved husband. But let me claim your promise—to return this spring—pass

the summer—and go out together in the fall. I see our dear Winthrop's name in the papers at the meetings in Alton—I hope it will not be the means—as is sometimes the case—of making him conceited or opinionated. You must recollect my dear son that you are yet very young and have much to learn. Your best way is to do nothing without your Paa's advice. Remember my darling son that he has age and experience. And if you ever neglect asking his advice in all your ways you will not prosper as blefing will not follow you. I commend you to that Being—who alone can keep you in all your ways—and humbly trust that you will be made the instrument in his hands of doing much good while you are in that western world. How could you my dear so far mistake me as to suppose I went to a Unitarian church. Never—O never while I live—shall I so far forget myself and my church as to enter a church that denies the Divinity of my own blefsgd Saviour. No my beloved husband—you would not respect me if I did. I thought you knew that the Presbyterians had purchased the Universalist church in Prince St. That was the church I went to and heard such an excellent sermon. Tuesday 31st. Matilda and M<sup>r</sup> — called this morning to see how Colden was. He is able to sit up a little—is very fractious, and wants every thing. Maria pafsgd the day at Lindley's. M<sup>r</sup> Starr and Charles Hoffman<sup>1</sup> pafsgd the evening here—but I was with Colden and did not know M<sup>r</sup> Starr was here until the bell rang for Prayers. Wednesday Feb<sup>y</sup> 1st. Matilda came this morning and took Maria to pafsg the day at the Doc<sup>rs</sup>. He called at 12 to make his last visit to Colden. He sat up all day and now I shall leave the charge of him to Eliza. She had Just finished a letter to you and the Doc<sup>r</sup> added a P.S. About 5 o clk Matilda came home with Maria—who was so sick, she could hardly reach Walker St. Matilda did not stay 5 minutes. She was engaged she said to take tea with M<sup>rs</sup> Roberts. I combed and bathed her head—made her some catnip tea—and put her to bed, with a lamp burning. I hope and trust she is not going to have a fever. Thursday 2<sup>d</sup>. Martin brought

<sup>1</sup> Charles Fenno Hoffman, a cousin of Martin Hoffman. He was born in 1806, was a popular poet and writer.

a paper from you my beloved husband—with A W—which is always a comfort to me. Maria rec<sup>d</sup> a letter from Sarah Battell with some lace for Maria—some small pieces of ribbbon to make pin cushions for Elizabeth—Nathan Dickerman for Jane—which she had before—and a highly gilt red Morocco pocket Bible in shape of a pocket book for Colden. Some ladies called, but I did not see them. Friday 3<sup>d</sup>. Martin came home and brought me a letter from my darling son Arthur—giving an account of his ship wreck and voyage to New Orleans. His situation in the flat boat must have been very alarming. It appears to me he has always been unfortunate in that country. Two or three times he has come very near losing his life—and as often, has a Kind Providence interposed for him. I cannot feel that it is his duty to settle there. And I wish if it be the will of heaven, that he and his brothers may settle in this city.<sup>1</sup> How pleasant it would be if our dear children could always live together. Why not our children—with their superior talents for business—settle here as well as Joseph Battell and a thousand others. They could each I should think command enough to begin—and with a common blessing they would succeed. Saturday 4th. Eliza remembered that this was the anniversary of our marriage—and she and Martin insisted that they would have Matilda—the Doc<sup>r</sup> and Serena to dine with us in commemoration of that happy event. But as you were absent I insisted that it should not be so. And that if they wished to keep the day—they could not do it more agreeably to my feelings, than to keep silence and dine on baked pork and beans. Martin came home and brought me the Illinois Advocate dated Jan<sup>y</sup> 13th AW. in an old wrapper of mine which I sent Benj<sup>n</sup> inclosing an Observer. You will perhaps wonder that I am still at Eliza's. But when the month had expired—the children were taken with the Measles. And this is the day [the end of the page is missing. On the following page appears this paragraph:]

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Trollope writes "Were all America like this fair city, (New York) and all, no, only a small proportion of its population like the friends we left there, I should say that the land was the fairest in the world." *Dom. Man. of the Amer.*, ii, 293.

You will see by the within my dear Arthur that I have been so happy as to receive your letter from N O of 19th Ult—and how Much I was relieved by its contents. I hope that while you are there—you will take particular care of yourself—not go out evenings on no account. Also be attentive to your diet—let your food be plain meets & vegetables—and not highly seasoned. I hope you will be able to procure good lodgings. Above all things remember your dependence is not on yourself but on him who alone is able to keep and preserve your life. You say “I presume you will have rec<sup>d</sup> a 2<sup>d</sup> check from M<sup>r</sup> Creed e’er this. I have not rec<sup>d</sup> a cent from him since you left me and concluded you had cause to make use of it yourself. Would it do for you to write him on the subject? or will he have sent it before a letter could reach him. I want it at present only for our board. M<sup>r</sup> Miller mentions the children’s returning—thinks Elizabeth has had education enough. Says cotton is so low—that it is not in his power to send but 200\$ P<sup>r</sup> year for both. Your Paa’s letter from Alton is filled with every thing that is “blue” Your letter arrived in 14 days from the date. Do write as often as you can and tell me all about your businefs. M<sup>r</sup> Scott who sailed in the Natchez was so polite as to go without calling after he dined with us—altho I had letters from the children to you all done up. All send love.

From your Affectionate Mother      H. G.

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Hon. Lewis Cass, Secretary of War, to BENJ. IVES GILMAN, Alton, Ill.

Department of War  
February 9 1832.

Sir,

I have received your letter of the 16<sup>th</sup> ulto, and so far as this Department may be called on to act upon the subject of the proper place for the United States road to cross the Mississippi, your Statements and Suggestions shall receive all that consideration, to which I am sure they are justly entitled. You present the Subject in a

Strong light, and it is one, which will no doubt be maturely considered, before any final decision is made.

I have the honor to be Very respectfully

Your Obed<sup>t</sup> Servant

Lew Cafs

(over)

My dear Sir,

Allow me to recall myself to your recollection, and to that of your family, and to express the interest, I feel in what concerns you and them. The incidents of life scatter us strangely in all directions, but "my own friends and my fathers friends" are not forgotten.<sup>1</sup>

Truly yours

Lew Cafs.

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Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to Arthur Gilman, New Orleans, La.

Friday February 10th N° 7.<sup>2</sup> I sent you this morning my beloved husband Journal N° 6 and a copy to our dear Arthur. I am afraid that my Journals will not be so interesting now as when I was at Eliza's, For here I see no one—nor do I hear any thing to tell you that will be amusing. The little girls have received a letter from their father and I will transcribe what he says relating to the children. "It appears to me you have now got your schooling—and that it is time you should attend to something else. In October I engaged M<sup>r</sup> Knap—an old gentleman from Zanesville Ohio until January—for the education of my little boys—for fifty dollars. I have now undertaken the expense of the education of your two brothers and will not be able to bear so much expense I have to board the master in the bargain. I am fearful that your city life and education will give you a distaste to our plain plantation affairs—and that you will not be happy here—and that I will not be able to support you at so much expense where you are—for I cannot send more than two hundred dollars for the ensuing years expenses. The storm has lefsoned my crop very much

<sup>1</sup> See note on letter of April 25, 1795.

<sup>2</sup> A note by WINTHROP S. GILMAN dates this letter "about 1832."



from what I expected—and we live very savingly for your sakes—but expenses are increasing every day and cotton sells very low. I am well as usual—and as handsome as ever—and if you do not come home—perhaps I may find a young lady to keep me company.” In a P. S. to Elizabeth’s letter in reply—after making some introductory remarks—I said—“I am very sorry that you contemplate taking the children home—as they are now in the midst of their studies—and are progressing as fast and as well as can be expected. Perhaps you think they are burdensome to me. But if that is the case—I beg to undeceive you. For they are and always have been a great comfort to me. I think they should be kept at school if possible until they are fifteen or sixteen years old. They certainly are not expensive. I can give you one instance where you may see the fact. When old Mr Hoffman died—Martin took their youngest child—between the age of Elizabeth and Jane—as his own. That child’s yearly expenses exclusive of board—have been rising of two hundred dollars. Since we broke up house-keeping I have paid our little girls board out of my own income—and wish it was in my power to pay all their expenses—but it is not. However—I know dear Mr Miller that cotton has fallen—and that you must feel it. But if you still think it best for them to return home—and if some female should be coming from Natchez to New York and you give her the means for the expenses of their Journey—I will do all in my power to prepare them for their departure. But to take one step towards it myself—for their sainted mother’s sake—I cannot do it. Because I know it was a comfort to her—in her dying moments—that her daughters were with me.” Saturday 11th. I am quite unwell with a terrible sore throat—such as I never had or saw before. Feel disconsolate. Sunday 12th. Confined at home all day—and my throat is dreadful. Monday 13th. Still very much troubled with my throat and some fever. Tuesday 14th. The Doc<sup>r</sup> came home from visiting a patient near St Luke’s Church quite sick. Could eat no dinner and went up to my chamber and laid down on the Sofa. When he awoke Eliza was here to see how I was and we ob-

served the Doc<sup>rs</sup> face was a perfect scarlet. Doc<sup>r</sup> Hoit was sent for—who pronounced it scarlet fever. Hannah and the baby are to sleep in my chamber on a trundle bed least the baby take the disease. Wednesday 15th. The Doc<sup>rs</sup> throat is full of ulcers of a dark color and exceedingly sore. He is attended by D<sup>r</sup> Hoit and Doc<sup>r</sup> Pond. They are doing all they can for him and I pray a blessing may attend the means. Thursday 16th. The Doc<sup>rs</sup> throat assumes a brighter colour—which is thought rather a favourable circumstance. In the evening Serena and I got him up in the easy chair while we made his bed. I believe if he were not sick I should keep my bed. My throat is in a dreadful state. Friday 17th. The Doc<sup>rs</sup> fever has left him—but his throat is still very bad. Got him up again and made his bed. Tuesday 21<sup>st</sup> I have been so sick my beloved husband for several days past that I could not write a line. This indisposition has caused great depression of spirits and I will resume my pen when I feel better. Friday 24th. I will now try to go on with my Journal. Some days, I have been confined to my bed and since the 17th I have not been out of my chamber. Doc<sup>r</sup> Hoit examined my throat by Chandler's request and prescribed for it very Judiciously. Chandler is convalescing and I desire to acknowledge the mercy of God in restoring me so far as to be able to take up my pen once more. Eliza has been to see me every day—except when it stormed. Martin has been very attentive—some days he has called twice a day. The Doc<sup>r</sup> and Serena also have done for me all that was in their power. If I have been troublesome I am sorry. During my confinement it was a source of comfort to me, to receive newspapers regularly from yourself and dear Arthur. He has been very attentive both in writing and sending papers. Yesterday I received a long letter from him which was as a cordial to me. I rejoice and am thankful that his health is good and his spirits excellent. I humbly pray that his health may be established and that he and his brothers may be instrumental of doing much good wherever they are. I am astonished to see in the margin of all your papers that you have not yet heard from Arthur. Fourteen days after his arrival in

New Orleans I received a long and very satisfactory letter from him and since then I have always received his letters and papers in fourteen days from the date. The distance from New Orleans to Alton cannot be so great as from the former place to New York—and why you do not hear from him is misterious. During my confinement there has been caucus<sup>78</sup> held almost every day and evening in the Hoffman family—sometimes in my chamber—which was very amusing to hear—respecting Matilda's match. The young gentleman they say makes himself perfectly ridiculous in the company of sensible people. He is so conceited and opinionated that wherever he goes he intrudes his opinions. They have all put their heads together and are determined if pofsible to break the match. They hope to do it by persuading her to put off the marriage until next fall. Lin and Sue—Martin and Eliza—are quite fierce for it—and now the Doc<sup>r</sup> and Serena are as anxious that it should not take place as any. A few evenings since the young gentleman was at Lin's with Matilda and Maria. In a few minutes in came Young Ogden Hoffman.<sup>1</sup> After they were introduced the conversation turned on a case that had been tried before Ogden as District Attorney—but they think that M<sup>r</sup>——could not have known the circumstances for he took the opposite side and talked with so much vehemence and contradicted M<sup>r</sup> H several times flatly—altho he was never in his company before. At last M<sup>r</sup> H said in the softest manner—with a bow—well M<sup>r</sup>——perhaps it is so—you are perhaps better acquainted with the circumstances than I am—and pofsibly know more about it. Yes Sir said M<sup>r</sup>——I know every circumstance relating to the case—and I know I am correct. While they were disputing not one word was spoken by the rest—there sit poor Matilda—Maria—Lin—Sue & Harriot listening—as silent as the grave. They all knew what Ogden thought of him—by his manner. But M<sup>r</sup>——did not and little thought what was pafsing in the other's mind. Maria says that in the course of conversation it was amusing to see Ogden's sarcastic looks & contemptu-

<sup>1</sup> Hon. Ogden Hoffman was a first cousin of Martin Hoffman and a half-brother of Charles Fenno Hoffman.

ous manner. She was sorry Matilda was present. But then said she—la—Mat is so blind that she did not see any thing—and I dare say she thought —— had the best of the argument. When they came out to return home—M<sup>r</sup> —— said—well—I never saw M<sup>r</sup> Hoffman before. I think he seems like a sensible gentlemanly man enough—Maria said that caped the climax. The next day Harriot told Maria as soon as they had gone—Lin said—well Ogden what do you think of him—Ogden put on one of his most quizzical looks, looked up in Lin's face and said—he's got a queer voice—ha'nt he. That was so much like the Judge that they all roared. The family agree that as Martin has always had the care of the family he better write to his mother and tell her the exact situation of affairs—particularly M<sup>r</sup> —— exceedingly improper principles with regard to religion and advise her to write to Matilda and tell her it is her wish that the marriage should be postponed until fall. They think if it can be put off it may probably never take place. They say there is a want of attention in him. Tis said his mother has an unhappy temper which will probably at a future day make her very unhappy. He has nothing independent of his Parents and they are to live as one family. The Doc<sup>r</sup> says Martin's letter is very good and if the Mother does her duty it will be put off. The letter went yesterday and the answer is expected on Sunday. I cant help pitying the poor simpleton and I feel for her. Saturday 25th A violent storm of rain—snow—and wind. Coal is so very high and scarce that my chamber is nursery and holds us all. I am so unwell that it is often rather a source of amusement. Sunday 26th A most delightful day and I am very glad because there is to be a quarterly contribution for the new Organ in M<sup>r</sup> Baldwin's church. Last fall they took away the Organ they had when you were here and as the singing is not the best it was so much missed that the Consistory concluded to draw up a subscription paper—take it round—and see what they could collect towards purchasing a new Organ, which would cost six hundred and fifty dollars. They accordingly went round while they were in the spirit of it and collected four hundred and fifty dollars. To night

after church the Doc<sup>r</sup> being treasurer as well as one of the managers of the Dutch Reformed Missionary Society he counted the contributions of the day—which amounted to thirty one dollars. I think that is very well for such a small church—Martin and Eliza called after church and they are all full of surmisings and guessing about the expected letter from Stratford. Monday 27th Maria and Harriot called a few moments and told Serena no letter had been rec<sup>d</sup> from Stratford. Eliza says a servant brought a letter for Maria—she took it and said to Maria—why that looks like Joe Battell's writing—Maria opened it and found one enclosed from Sarah. Joseph wrote in the cover that the letter was handed him by a stranger—and supposing it was for himself, he opened it, and read until he came to My dearest Maria. And recollecting that sweet name was not his he instantly closed it and sent it to her with many apologies. Martin exclaimed why what a strange coincidence. Dont you remember what Bill——said of Mat's name? Tuesday 28th. Rainy day. We have a storm almost every other day. Eliza sent me three papers from you my beloved husband—one had the bright ten cent piece sealed on the margin—with A W—which always gives me comfort. The little girls eyes glistened when they saw it and wanted to know if it must be changed or whether another was coming. They concluded to keep it and wait. Wednesday 29th You have doubtless seen the accounts if not felt the effects of the terrible fresh on the western waters. It is dreadful beyond discription. One account stated thirty horses were seen floating down the river—and another that every house in Marietta was swept off but one. I felt extremely distressed for dear Jane<sup>1</sup>—brother Samuel's widow—and others. I wrote to Jane and requested her to give me an account of the terrible scene. I sincerely hope it has not undermined dear Winthrop's warehouse and store. I shall feel anxious until I hear from you. The roads and rivers have been in such a state this winter that I am very fearful you will not receive all my Journals. I was much pleased with a

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. GILMAN'S granddaughter Jane Woodbridge who had married in 1828, David Y. Morgan, of Marietta.



sunday school paper you sent and as Sarah Battell is a very zealous sunday school teacher I sent it to her and hope they will all profit by it. Eliza has past this forenoon with me and says Martin has received the strangest letter from his mother that she ever saw. M<sup>rs</sup> H says his letter has disquieted her so much that she could not answer it before. She is surprised to hear the account he gave—and until she knows something more she cannot do any thing towards postponing the marriage. That Matilda writes as if she was perfectly happy and she does not chuse to interrupt it. That when M<sup>r</sup> — was at Stratford she conversed with him on religious subjects and thought he was very correct. She knows that if the marriage was put off the family would be very angry, and therefore it will not do. Then says she thanks him for the invitation to pass Easter at his house—but as three of her family are now around his board she shall pass the time she is in town at the Doc<sup>rs</sup> and next year she shall pass Easter at her dear Lin's. Martin and Eliza are perfectly astonished. For she said when last here she should always make their house her home whenever she came to town. Time perhaps will unravel the mystery. Thursday March 1st. Martin and Eliza past last evening with us and were almost all the time talking about the marriage and the letter. Martin says his mother might as well laid his letter on the shelf and not read it. He thinks they have all here been treated with perfect contempt. But he says—a few years hence—when — has lost the other eye—and she calls upon them for a maintenance—she will think of her letter. He says when they are married he will give them a party and then she goes out of their family. Matilda and Maria called this forenoon. She has purchased her wedding drefs and is having it made. Now dear Arthur I will talk a little with you. Your letter of the 4th Ult<sup>o</sup> gave us all more pleasure than I can express. Eliza will write M<sup>rs</sup> Conrey as you wish. I am grieved to hear such intelligence of—Jaudon. And I may say the rest of them. What a grief it would have been to their pious father had he lived to see his children now. The righteous are taken from the evil to come. I regret that you called their on the sab-







BENJ. IVES GILMAN

From a copper-plate engraving by de St.  
Memin, 1801

bath. My dear son—pray keep that precious day holy. Let it be known that you do not visit on the sabbath. Remember the solemn words of your Saviour—“*Who-soever shall be ashamed of me and of my words—of him shall the son of man be ashamed when he shall come in his own glory—and in his fathers—and of the holy angels.*” Let it always be seen my son—wherever you are—that you are not ashamed of Christ. Do leave that country as soon as you can. The family all send love—often talk of you and long to see you. Write as often as you can to your lonely Mother.

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BENJ. IVES GILMAN to Mrs. Martin Hoffman, New York.

Lower Alton March 8th 1832.

Many thanks to You, my dear Daughter, for your affectionate communication of the 2<sup>d</sup> ult<sup>o</sup>. Persons who are at home, in Cities, can have no adequate ideas, of the anxieties of those who are absent, and of their gratification derived from family letters.

My patience has been severely taxed this winter, in consequence of the repeated failures of the Mail, for at Alton we had no other source of amusement, and when one post came in, we began to count the days and hours that must pass, before another could be expected. You say my “last letter” to your dear Mother had been received. I am at a loss to conjecture how you ascertained the fact of its being “the last”—Had you refer’d to the date, it would have been more satisfactory, but I presume such a reference would have been too much in the Counting-House style for a Lady.

I trust your anxiety respecting my project, for remaining here through the season, and sending for your beloved Mother, has ere this been relieved by my letters of the 9th & 17th ult<sup>o</sup>—in which I mentioned my intention of leaving this place, so soon as your brother W—— returned from New Orleans. I am now apprehensive that it will be as late as the 20th of next month before it will be proper for me to commence the journey eastward. My time is now constantly & not unpleasantly occupied in

superintending the finishing of the Stone Warehouse, levelling grounds &c &c—I am now boarding at M<sup>r</sup> Millers, a pleasant situation on the bank of the “*Father of Rivers*”.—The table is abundantly furnished with a variety of provisions. & M<sup>rs</sup> M—— gives us good Coffee with the necessary accompaniments every morning.

You have had a very crowded House the past Winter and M<sup>r</sup> Hoffman must have had a troublesome time collecting provisions for so many mouths: enough to make him sick of housekeeping. Your mother ought to have finished her visit in six days, instead of prolonging it to six weeks. You often say that I always look at the dark side: nevertheless, I feel it to be my duty to remind you that the golden hours of prosperity may not always last. Therefore it behooves you to avoid, in your department, all unnecessary expences, in order that provision may be made for “*a rainy day*”—I wish all my children to abide by my precepts, & to avoid my examples. If I had been more cautious & prudent, your beloved Mother would not, in the decline of life, have been without a home. It is, however, in one view her choice, for if she had been disposed to leave New York, we could here have found independence, respectability, & a “Home”. No person ever more delighted in the society of their children, or was more fondly attached, than myself: still I would sacrifice these feelings, sooner than lead a life of idleness, upon a stinted income, among the Nabobs of New York. In short it is my wish, as the natives say “*to paddle my own Canoe*.” It is determined otherwise, and I must be humble & Submissive: yet it is my sincere belief that if any virtues have fallen to my lot, humility is not among the number.

We are yet without any particulars of the great flood upon the Ohio, and I fear our worthy friend M<sup>r</sup> Whitney has been a sufferer. I have great apprehensions for the safety of Benjamins Boats & property on the Wabash. We have not a word from that river.

Winthrop I trust is at New Orleans by this time, and we shall expect him home, by the first of April. From dear Arthur, you doubtless receive your regular advices by the packets.

Thank the Doctor, in my behalf, for his postscript, & Mr Hoffman for a late number of the Journal of Commerce.

Now that my return to New York is determined upon, I feel quite impatient to commence the Journey. My health has been good, until within a few days, but I am now troubled with a cold & bad head ach. I send news papers every week, Tuesday & Friday. Remember me affectionately to Serena to Your Husband & give my Love to your dear Mother. I hope & trust that kind Providence will permit us once more to meet with thankful hearts.

Love to Doctor & to my dear {	Yr affectionate Parent
Orphan Grand Daughters. }	Benj <sup>a</sup> Ives Gilman

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Dr. Chandler R. Gilman had a son, Robert Hale, born July 20, 1832, and Mrs. Martin Hoffman's eldest son, Lindley Murray, was born December 10th of the same year. During the spring of 1833 Mrs. GILMAN's grand-daughters, Elizabeth and Jane, were placed in the boarding-school of the Misses S. and N. Kellogg, Great Barrington, Mass. The prospectus is so indicative of the time that extracts are given. "A mild and conciliatory treatment will be constantly maintained, so far as it can be done consistently with wholesome discipline; and, it is believed that young Misses in the family will realize but little change from the kindness and care usually received from judicious parents. . . The battle-door, the skipping-rope, and the swing, together with the occasional ride and ramble, present their peculiar advantages. . . The terms, including board and tuition, are \$100. a year. . . French per q<sup>r</sup>., \$4. Music, 8. Fine Needlework, \$1.50. Washing, 37 cts per dozen." In the rather long list of clothes sent with the children are: "1 large merino shawl, 1 small Do. 2 calico capes, 2 white Do. 1 p<sup>r</sup> prunell shoes, 1 blk silk dress, 1 gingham sunbonnet, 1

straw Do." No one who has not worn the last named instrument of torture, can fancy what it was. Being made of hard straw, it rasped one's ears all the time and was the ordinary summer hat children had even as late as the fifties.

MRS. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to Elizabeth and Jane Miller, Great Barrington, Mass.<sup>1</sup>

New York, July 1st, 1833

Miss Kellogg, my dear children, will leave the City to-morrow. By her I send you your capes; Jane will know her's because it is pieced. Also, your pink belts, the lamp stand pattern, six collars to stitch for your Cousin Samuel, six neck-gussets, and six pair of wrist-bands; you will find them all fixed ready to begin. You must do them at your leisure, only have them done when I come to Barrington, which I hope will be in the course of this month. I did hope that I should have the pleasure of announcing your Uncle Arthur's arrival, but he has not arrived altho we have been expecting him the week past. He has been out twenty days, a very tedious passage. Little Lindley has been rather unwell for some time and this morning your Uncle Martin and Aunt Eliza took him to Stratford to stay until next Friday. Your Uncle Doc<sup>r</sup> thought the sea air might be beneficial.

We are impatient to see dear Arthur on your account, as well as our own. For we expect to go to Barrington with him, and I think the journey will be an advantage to your Aunt Eliza's baby. Your Aunt Serena is quite tired staying at Athens and is to return this evening, so it will not be in her power to visit you with us. Our anxiety for dear Winthrop is extremely great. We saw an account this morning of their being one case of Cholera in Alton. May a merciful God protect him and spare us to meet again. Your Grandpa sends much love to you both. He says he shall write to you, by me. I shall write again before I see you. I am rejoiced to hear so good an account of you by Miss Kellogg and I hope, my dear children, you will every day improve in wisdom and

<sup>1</sup> MS. loaned by Mrs. Jane (Coe) Brant, Rolla, Mo.



understanding. Never forget to acknowledge God in all your ways and he will direct your paths. I shall send your father a newspaper tomorrow. Your Uncle Isaac Robbins has made us a visit with his daughter Mary, and Miss Mary Waters, who resides in Alexandria, came with them so as to be a companion for Mary. They are both very amiable, and I think Mary Waters is the most perfectly beautiful girl I ever saw, and amiable in every respect. They were very sorry they could not see you both and desired me to give you a great deal of love when I wrote. Harriot Hoffman passed a day with them here and was much pleased.

It is late in the afternoon and I must take the bundle to Miss Kellogg myself. O how I miss my dear little girls. The girls all send love. Give my kind love to Elizabeth Starr. She will probably hear from home by this opportunity. They are all well. Present my love to your excellent teachers.

From your affectionate Grandmaa

H. Gilman.

My pen is shocking—and I wish you would burn this as soon as you have read it.

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Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to Elizabeth and Jane Miller, Great Barrington, Mass.<sup>1</sup>

New York, July 1833

I have just received your letter, my dear children, and am grieved that you have been so greatly disappointed in not seeing us before this time. If you had received my last letter sent by Miss Kellogg, you would have known the reason of our delay. I am extremely sorry to hear that Miss Kellogg's father had been so sick as to detain them in this City to the present time and most sincerely pray that his life, so precious to his family, may yet be lengthened many years. Mrs Smith (Mrs. Chandler Starr's mother) whom I saw last evening, told me of his sickness and that they were still in this city. Mrs.

<sup>1</sup> MS. loaned by Mrs. Jane (Coe) Brant, Rolla, Mo.

C. R. Starr will hand you this and will tell you all about us. My anxiety for your dear Uncle Winthrop is so great that it is impossible for me to say when we shall commence our intended journey to Great Barrington, but I trust we shall be so happy as to see you soon. You must not expect us until you see us. Whether your Grand-pa will accompany us is uncertain, but we cannot leave the City without either hearing from or seeing Winthrop. In his last letter he mentioned that the Cholera was at Alton and as nurses could not be procured to take care of the sick, he and one more offered their services to the physicians, and they were accepted. So that he was with the sick and dying, constantly. May the Almighty be his shield and defence.

I sent you yesterday, Badger's Weekly Messenger, which had an extract in it from Winthrop's last letter. I am glad to hear of the manner in which you pass your time, and I shall be glad to hear the same of Jane. I hope, my dear Jane, you will now improve your precious time and study to make yourself useful and agreeable to all. Your Aunt Serena has taken both her children to Stratford. Your Aunt Eliza is well and will, I think, write you by Mrs. Starr. If she does not write you will soon see her as her little Lindley boy is not well and they are anxious he should go into the country. Your Uncle Arthur desires me to present his love and say to you that he hopes to see you in the course of two weeks. All unite in love to you both. Give my love to Elizabeth Starr.

From your truly affectionate Grand-ma, H. G.

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At this time BENJ. IVES GILMAN was with his wife and children in New York, but he soon started on his last journey to Alton, where his youngest son, WINTHROP S. GILMAN, was in a business that became very successful. Mrs. GILMAN's cousin, Philemon Robbins Starr, loaned her son WINTHROP the necessary capital.

BENJ. IVES GILMAN to Elizabeth H. and Jane Miller, Great Barrington, Mass.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> MS. loaned by Mrs. Jane (Coe) Brant, Rolla, Mo.

New York, July 24th, 1833

I cannot, my dear Grand-daughters, make my communication as interesting as the letters of your beloved Grand Ma'a, but as the hours pass heavily away in her absence, I am glad to beguile time, by writing.

You are very pleasantly situated at G. Barrington I am told, with an abundance of play-mates; but you must always bear on your minds the importance of duly improving present opportunities.

Your deportment upon all occasions, I hope and trust, will be such as to insure the approbation of the Ladies who have the charge of your education. In the formation of character, the first thing (in my opinion) to fix, is an habitual regard to simple truth. For instance, if you see a brown Cow in the street, it would not be proper to say you saw a black Cow. Altho the fact is perfectly immaterial, still it is of consequence to have your statement perfectly correct; so that from habit as well as principle, you would never deviate. What are called white lies, as well as giving false impressions, should be held in perfect abhorrence.

It is not uncommon for young Girls at School to fancy they are not so well treated as might be, or that the Teachers are partial: now you must avoid all such cabals, for in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the Scholars are in the wrong.

I hope the conduct and the behavior of both of my dear Grand Daughters, will be such as to gain the esteem and good will of all their School-mates; but avoid confidants. If any young lady should offer to communicate a great secret, provided you would promise never to tell any mortal, you must in a playful manner decline, by saying you have not full confidence in your powers of keeping secrets. By this course you may avoid many unpleasant difficulties. In such cases the profound secret is generally communicated to half a dozen persons, and the story of course would be given to the winds, and those who were faithful to their engagements might be much blamed.

If there should be any little quarrels or squabbles among the scholars, keep aloof, and avoid becoming parti-

zans. Of your prudence, Elizabeth, we entertain a good opinion; but as to you, my dear Jane, I think you are rather fond of a breeze. But it will be much better to attend strictly to your studies, for after all there would be no great pleasure in raising "*a tempest in a tea pot.*"

I am afraid the visits of your beloved Grand Mother and Aunt with the interesting baby, have interrupted the course of your studies and that I shall hear of your being at the foot of your classes. Endeavor to redeem the time, and in future we must manage affairs better. When your friends come to visit you they must only be allowed to stay one night at G. Barrington.

Yesterday we had the pleasure of receiving a letter from your Uncle Winthrop dated the 9th inst., which relieved us from great anxiety. He was in good health and spirits, and the Cholera had disappeared at Alton.

Your Uncle Arthur is very desirous that I should again visit Alton, and probably I shall leave N. York the first of next month.

As your Grand-Mother will doubtless have left G. B. before this can arrive, I wish you to communicate, per first mail, the agreeable news from Alton: provided she went to Norfolk.

Altho I am too old to become your correspondent, yet I take a lively interest in your present pursuits, and hope to have a good account of your proficiency. I am glad to hear you are taking lessons in Botany, a science which is peculiarly appropriate for your sex. Do not suffer the long scientific names to discourage the pursuit.

Your affectionate Grand Parent,

Benj<sup>a</sup> Ives Gilman

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BENJ. IVES GILMAN to Dr. Chandler R. Gilman, New York.

Alton 5th Sep<sup>r</sup> 1833

My Dear Son,

I wrote to your beloved Mother the day after my arrival (31<sup>st</sup> ult.) mentioning that I found Winthrop well but somewhat enfeebled by a short attack of bilious fever, and from excessive fatigue.

At Columbus (Ohio) I met the Cholera, where it was making frightful ravages, and was still worse at Lebanon (30 miles N. E. of Cincinnati.) This scourge is attended or followed by a Fever which has taken off many valuable inhabitants. One case of Cholera, occur'd in this County (10 miles distant) which terminated fatally on Monday last. I was sorry to find, on my journey, and since my arrival here, that many of the Physicians advise moderate doses of Brandy & Water. The disease has certainly assumed a more alarming aspect this year, as at least One half of the Cases have been persons perfectly temperate.

Mr Jenny was a long time on the road, & only arrived eight days before me. He is now at Upper Alton, confined by the prevailing fever, but is not considered dangerous.

In consequence of Mr Mannings arrangement for taking possession of his own dwelling, we shall have to keep House this Winter, as mentioned in my letter to your mother, and if not annoyed by bad servants, it will be more pleasant. I hope my letter may arrive in time, so that Arthur may forward 2 double, and 2 single bedsteads and a time piece. Will you enquire of the Maker of the patent bedsteads, whether he would sell the irons, to be put into bedsteads made here.

I trust Arthur forwarded  $\frac{1}{2}$  Quintal of Dun fish. When convenient, I wish you would call on Corning & Smith (front St below Coenties Slip) and ask whether sales are closed of 20 bbls Beef, which I placed in their hands for sale. Winthrop wants the a/c to enable him to close his provision acc<sup>t</sup> of the last season. Perhaps Arthur attended to the business. The sickness of the present season, will retard the growth of Alton, although it has not been so severe, as in many places, heretofore deemed healthy. The Crop of wheat has been very fine, and it astonishes me to see the quantities daily brot to the Steam Mill. If that concern is well managed, it will be more lucrative than a Georgia Gold Mine.

I feel quite uneasy about your dear Mother. The Ohio is very low, and I fear the journey will be tedious and fatiguing.

Winthrop has encountered difficulties sufficient to break down a common character. He will be greatly relieved in the commercial department when Arthur & Cap<sup>t</sup> Godfrey<sup>1</sup> arrive, and the watchful care & assiduities of his dear Mother I trust will soon restore him to wanted good health. I am not without hopes that Benjamin will think it for his interest to remove to this place. It may not be as pleasant as Terre Haute, but I think he would eventually find it more profitable.

Tell my dear Eliza that She need not be alarmed at the project of House-keeping. Her Mother will not be much pleased with Illinois, and in the Spring, if our Lives are spared, She will hasten to New York to see her dear Children & Grand Children.

I wish you would put two Newspapers into the Post Office on the same day, one directed to Me at Lower Alton, via S<sup>t</sup> Louis, the other to Winthrop in the usual way. Love to All.

Your Affec<sup>t</sup> Parent Benj<sup>n</sup> Ives Gilman

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The many sorrows and business troubles of BENJ. IVES GILMAN Sr. had worn upon his sensitive nature and when, on this visit to his sons in Alton, Ill., he was attacked by a low fever, he could make no resistance to the disease. He died October 13, 1833, aged sixty-seven.

WINTHROP S. GILMAN to Dr. C. R. Gilman, New York.<sup>2</sup>

Lower Alton 15<sup>th</sup> October 1833.

Dear brother,

I wrote to Martin a few days since in order to prepare your minds to receive the melancholy news I have now to tell. Our dear father's illness terminated fatally on Sabbath night at half past eight o'clock, about three hours after the arrival of mother & Arthur. They had expected to meet him at the landing in health & the shock

<sup>1</sup> Arthur Gilman and Captain Godfrey entered into partnership with WINTHROP S. GILMAN under the name of Godfrey, Gilman and Co. Later Benj. Ives Gilman Jr. entered the firm.

<sup>2</sup> MS. loaned by W. Stewart Gilman, Sioux City, Iowa.



was very great to both, yet I desire to thank God Maa is wonderfully supported under this affliction. When it was made know to Paa that they had arrived he said—"Is she come" & soon after maa approached his dying bed with perfect & heavenly calmness & had the great satisfaction of being recognized & known by him altho' he was so far gone as hardly to be able to articulate. From the first of his illness I feared much it would prove fatal, as the disease appeare'd obstinate & did not yield to medicines. As near as I can remember I will now give you a history of his sickness. On Sunday night the 6<sup>th</sup> he had very chilly sensations on going to bed & I believe some fever during the night, but did not complain much until after rising on Monday when I administer'd a dose of about 20 G. Calomel & at 1. o'clock gave him oil; being troubled with excessive nausea without vomiting, I called in Dr Emerson, who gave him more calomel & purgative medicines, & he appeared rather better but very much prostrated & his tongue still looked very black & the fever was thought to be bilious remittent. About Wednesday he could not sit up at all & the nausea continued so that he slept but little on thursday night. Calomel was still given & the bowels kept open & the discharges appeared as frequent as desirable a blister was applied to relieve the Stomach which did not draw for many hours & about 2 at night he called me to his bed side & told me that the blister did not draw & he felt symptoms quite unfavourable I told him to be encouraged I hoped it would draw & he be relieved—he said "My Son I hope so too, but unless it does I shall not see the light of another Sabbath." he then gave me charge concerning the little business he had on his mind, with the most complete composure, & I aske'd him how he felt in regard to the change; he said that on that subject his mind had been settled for a number of years & he hoped his sins would be forgiven him, that his constant prayer to God had been that he would be merciful to him a sinner. After this he named several little things he wished me to do about the house on the hill &c. The blister however drew & for several hours he was much relieved, his tongue looked better & he slept calmly & sweetly & we all felt

much encouraged & the physician ordered some few tonics & he to be watched very closely — the nausea however returned & Saturday night he slept but very little. Sunday morning, the Physicians D<sup>rs</sup> Haskell & Emerson (probably the most skillful in this part of the Country) found it necessary to resort to more violent means to break up the progress of the disease and resorted to emetic powders mixed with considerable calomel of which he took about 7, hour after hour, & had his feet in a warm bath for 2 hours, but all without the desired effect. & from that time altho' he had some operations of the bowels, he seemed to fail & in the afternoon was troubled with hickup. We had heard of the arrival of Maa & Arthur at St. Louis & our anxiety was great that they might reach Alton before his decease. It was a great satisfaction to us all that Paa retained his senses to the last, but oh! how grateful should we be to our God for bringing his wife & son to see him before his death. Maa is greatly supported by the consolations of religion & by the sympathies of many good friends — Mr Jenney in particular, who having but 2 weeks before lost his young & interesting wife by bilious fever, has been almost constantly with her & shown the greatest kindness and attention. During Paa's illness Benjamin & myself were almost constantly with him & Mr & Mrs Manning were very kind & attentive, doing every thing in their power to make him comfortable. Maa told Arthur to say that she wished you to break this news to Eliza in the kindest & most affectionate manner possible, & that she wished you now to redouble your attentions to her for her sake. From the Providences of God may we all learn, how uncertain & how short this state of existence is, & may none of us be contented until we are in that situation in life, where as stewards of the Lord God, we are exercising our faculties, our powers, our all in that way which shall most advance the eternal interests of ourselves & Others. My mind is I could almost say harrassed with care, on account of our business here, which in consequence of the continued sickness of one clerk after another, has gone more & more behind hand for 6 weeks past. I hope now it will be more healthy — some of the family will prob-

ably write soon Meantime with love to all I am yr aff  
brother W S Gilman

P. S. Enclosed is check for 437.48 end: to Martin's order (orig<sup>l</sup> [torn] to him a few days since—to pay our note to P. H. Sch[torn] 25 & 28. inst at U. S. Bank at New Y.

Also paymasters Check for 20\$ & 6\$ in Phil<sup>a</sup> & N York bills [torn].

Some boxes may come from N Orleans to you for I Dore N York [torn] will please deliver him, he paying you the freight & charges [torn].

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Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to her children, New York.

My beloved children—Chandler & Serena—Martin & Eliza. You have perhaps thought hard of your Mother because she has not written to you before. But O do not think so. My soul is in heavinefs. God has come very near to us. He has laid his hand heavily upon us. The desire of my eyes—he has taken with a stroke. But blefsed be God he has enabled me to say—*The Lord gave—the Lord hath taken away—blefsed be the name of the Lord.* He wounds that he may heal. O what a consolation in scenes like this—to remember that we *have not an high Priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities—but who was tried in all points as we are—yet without sin.* That the same father who inflicts the wound—Knows all the pangs which his chastisements will occasion and feels with a fathers tenderness for all the sorrows of his children. Let us with humility and confidence put our trust in him—for he careth for us and will not lay upon us more than he will enable us to bear. And O may this heavy bereavement be blest of God—to myself and to each one of my beloved children, for our Spiritual and everlasting good. May it be the means of bringing us all nearer to him. May we now be more anxious than ever to lead a life of faith on the Son of God—and a life of prayer. O my children—keep near to a throne of grace. Let not the cares and vanities of this unsatisfying world keep you from God. Go to him often as to a father. Not only

around the family Altar—but in secret pour out your hearts to him. For he loves to meet his children there—that he may hear their petitions and relieve their sorrows. I love to go there. For when I am low he comforts me. *Like as a father pittieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that fear and love him.* I praise him for all the dispensations of his Providence. Mercies have been mixed with all my afflictions—and I can see his blest hand in all my trials. Lord enable me to say from the heart—not my will but thine O Lord be done. My dear children will want to hear something of their departed Parent, M<sup>rs</sup> Manning—dear M<sup>rs</sup> Manning—who was to him like his dear Eliza told me that on his arrival he appeared rather feeble—but never complained and was always pleasant. He was able to walk to the store and employ himself by assisting Winthrop, until they all moved to M<sup>r</sup> Mannings new house—that Winthrop might be arranged before our arrival—for my housekeeping. They had been moved one week when poor M<sup>rs</sup> Jenney died—whose house Joined M<sup>r</sup> Mannings in the same block. Your Paa seemed much affected with her death—but still for a week after went daily to Winthrops house to have every thing in order for me. M<sup>rs</sup> M says that he never came home but had something to say about my arrival. Yet she observed that he always spoke in submission to Divine Providence. She says he often mentioned that he would have such and such things done—and then correct himself and say if I am so happy as to see M<sup>rs</sup> Gilman—but I often think that life is uncertain—I dont know that I shall ever be so happy. M<sup>rs</sup> Jenney left this world on Saturday and your dear father was taken sick the next week on wednesday. He had Doc<sup>r</sup> Emmerson and Doc<sup>r</sup> Haskell. Every thing they all say was done for him that human means could devise—but medicine did not operate as was wished and he sunk under extreme debility. On sabbath afternoon the 13th ins<sup>t</sup> our boat came in sight of Alton. As we approached I looked for my beloved husband—Benj<sup>n</sup>—or Winthrop but pased the town without that pleasing sight. Just as we were going to land—W came down alone. O what a pang I felt. When he came on

board—I said where is your Paa? He threw himself upon my bosom—and wept so that he could not speak. I said is your father alive. He replied he is dangerously sick and I am afraid he will never be any better. O Lord “did not my heart strings break.” We walked to the house—we were met by Benjamin—who had been sick with chills & fever and looked emaciated and sick. M<sup>rs</sup> Manning soon threw her arms around me and said O M<sup>rs</sup> Gilman I shall never be thankful enough that you have arrived. Poor M<sup>r</sup> Jenney then met me—and then the Doc<sup>r</sup> came down and said I must be composed & not go into the chamber until I was perfectly calm. My prayers ascended to my covenant God and he heard and answered my petitions. After the Doc<sup>r</sup> had told him that we had arrived I went up first—approached his bed—kissed his face and said sweetest darling You<sup>n</sup> be better now I have come—he looked at me and said something that I could not hear. I was enabled to rub him with hot Brandy and to assist as long as life remained. He shew a desire that I should give him his drinks—and I said to him—my darling husband do you know me? he answered faintly yes. fearful that he did not and anxious to know I said who is it dear. He replied M<sup>rs</sup> Gilman. Which words were the last that he uttered. And in one short hour—while his wife, and three sons and dear friends that loved and lamented him were watching at his bed side—I heard M<sup>r</sup> Jenney say—not a struggle nor a groan. I sprang to him but his spirit had taken its flight—I humbly trust to mansions of everlasting rest. And may we all my beloved children be prepared to spend a blessed Eternity with him at the feet of Jesus. I can write no more. About two days after the burial of my beloved husband Arthur had a return of spitting blood. He was at the store and it came up several mouthfull—more he thinks than he had while in New York—and he came up to the house. I gave him a teaspoonfull of salt dissolved in a little water—which he drank and since that day he has not had any return of it. He was troubled with a hacking cough from the time he left N Y. I have given him constantly Horehound syrups and slippery Elm tea. He eats nothing but mush and milk and vegetables.

He began to day to ride on horseback and appears I think better than he has been since he left you. I pray and trust that with the blessing of God his health will be restored and be made a subject of Divine grace. Benjamin's health is improving and I pray my dear children that your lives and health may be precious in the sight of God. I have felt very anxious about my dear little Grandchildren—as Robert & Lindley have been sick. Particularly do I want to hear that dear little Robert is recovering from his protracted illness.

Write my dear children to your deeply afflicted Mother.

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Dr. C. R. Gilman to Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN, Lower Alton, Ill.

New York Oct<sup>r</sup> 30<sup>th</sup> 1833

My dear Mother, Yes my doubly dear mother, when I think that you are a widow, my heart dies within me, but when I remember that you are a Christian, I blefs God and take courage. This morning after a week of intense anxiety we learn<sup>d</sup> from Winthrops letter that the worst we had anticipated from his letter of 9<sup>th</sup> was realized Martin broke the news to Eliza before I arrived. She was dreadfully agitated. I stay<sup>d</sup> with her some time, then went Home—sent Serena down to Walker Street and myself remain<sup>d</sup> at home all day alone—and yet I humbly trust not quite alone. I humbly hope my God was with me and that we took sweet communion together. Oh What “*a refuge in distrefs*” What “*a very present help in time of trouble*” is our God. He it is that bids us not sorrow as those that Have no hope—He will in his own good time and way pour a balm into the wound of the Spirit and Be in very truth—The God of the Widow—The Father of the Fatherless. I will not say, dear Mother trust in him—look to him—he has been your assured trust in times that are past—your guide from your youth up—and he will not forsake you in your old age. To him and to the Word of His grace I commit you my dear Mother—His grace be with you.

The Children (Elizabeth and Jane) are with us and



shew a deep sense of their bereavement. My children are well—so is Serena who will add a line to this—Eliza is more composed this evening. We are with her, tis from Walker St I write.

Give my kindest love to my dear Brothers. Benjamin I hope is quite well. Oh that we may be more affectionate more kind—more united than we have ever yet been. Eliza is very anxious that you should come on before the Winter closes in. I think If this reaches you soon enough it will be the best plan. Do Dear Mother come to us our love—our Duty—our hearts are all yours. I hope some plan will be devised some opportunity offer for the East. Serena & Eliza will each add a line so I must close.

Love to all—Your affectionate son—

Chandler Robbins Gilman

My dear Mother, May God blefs, comfort, and support you. under this afflicting dispensation of his Providence, and make us submisive to his will, is the prayer of your devotedly attached daughter

Serena Gilman

31<sup>st</sup> Oct—Thursday A M.

My darling Mother what shall I say to comfort you? Nothing—nothing—I can only bear you on my poor afflicted heart to a throne of grace & mercy & pray God to comfort you. He has promised to be with us in trouble, therefore we will look to Him alone for the consolation He will surely afford us. Oh may this bitter affliction be sanctified to us all—wean us from the world—make us more watchful—more prayerful—more devoted to the service of our God than we have ever yet been—& when He shall see fit to remove us hence, may we meet my precious, precious Father in a world of Glory. I trust we shall hear from you my beloved Mother by the mail of to day. I cannot exprefs to you the anxiety I feel on your account—do come to us my Mother before the long, dreary winter sits in. Martin unites with me in Kindest love & sympathy & begs you will come on without delay & make your future home with us—every attention which gratitude & devoted affection can render—shall be yours. I have a hope that you will even have left Alton before this arrives, could not dear Benj<sup>n</sup> come on with you, it would perhaps benefit his health & he could return by the

middle of Dec<sup>r</sup>. I cannot think of your passing the winter in Illinois—you will of necessity have so many lonely hours. Cannot my dear brothers devise some way for your return—I am sure they would not wish you to remain—do come to me my beloved Mother—& May our God protect you & grant ever the comforts of his Holy Spirit is the prayer of y<sup>r</sup> attached child

Eliza

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Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to Elizabeth and Jane Miller, Great Barrington, Mass.<sup>1</sup>

Lower Alton, Ills. Dec.28, 1833

I have long been wishing, my dear children, to write you—but I could not. My soul has been in heaviness. God has come very near us. He has laid his hand heavily upon us. The desire of my eyes and the joy of my heart he has taken with a stroke,—but blessed be God, he has enabled me to say—not my will but thine, O Lord, be done. You, my beloved children, have lost a most affectionate grandparent, one who loved you and was deeply interested in all your pursuits and anxious for your improvement in knowledge and growth in grace. O never forget his advice and lessons of instructions. It is a consolation to me and I hope it will be so to you, in scenes like this, to remember that *we have not an high Priest that cannot be touched with the feelings of our infirmities but who was tried in all points, as we are, yet without sin*. That the same Father who inflicts the wound knows all the pangs which his chastisements will occasion and feels, with a father's tendernefs, for all the sorrows of his children. May we all with humility and confidence, put our trust in him for he careth for us and will not lay upon us more than he will enable us to bear. And O may this heavy bereavement be blest of God to you too, my beloved children, for your spiritual good. May it be the means of bringing you both to a crucified Redeemer, May you now be more anxious than ever, to secure that

<sup>1</sup> MS. loaned by Mrs. Jane (Coe) Brant, Rolla, Mo.

better part which will never be taken from you. Let not the pleasures and vanities of this unsatisfying world keep you from pleading with God for an interest in that atonement which Jesus has made for your sins, my dear children, and for the sins of the world. You have nothing to recommend you, for you are both sinners. You must go with all your sins, lay them at the foot of the cross, and there plead the merits of Jesus for acceptance with God, and may you both have no rest until you find it in the Ark, Christ Jesus.

Your kind letter, my dear Elizabeth, was received yesterday, dated Nov. 28th, post mark Dec. 3rd. By a letter I had received from your Aunt Eliza I heard you were both well and had returned to your school. I regret to hear you have had a fall but hope it will not injure you seriously.

They have had a protracted meeting in this [torn] several were anxious and some I trust have [torn] blessed hope. Your dear Uncle Arthur, I [torn] among that number. Your Uncle Winthrop [made a] publick profession of religion, since I [came to this] place. O what shall I render to the Lord for all his goodness. I praise him for all the dispensations of his Providence. Mercies have been mixed with all my afflictions and I can see his blefsted hand in all my trials. And blessed be [torn] He has enabled me to say — *Tho he slay me, yet will I trust in him.*

I hope, my dear Elizabeth you will, (if you have not) write to your father and tell him of our bereavement. If my life is spared I shall probably see you both in May or June, whenever your uncles take the journey. That you may both be blest of God, my dears, in time and in eternity, is the daily prayer of your ever affectionate Grandma,

H. Gilman.

Your Uncle Winthrop sends you a great deal of love.

Remember me with respect and affection to the Misses Kellogg and to my dear cousin [torn]

Arthur Gilman to Dr. C. R. Gilman, New York.<sup>1</sup>

New Orleans Jany 4<sup>th</sup> 1834

Dear Doctor,

By the Ship Orleans, Capt. Fowler, sailed for New York last Saturday, I sent in charge of the Steward a bundle containing Our beloved Father's green cloth cloak,<sup>2</sup> which Maa wished forwarded to you. I wrote you a few lines by the Ship & hope you may receive the bundle in Safety. It is directed to you N° 160 Green St. The Steward is part Indian. Captn. Godfrey & myself (as you have doubtless heard) left Alton On 6th ult° for this place pr S. B. Missourian & on 14th, when rounding out from a woodyard 25 miles below Natchez, one of the flues collapsed with a tremendous explosion & severely scalded 15 persons, twelve of whom have since died. The Milsourian, was an Upper Cabin Boat to which circumstance, under Providence, I attribute the escape of the Cabin passengers. In most of the Upper Cabin Boats on this river, there is an opening in the cabin floor under the dining table, (to give room for the fly wheels,) which is covered by a wooden box. Had it not been for this, I presume we (in the cabin) would not have experienced any thing more than a severe jar. As it was, however, the Steam came up thro' this place dashing box, dinner table & dinner up against the roof with great violence. Had it happened 10 minutes later we should probably been seated round the table & all of us more or less injured. I was seated, at the time, in the back part of the cabin leaning in one of the lower births, looking out the window & while wondering what the noise was, before I could turn round, I found myself enveloped in hot steam. I instantly raised the pillow on which I was resting & bound it as tight round my face as I could hold it. In this situation I remained until the roaring of the steam out of the boilers ceased, then pushed back the window & scrambled out on the guard. When the steam was sufficiently dissipated to enable us to see distinctly—a

<sup>1</sup> MS. loaned by W. Stewart Gilman, Sioux City, Iowa.

<sup>2</sup> See *Noyes-Gilman Ancestry*, 209.

Scene presented itself among the deck passengers below, which I have often heard described, but the horrors of which it is impossible to realise without witnessing. A poor German, wife & 4 children (all unable to speak english) were dreadfully scalded—the youngest a babe of 13 months had its little hands full of the skin which had peal<sup>d</sup> off its arms & skin also hanging from its face—it died the next day in strong convulsions & was buried in same grave with its Mother—another sister was also buried on the coast & still another after arriving here. What added to the distress was there was Scarce any Sweet Oil on board & for more than an hour we could do nothing for them but cut their cloathes off & wrap them in Blankets. almost everything on the range with the boilers was swept off. The accident was in my view altogether Owing to neglect on part of the engineers. I sent you a paper the Night after we arrived here, which I hope you received. I wrote our dear Mother in a few hours after the accident & trust she received my letter before hearing of it. Thus has another been added to the many Solemn warnings I have had “*to be also ready*” & I pray to God it may not pass unimproved. Oh, how many proofs we have had in our family, of the folly of placing our hopes of happinefs upon the things of this world, God grant that we may all realise constantly that this is not our abiding place & be enabled by his grace, to press onward in the narrow path that leads to unfading joys at his right hand. I wrote you some time before I left Alton, in regard to my health & requesting Copy of Mr Wallace’s letter to me—the answer to which I hope to receive in a few days via Alton. It is now most unusually cold here & the streets are covered 2 or 3 inches with snow, which has not been the case here before for a great number of years. My health has been improving since I left A— until this cold weather, which as usual, makes my breast & throat very sore. You have probably heard, thro’ Maa, of the loss we sustained by the burning of the S. B. New Brunswick—which Boat had on board the cask of glass & china Maa bought of Gulick (\$50.75) the horizontal connecting posts with the cast iron joints of the 3 Patent Bedsteads & lastly Martins

box of Champagne intended as a present to Wint. The head & foot Boards of the Bedsteads were in a box by themselves & sent by another Boat. I think you had better call on Hewitt & ask him if he can make other connecting posts that would be Sure to fit & if he can, advise Wint of it, in which case, if he sh<sup>d</sup> not have disposed of the head & foot Boards, W. will no doubt order them made. By referring to his Books he can tell what kind of bedsteads they were. Two if I remember right were of the Kind he Sells at \$16 ea & One @ \$14.—double, all of them. Tell Martin I tried hard to buy some town property for him while at Alton, but differed \$50 in the price of a house & lot \$700 being asked & I offered only \$650. I told W. however, I thought he had better give \$700 the next time he saw the man if he would take it & hope he may be able to close at that price. Give my best love to Serena, Eliza & Martin. I long to see all the dear children. I expect to remain here until about 10 March & wish you w<sup>d</sup> write (care NewKirk & Olden) & let me Know how you get on in a pecuniary view &c &c. Our business is very prosperous & if you sh<sup>d</sup> want it hereafter I think we can afford you all the assistance in that way you will require. Ben, I expect will be married in the Spring & remove to Alton, but as it is by no means certain please not circulate it. Tell Eliza I sh<sup>d</sup> be glad to hear from her. Give my respects to Mrs H & fam & rem to Mr Starr. Yr aff Bro—

A G

8th.—Cold still continues. It is reported several persons were frozen to death on Saturday night in the streets. Ther<sup>m</sup> fell 36 degress in 24 hours. How much of the amt. remitted by Mr Whitney was paid to Howe, Godfrey & Robinson on a/c Capt. G.? Love to all Yr aff Bro.

A. G.

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Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to Mrs. Martin Hoffman, New York.

Lower Alton January 16th 1834

I am extremely anxious my dear Eliza to receive a letter from you—as by the Doc<sup>s</sup> kind letter dated 14th Ult<sup>o</sup> we were informed that you were not well. He how-



ever told me not to be anxious about any of you, for if any thing occurred of a serious nature he certainly would write. That blefſed promise —Leave thy fatherleſs children—and I will keep them alive—has been my ſupport and comfort in my darkeſt hours. I mentioned in a letter I have ſent the Doc<sup>r</sup> that Capt Godfrey & Arthur left us, on the 6th Ult<sup>o</sup> in the Steam Boat Miſſourian. On Friday 27th Ult<sup>o</sup> Winthrop heard a report by a gentleman from St Louis—that the Miſſourian had burſt her boilers—but none of the cabin paſſengers were injured. He concluded not to tell M<sup>rs</sup> Godfrey (who boards with M<sup>rs</sup> Manning) and myſelf until he heard more particularly. On Sunday 29th we all went to church as uſual and as the weather was cold and windy I told M<sup>rs</sup> Manning and M<sup>rs</sup> Godfrey that I would remain in church alone in the intermiſſion. There was a good fire & I was reading an intereſting book which M<sup>r</sup> Jenney lent me when a woman came in and took her ſeat in front of me. She was an utter ſtranger to me and after a minute or two ſhe turned round quick and ſaid M<sup>rs</sup> Gilman did you hear that the ſteam boat Cap<sup>t</sup> Godfrey went in had burſt her boilers? My ſpirit, almoſt died within me. I ſprang up in an agony & thinking it might be ſome other Boat ſaid what was the name of the boat. She answered—the Miſſourian and eight perſons were ſcalded to death and ſixteen drowned. I do not know how I got out—but ſhe wrapped my cloak round me and I ran home as faſt as I could and was not ſeen by the family until I reached the piazza almoſt breathleſs. I could only ſay, O my ſon—my ſon Winthrop ſuſpecting the cauſe—ſaid my dear mother dont diſtreſs yourſelf I have heard all about it and there is no cauſe for your fears. What ſaid I—the Miſſourian? which was the firſt intimation that M<sup>rs</sup> Godfrey had. She ſcreamed moſt dreadfully & caught faſt hold of Winthrop. He aſſured us that a gentleman from St. Louis had told him that he paſſed the boat immediately after the accident & that none of the cabin paſſengers were hurt. This relieved my mind—but M<sup>rs</sup> G was in great diſtreſs and ſaid it was impoſſible the boilers ſhould burſt without killing a great many. I beſeigned her to be calm for that nothing was impoſſible with God. We re-

mained in this state of suspense until the 10th inst when we rec<sup>d</sup> a letter from dear Arthur saying by the great mercy of God Cap<sup>t</sup> Godfrey & himself were alive & uninjured. As I think it probable you have not heard the particulars—I will give you my dear children—an extract from his letter.

[Quotation from Arthur Gilman's letter omitted.]

When I reflect on the scene—and the astonishing preservance I am overwhelmed with gratitude and love. Never my dear children, let us forget this instance of Divine mercy. May it keep us all humble & prayerful. Before dear Arthur left us, there was a protracted meeting in this town, and you know his mind at times, has been seriously exercised. President Beecher<sup>1</sup> was here and became very much interested in your dear brother. He dined with us almost every day. And O it was a comfort to my heart to observe Arthur, trying to seek his company alone. They conversed together with freedom, and before the President left us the dear child who had been seeking—with strong cries for mercy—obtained I trust that better part, that can never be taken from him. O my dear Eliza—I shall never forget the evening before he left us—when after M<sup>rs</sup> G— M<sup>rs</sup> M— and myself had retired—I heard Capt Godfrey say—my dear friends, this is the last evening we shall be together—we know not that we ever shall meet again—do let us give ourselves to God—by prayer. They then all four, kneeled down, and each by prayer—before they arose—gave themselves to God. Yes Eliza—I laid in my bed—and heard my two children pray to their covenant keeping God. O what mercies are mixed with Afflictions. It has always been my prayer that my children might become pillars in the church. Lord keep them as in the hollow of thine hand. Now my dear daughter—I beg that you will burn this letter or put it where no eye can see it but yourself—your dear husband—Brother and sister. We cant expect all to feel as those who are deeply interested. M<sup>rs</sup> Manning begs to be remembered to you

<sup>1</sup> Lyman Beecher, D.D., president of Lane Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, and father of Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

& says she feels as if she was acquainted with you. Love to dear Martin—Serena—and the Doc<sup>r</sup>.

From your affectionate mother.

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Mrs. GILMAN, accompanied by her son, WINTHROP, went to New York in the early summer of 1834. Another granddaughter, Susan Hoffman Gilman, daughter of Dr. C. R. Gilman, was born on June 21st of that year. Shortly afterward, Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN received the sad news of the death of her son Arthur of the same fever prevalent all along the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, which had proved fatal to so many of the family. Arthur Gilman died at Alton, July 26, 1834, aged twenty-eight.

The following letter from a family friend has been copied entire (although somewhat distressing) as it shows so vividly the conditions that existed in a sickroom before the advent of the trained nurse, and also the kindness of the small community, especially the men, who seemed to be called on frequently to act as nurses.

Rev. E. Jenney to Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN, New York.

Upper Alton July 22 1834

M<sup>rs</sup> Gilman.

I promised to nurse Arthur in case he should be sick this summer; but I did hope not to be called upon to redeem the pledge. The Lord's ways, however, are not as ours; & last evening I learnt that he was ill, & have just returned from the lower village with him. He is now in the room over M<sup>r</sup> Long's store—a large airy room, which I have occupied, in part for 2 or 3 weeks. Be assured that he will not suffer for the want of care: for no efforts shall be spared to restore him to health, & render him comfortable & happy while confined.

23<sup>d</sup> 10 Oclock, A. M. Arthur is doing well, little or no fever on him now. His medicines operate favorably; & though we pretend not to know the councils of the Most High—we hope that he will recover & long be spared, a

blefing to his friends & to the world. I will here mention that M<sup>rs</sup> Willard & other ladies are very kind. They prepare for him tea & sage & gruel & arrow root, & other things which he needs. He has lemons & tamarinds, & indeed almost every little delicacy which could be procured in any part of the country. And though his mother & his sister be not with him—a brother is most of the time by his bed-side, & there are many who feel almost a brother's interest in his welfare. Think not that he suffers, because he is not in a house occupied by a family. I have been sick under the most favorable circumstances, surrounded by friends, & furnished with every luxury which renders sickness less distressing; & therefore I speak from experience when I say, that your dear son could hardly have anything additional to render his present confinement as comfortable as the nature of his disease (bilious fever) will permit him to be.

4 P. M. This forenoon I was absent from the room for two hours. I attended a religious meeting, but not without committing my patient to the charge of others. On my return he appeared to prize my poor attentions so much that I promised not to leave him again, unnecessarily, till he shall be restored to comparative health again or else be called away beyond the reach of suffering and sorrow. A few hours since he attempted to walk alone to a chair about 20 feet distant. I saw him when he had got half way, & ran to his assistance. As soon as he was seated he fainted; & M<sup>r</sup> Long & others were with me in a minute, & carried him back to his bed. That effort which we could not prevent—it was made so hastily, was very exhausting. Probably it will not be a serious injury to him. Such is our hope. Still we can but fear that it will hasten the rise of the fever & render it more violent. If so—the consequences may be very unhappy: & the records of another day may tell of events which will send pain to many hearts. Oh that the Lord would spare you all the agony of learning that he whom you so tenderly love is dangerously sick, still more that his race is run thus early in life.

24th. 1½ past 1 A M. For seven hours Arthur has been failing very rapidly. This change occurred all at

once, & we know no adequate cause for it. At half past 7 everything appeared favorable: but in 10 or 15 minutes from that time, he began to wander in mind & his case became alarming. Both physicians were called in, (D<sup>rs</sup> Long & Haskell) and every thing which skill & kindness could suggest has been done, from that hour, to retain him yet with us. One of the physicians, Benj, M<sup>r</sup> Long, M<sup>r</sup> Bingham & myself are now attending upon him. We anxiously await the result of this sudden, but protracted change, & at times our fear that all our efforts will be in vain. That delirium—that restlessness—that sinking of the entire system—these, we fear, are the presages of a speedy dissolution. Should they prove to be so, we trust his departing spirit will rise to the possession of that happiness which earth cannot impart & which can be known only when we shall be rendered capable of enjoying it—in heaven. Precious is the death of the saints. If Arthur be numbered among them—& ought we to doubt? then, before the shades of another night gather around us he may be ushered into all the light of a glorious immortality. Let this, however, be your consolation, if an event so sad to yourselves occurs that “*the Lord reigns*”. His dealings with us are all ordered in wisdom & love. Far be it from Him to afflict willingly, or grieve the children of men. And if the terrible blow be struck home upon your hearts, can you not, my friends, oh, I know you can, & will, be comforted by the fact, that your heavenly Father hath done it, and that, in his Providence, he designs it shall work for good for yourselves & others. (D<sup>r</sup> Long has been called away to visit another patient & D<sup>r</sup> Haskell has come to remain during his absence).

3 A M. Arthur has just enquired, “As I so far gone as to be struck with death?”. The question was put with much apparent solicitude: but a negative answer quieted him. I availed myself of that lucid interval, to ask him if he put his trust in Jesus Christ as a Saviour & expected to be with him provided he should die tonight. His reply was to this effect—that Jesus Christ was his only hope, but that he felt not the confidence he desired. He complained, with evident feeling, of the engrossment of his mind with the business of the world, & of his ineffectual

endeavours to keep his thoughts upon the great subject which should now secure his attention & his efforts, more than all others—the salvation of his soul.

25<sup>th</sup> 10 AM. Arthur is now perfectly rational, & there are symptoms which may be regarded as somewhat favorable. Medicine again produces its desired effect, which has not been the case, till a short time since, for more than 12 hours, notwithstanding 8 doses of Calomel, 15 or 20 grains each,—together with other medicines, mostly stimulants & tonics—some of them of a very powerful kind—have been given him.—A few minutes ago he requested me to pray with him. I enquired what he would ask at the hands of the Lord. His reply was, that I may be prepared to die: that my many & aggravated sins may be forgiven through the merits of the Savior: that, if I must die, he will fit me for heaven: but that if it can be, he will yet grant me an opportunity—another opportunity—to do good, & cultivate the Christian graces. This he said in nearly, if not exactly the words I have employed, & in a manner that shewed that he understood & felt it. (He made the same request of Mr Long, early this morning while I retired for an hour to rest.)

$\frac{1}{2}$  past 11 A. M. Arthur has had private conversation with his brother. He appears to have relinquished all hopes of recovery. Alas! we apprehend there is much reason for it; & are trying to discipline ourselves to the submission that says “*Not our will, but thine, O Lord, be done.*”

This morning he remarked to Mr Long, that he expected to be in eternity before night, or before another day. While I was standing near him, he uttered, in a whisper, the following short prayer. “O Lord, cut me not down, as a cumberer of the ground, but spare me that I may be useful in the world, through Jesus Christ, Amen”. I conversed a little with, or rather talked to him. He appears anxious to live; but when he expresses this, it is in a way that indicates submission to the divine will, & it is almost invariably accompanied with the avowed purpose, if his petition be granted, to live more for the honor of



his Savior & the good of souls. He has said that he thought he gave his heart & his all to God last winter, but that his residence in New Orleans was a serious injury to his religious feelings. He now regrets that he did not imitate Winthrop's example, & come out before the world & take an open & decided stand on the Lord's side. Several times, however, he has told me that his trust is in Jesus Christ, yet he speaks tremblingly of his prospects of a coming world. But the Omniscient knoweth the heart & we can but think that he sees that in him which he himself has planted, & will nurture & perfect unto eternal life.

8 P. M. For the last two hours Arthur has been rapidly sinking. A minute or two since, he appeared to be perfectly rational, & I put several questions, the answers to which must greatly alleviate the affliction with which the Lord may be about to visit—not only yourself—though none could feel it so keenly—but brothers & sisters & other friends. Do you feel more confidence in Jesus Christ as your Savior? “Oh Mr Jenny, I am so unworthy, my mind is so taken up with business! This morning I thought I gave myself entirely up to God.” Do you not that you can do it now? “I know I can, & I do it.” “The Lord Jesus is a precious Savior.” “He is precious indeed.” Are you resolved to be his in life & in death? “Yes, let the end be what it may, I am resolved to be his,—in life & in death, I am his.” He was very emphatic, in his last expression, “In life & in death I am his.”

10 P. M. This melancholly scene will soon close. Poor Arthur! Nay, we will not say so, for may we not hope that he is about to exchange vanity for reality—earth & all its shadows for the substantial glories of the heavenly world. Benjamin, Capt. Godfrey, Mr Long, both physicians, myself & several others, have been, for hours, endeavoring to wrest him from the grasp of death; for such seems to be the end of our efforts. We may succeed; but if we do, it be against all probability. Alas! my dear friend, we scarcely doubt but that his departure is at hand and, believing him to be a Christian, we seem almost to hear Jesus saying to his Father, “*I will that*

*he be with me where I am, that he may behold my glory which thou hast given me."*

J. 27th. 1 A M. (Sunday morning). About an hour & a half since we knelt—a little weeping company to present our prayers to God, for the descent of his grace on the bereaved mother, & brothers, & sisters of the dear, the loved Arthur, of whom it must now be said—He has gone, we trust, to a better world, & has begun to tune his voice to the praises of the celestial quoir. "*Blessings & honor & glory & power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne & unto the Lamb, for ever & ever, amen.*"

My heart bleeds when I think of the agony which this intelligence coming in this letter will cause you. But have you not? you have learnt that the Lord is true to his word, & found by happy experience, that all things, even the most distressing events of the present life, work together for the good of his people. Would that I were permitted to be with you, mingle my tears with yours, as I did on a similar occasion, less than one year ago. But that cannot be; & I must content myself with commending you, & all the members of your bereaved family, to God & to the word of his grace, which is able to sustain you & impart the consolations which are enjoyed by them who are sanctified.

You have the sympathies of many hearts in both these villages. Arthur was esteemed by all who knew him, & greatly loved by them who knew him intimately. Never has a death created a greater sensation among us, & never has so large a procession followed the remains of any one to the grave.

I might dwell much more at length on this mournful subject; but it is needless. Besides, it is now past midnight, & my strength has recently been about exhausted by constant attentions upon your Son. In this, however, I have had a full & precious reward—that I contributed a little to his happiness while the Lord permitted him to be with me.

A kind remembrance to all the members of your family.  
May the God of heaven support & bless you.

Yr friend in affliction

E Jenney.

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WINTHROP S. GILMAN to Dr. C. R. Gilman, Stratford,  
Conn.

Saturday ev<sup>g</sup> 1½ past 9 —  
9 Aug<sup>t</sup> 1834

Dear Brother,

Oh! how can I tell you the dreadful news; but it is the Lord who has taken away from us our beloved Arthur & may the affliction be sanctified to us who remain. By a letter just rec'd from Vairin & Reel Saint Louis, I am informd that Arthur died of bilious fever on Saturday 26 July, only 5 days after he had written to me in perfect health—they state no particulars, but say they presume I will at once hear from Benjamin on the subject—

Mother is very much overcome—hasten back with all possible speed—

Your affec<sup>e</sup> brother

Winthrop

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MRS. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to E. Jenney, Lower Alton, Ill.

My dear friend. At this moment of deep and heart-rending Affliction—I know not whether I can sufficiently collect my poor agonized thoughts to write you—still I will not appear ungrateful and therefore hasten to thank you and all the dear friends at Alton for your unwearied and christian attention to my precious departed child. And is my own Arthur gone forever? Is the delight of my eyes torn from me with a stroke? Shall I never again hear that pleasant voice that consoled & comforted me? O yes—he is gone—and the places that once knew him will know him no more forever. O I know it is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good. I would prostrate myself in the dust and cry *Tho' He slay me yet will I trust in him.* He has been with me in past seasons of trial—has led me through deep waters—and has been my supporter—my comforter—my All. And shall I now cast aside my confidence? O no. I will still trust Him. I will cling to his precious promises—I will hope in his Mercy. But there are moments when nature will

prevail. The feelings of the Mother cannot be restrained. And the remembrance of my irreparable loss bears upon my heart with an overwhelming power. He was the comfort of my heart and after his beloved Father was removed from me I seemed to lean on him. Perhaps too much—and therefore God has seen fit to take him also. But I praise him for his mercies—for surely goodness and mercy have been mingled with this bitter cup. He was surrounded during his last illness by kind and tender friends who watched over him with the deepest solicitude, he had every comfort furnished which the nature of the disease would allow—the voice of fervent prayer ascended to the throne of mercy in his behalf—and above all he was enabled to give consolatory evidences of a renewed heart—to commit his departing spirit into the hands of his Saviour—saying He is mine—and I am his. Surely my God I thank thee for these thy mercies. O sanctify the Affliction to the spiritual good of each member of my family and to all the dear friends. To you my dear sir—who have felt the keenest sorrow and are acquainted with grief—I need make no apology for this letter. May your life, long be preserved a blessing in the world. May you have the pleasure of seeing the work of the Lord prosper in your hands. And whenever God in his Providence shall call you—may you have many souls as seals of your ministry—and crowns of rejoicing—in the day of the Lord.

From your unworthy but deeply afflicted friend

H Gilman

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WINTHROP S. GILMAN became engaged to his future wife, ABIA SWIFT LIPPINCOTT, at Carrollton, Ill., where her father was in charge of the Presbyterian Church. Rev. THOMAS LIPPINCOTT entered the ministry in 1828 and was stationed at many of the new settlements of the state. The “mother” of this letter was Mr. LIPPINCOTT’s third wife, Catherine Wyley Leggett.

WINTHROP S. GILMAN to ABIA S. LIPPINCOTT, Carrollton, Ill.

Lower Alton Wednesday ev<sup>g</sup>.17 Sept<sup>r</sup> 1834

In commencing a correspondence with you, my dearest Abiah, I cannot but wish that I possessed that enviable faculty of writing always in a pleasing & agreeable style; for it is my earnest desire that as we become more & more intimately acquainted with each other, we may have continued reason to rejoice in the choice which we have made—I do not doubt that I shall have good reason to do so, and I shall endeavour, my beloved, that the favourable opinion you have formed of me may be strengthened & confirmed as our intercourse becomes nearer & more dear.—

I am aware that many young persons during Courtship put on the most agreeable possible behaviour, which in consequence of its not proceeding from a rational & tender attachment, is ere long put off again with as great ease as it was assumed & one foible & another are gradually discovered by the lovers. Our attachment, is of a very different character from this, for it is based on high esteem which has been continually increasing as we have learned more of each other, and under whatever circumstances it may please Providence hereafter to place us, I doubt not we shall ever prove a comfort & a blessing to each other. The morning I left Carrollton I thought of you & your sleepless night—I hope you did not take cold during our walk, & that you did not go to Jacksonville as you must then have had a ride in the rain—I wish that it were so that I could enjoy the pleasure of seeing you frequently, and that with you, dearest, I could often take so agreeable a walk as the one (only one) we had together.<sup>1</sup>

M<sup>r</sup> Ellet was in town to day & tells me his wife is quite sick with the fever—M<sup>rs</sup> Manning is unwell, slight fever, M<sup>r</sup> M recovered. I found M<sup>r</sup> Fuller here looking badly enough—he did see Mifs Fowler & tells me she nursed him a little while sick—I told him I should not have thought he would have gone courting with his old straw hat on. I have been so busy since I arrived that I have

<sup>1</sup> Mr. GILMAN proposed to his wife while they were on this walk.

not had time to learn from him how he was pleased with her.

No one here, except my brother, appears to have the least idea that I may be engaged, nor do I wish it known, as in so small a place a report flies to all ears at once & curiosity is ever on the watch—for this reason I shall enclose my letters in an envelope to your father & hope you will send yours enclosed to Godfrey, Gilman & C<sup>o</sup> in the same way. I have conversed with my brother in regard to the time of our union: he expects to be absent in November and an earlier date than that would not be proper under my circumstances; so that if I can secure your consent my wishes would prompt me to be married early in December. On 1 January G G & C<sup>o</sup> take an account of all their stock of goods which usually occupies 7 or 8 days very close application, after which time our business season being mostly over, my time is not nearly as much occupied, so that, my dearest, if circumstances prevent our union in December I must certainly ask your hand in January. In regard to your visit here—it would give me, you know, the greatest pleasure; but should you not think best for me to bring you down, I shall certainly take every opportunity to see you that is possible. Give my kindest regards to your dear parents & tell me what they say—I want to know your mothers views about time &c, for I shall certainly deem them correct, provided they do not delay us too long. Our new goods have not arrived—when they do I shall be very busy. Write to me as early as possible—I shall watch the mail eagerly. I commend you frequently to our heavenly father—Believe me, my darling

Your own Winthrop S Gilman.

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WINTHROP S. GILMAN to ABIA S. LIPPINCOTT, Carrottonton, Ill.

Lower Alton 24 Sept: 1834

My dear Abiah,

It was with no ordinary feeling of delight that I this morning perused your kind & agreeable letter of Monday.



Each day as I become more & more habituated to the idea of ere long being united to you in the bonds of the nearest & dearest of all connections, I am more & more happy. I fear my gratitude is not called forth in an equal proportion to the blessings I receive. Oh, that the great end of our lives (to serve God) may be continually kept in view, then we shall be truly happy.

I was surprised a little to learn that M<sup>r</sup> Alexander was to be married so soon. Did the idea occur to you at whose wedding you may next be present? When will M<sup>r</sup> A come to Alton? I do sincerely hope that you will not let any thing prevent your accepting his invitation. I went to Edwardsville yesterday, by the way of M<sup>r</sup> Ellets, where I found Laura sick in bed—she had almost recovered from her former slight attack, but in consequence of exerting herself too much she was taken with a chill & fever—they were expecting M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Bailey from Saint Louis that day. I told M<sup>rs</sup> E that you were still talking of paying her a visit—she said she would be very glad to see you—Should you come down with M<sup>r</sup> A—you would of course I suppose spend a day or two with her—And now, my dearest, allow me to urge you to accept the invitation of the newly married pair, even should your stay be but a short one.

M<sup>r</sup> Jenney told me he supposed it useless for him to ask me to go to Carrollton with him tomorrow: my feelings prompt me to fly there as quick as possible, for I long to see you,—but I cannot do it—my time is completely occupied here & I have just heard of the arrival of a Steamboat at Saint Louis which I expect is laden with our goods. I think a little recreation is necessary for your health after spending so much time with the sick &c—remember you must take care of this now on my account as well as your own, therefore every precaution that you take to preserve it, you may consider as so much done for one whose delight shall ever be to make you happy. December—I rejoice to think that December, if our lives are spared will not pass away without witnessing our union: the day is for you to fix, only do not let it be in the very last days of the month—more of this however when we meet, which will, I trust, be soon. M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Manning have just removed to my house—M<sup>rs</sup> M was

sick this morning in consequence of too great exertion—She is able to be about however & tomorrow I expect my brother & myself will take up quarters with them. It is pleasant again to make the exchange from boarding at the tavern to the quiet of a private house, but how much pleasanter would it be, were she in whom I am most deeply interested, there also, ready to melt with a smile and to share “mirth or sorrow” with me.

Our responsibilities as you say are great; I pray God he will grant us grace to fill as we should, whatever station we may be placed in. Whatever I need, dearest, in a wife, I am sensible I do not deserve one so good as you—do not tremble at the idea of responsibility, trusting in our “strong hold” through Christ all shall be well. I hope I may prove to you under all circumstances, a kind, attentive, affectionate & feeling friend. It has been said by one who well knew the human heart, that by constant endeavours to render each other happy the married pair mutually secure their own enjoyment.

It seems a good while to wait for an answer to my letter by course of mail, cannot you send your letter earlier—Mr Ryder, I expect will be down in a day or two or someone else who would willingly take a package for the firm—it is hardly necessary to consign my letters in this way however, as I shall attend the arrival of the mails myself. In order that I may hear from you as frequently as possible I shall probably write again very soon—If it is but a short letter do write; you would do so if you knew how great the pleasure I derive from hearing of you. I did certainly expect a letter by the mail & feel thankful you were so considerate as to write; your letter needed no apology. I shall look the more eagerly for your next as I hope it will tell me when we are to meet—if not I will come to Carrollton so soon as I can with any convenience leave Alton 48 hours—My brother reciprocates your remembrances—It is now late at night & I am keeping the boys up at the store—so farewell for the present—With my best regards to your parents, a kiss for your favourite little pet the babe; & the assurance of an ardent affection for yourself I am

Your attached

Winthrop S Gilman

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WINTHROP S. GILMAN to Dr. C. R. Gilman, New York.

Lower Alton 16 October 1834

Dear Doctor,

I received your kind letter of 20 Septem: a few days ago and should have answered it at once, but I have been so busy as to render it almost impossible. I forwarded to Maa (12' inst) a draft on Am H Mifs S<sup>o</sup> New York endorsed to her order for 100\$, & since the receipt of your letter, I for a time felt entirely at a loss what to do, as at present I have no right to take funds from G G & C<sup>o</sup> as my account with them now exceeds 2000\$, which I have taken out of my part of the profits. I have old debts to more than this amount yet due me which are in train of collection. I would not mind all this however but we are not receiving more money than will just take up our notes & hardly that, having about \$10,000 to pay next month. Under the circumstances I am unable to give you the assistance you ask, which I assure you, gives me much pain, for I would gladly & cheerfully send you the money if it was in my power. You may, I think, if my life is spared, calculate with certainty on 300\$ per anum from Alton—I think you have received about this sum the past year & I now annex my note to your order for 150\$ payable 1 June 1835 at U S Bank, which I have had entered with G G & C<sup>o</sup>'s notes & which will positively be met at that date—I have thought it possible you might thro' some of your friends get this discounted, & during the summer early if possible, at any rate during the summer, you may calculate on 150\$ more, but beyond this sum I do not see at present how I can help you, & meet the other current expenses which I shall be obliged to do, but should it still be impossible for you to get along without more I will accept your draft at 4 mos, or send you another note at 4 mos for 150\$ more. Our business is excellent; the class of customers now looking to Alton for supplies is much better than formerly—I am now so well acquainted & our supply of goods is so complete that we get good men of capital to trade with us. Our real Estate here since I turned it in to G G & C<sup>o</sup>, has improved

in value (estimating it at present rates) some 15,000 to 20,000\$ — The prospects for Alton never were so good as at present & its growth is a healthy one as it only keeps pace with the country back, the resources of which are developing with the greatest rapidity. The health here is very good — Ben & myself are so used to being at the store till '11 at night that we find 6 hours sleep quite sufficient for us — our hurry however is now I hope over as our goods are marked & we have plenty of help to keep up with our Sales. Our business affairs please to yourself as I do not wish particulars known. You are no doubt a little surprised that I am to be married here; I shall have I think a truly lovely wife, — a young lady of excellent disposition, good person, sound mind & feeling heart — I mean what I say — it is all true, & every day that I learn more of her, I love her better — I can with a grateful heart to God for his many mercies, crave his blessing on our union; he sees the heart & knows the motives that actuate us all. I firmly believe we shall be happy — I know we shall in proportion as we serve him. I have written to M<sup>r</sup> Bradhurst introducing D<sup>r</sup> W A Robertson of this place to him — D<sup>r</sup> R goes on to N York about 1 Jay to buy sugar &c & has means, & I think M<sup>r</sup> B will find him a good customer — I also write M<sup>r</sup> Bradhurst today with a small order for Drugs &c to come out at once, so I hope he will be in a good humour with you — Write me often how you get on &c &c — I have just received a short but kind letter from Martin acknowledging receipt of mine to him. By last mail Maa's journal arrived which afforded us a great treat —

Tell Martin the Old Samos takes well with the Darkey at 75c in barrels. Some say it is the best wine they ever tasted — The casks were not very good & one leaked out entirely going to N Orleans & several others have leaked very much; had it not been for this we should make a good deal on it.

Give my love to Maa, Eliza Serena & Martin & Kifs the numerous little pets for me, also love to the Children when Maa writes.

In haste as usual

Your affec<sup>d</sup> brother

W S G.

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WINTHROP S. GILMAN to ABIA S. LIPPINCOTT, Carrollton, Ill.

Lower Alton 2 Decem: 1834

Dearest Abiah,

I cannot allow the mail to go up without taking with it my thanks for your very kind letter of 28 ult<sup>o</sup>, altho' I have but a moment to write.

Mr Alexander will probably go to Carrollton tomorrow & we shall have the pleasure of his company on Thursday evening—my brother & myself expect to reach Cumming's tomorrow evening & I shall promise myself the happiness of being with my own love soon after dinner on the fourth—Mrs Manning has at last engaged a girl to live with her & all things will be in readiness for our reception at the White house whenever we please to go there. I feel as on the verge of the happiest era of my life; not a little of this happiness proceeds from the most reasonable consideration that the step I am about to make is taken with a full dependence on the blessing of our heavenly parent. Dearest—may we together humbly walk thro' life, looking continually to the joy that is set before us—& may God in his infinite mercy grant that we may ever be his own dear children, free'd from sin by the blood of the Lamb—

Give my most affectionate regards to your parents & believe me most sincerely yours

W S Gilman

P. S. I have sent to St Louis for what your mother wanted, but fear it will not get up in time—but presume it is of but little consequence.

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This romance ended in a happy marriage on December 4, 1834, and Mr. GILMAN and his wife went to Alton, where for the first few months they boarded in Mr. GILMAN's own house in Lower Alton, with their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Manning. Mrs. Martin Hoffman's first

daughter, Emily, was born December 28th, of the same year.

WINTHROP S. GILMAN to Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN, New York.

Lower Alton 15 January 1835

My dear Mother,

Your journal N° 7, to 17 Decemr: was received some days since & afforded us much gratification. I was sorry to hear Joseph Battell was so unwell, but hope ere this he has recovered—I have been so unfortunate as not to receive the boxes of seeds sent by Aunt Battell, the boat on which they were shipped from St. Louis for this place did not deliver them & went back to New Orleans & I fear very much they are lost—Please give my best thanks to Aunt for them when you write & state this circumstance. We have been very much engaged of late, having packed about 1100 Hogs in 3 or 4 weeks past. The 1<sup>st</sup> January is the time that we annually take an account of stock on hand, but in consequence of a little revival in religion here, it was put off till a few days since & is now almost completed. The 1st Monday in Jany being the day appointed for fasting & prayer for the conversion of the World, was observed here, & many Christians began to feel that they ought to second their prayers by their efforts at home—the season was a very busy one & circumstances apparently adverse to the progrefs of the Kingdom of Christ amongst us—Mr Baldwin was sent for to preach for us every evening for the first few days of the New Year, but could not come. Mr Lippincott came down & Christians began to pray in earnest for the Holy Spirit feeling, I believe, more their entire dependence on God for the blessing than they have usually felt; many who had been carelefs & indifferent became thoughtful, & Christians found on conversing with the impenitent that the Holy Spirit had operated on their hearts; several were convicted & about 6 or 7 conversions we hope have taken place—among them Adam Terrell (in our store) & several other young men who you do not know. Before much attention was paid to the subject of religion,—the young mens prayer meeting (which had been discontinued in consequence of the inability of sev-



eral to attend it) was revived & at the second meeting the different young men agreed that during the week they would seriously urge the attention of their friends and neighbors to the subject of religion, & we already see the blessing which God has bestowed in answer to our prayers seconded by these conversations. At the last young mens prayer meeting they resolved each to select one or more of the impenitent in the village, with whom to labour, & continue to urge the subject of the souls salvation—we hope it will result in good & know that we are entirely dependant on God, but yet will make efforts to turn men to righteousness. Benjamin has attended many of our meetings & I think feels increasing interest in all that is done, & I believe is satisfied that the course pursued by Christians is one well calculated to do great good. We have the most uncommon man in the church I ever saw—a M<sup>r</sup> Alexander (a merchant) from Carrollton, who besides being the most active christian I almost ever saw, is one of the most cheerful and agreeable companions in the World. He talks freely with everyone on the subject of religion, & with humility couples such untiring zeal, that his whole soul seems absorbed in the one grand object of advancing the Cause of Christ wherever he is, such a man is of course the means of doing as much good as a minister, nor is he less devoted than a missionary.

I am very glad to hear M<sup>r</sup> Miller has sent you ten bales cotton I hope you will let me know when it arrives & how much it brings. Alton is still improving rapidly & the business of the place increasing very fast. There have been nearly 4000 Hogs packed here this year & the quantity of produce shipped is immense. We have about 1400 barrels flour now in store to forward for milling in the interior, & have taken in this season about 7000 bushels wheat, & shall probably get several thousand more. Cap. Rider is building a large stone warehouse opposite Hankinson's. Our meetings are held in the Stone Church, which is a very comfortable building. It was my intention to have written to the Doctor long since, but have been very busily occupied, so that I have let too long a time slip without writing to you. Tell him Benjamin

has some hams for him which will be sent off before long & I hope they will prove good. We have sold all our pork, Lard and Hams at Alton payable in cash at prices which I think will pay us about 1000\$ for our trouble in taking it in. The prospect for business is very good the ensuing season, but we are not increasing our orders for goods much, preferring to do a safe business than to attempt to keep full pace with the demand. The Winter thus far has been remarkably pleasant. Mr W<sup>m</sup> Hayden has been very ill but is now much better. Mrs Manning desires much love to you & Eliza. My wife will add a line by way of postscript to you, she is very well pleased with Alton but wants very much that you should be here with us. Give my kindest love to Martin. I have not heard from him for some time. I sent him a dft on P Hollingsworth Philad<sup>a</sup> for 1000\$ some 7 weeks since which I hope he received. We are not like to get a Bank here! With great love to Eliza, Martin Serena & Doctor,, I am

Your affectionate Son W S Gilman

Mr North will probably go east in a week or two & I hope will call to see you.

Though personally unacquainted, I have heard so much about you dear Mother through my husband, and others, that I feel already a daughters affection for you.

I dare say you all are wondering what kind of a wife Winthrop has, and picture something very different from the reality, for you must recollect I am a western girl. We do not expect to commence housekeeping untill next fall, when I sometimes think we may have the pleasure of your company, and we will endeavor by every means in our power to increase your happiness and comfort thus insuring our own. Give my love to all my new connexions. I wish very much to see them.

Your affectionate Daughter Abiah S Gilman

[The following is appended to the preceding letters and is a copy of Mrs. GILMAN's answer.]

I fully reciprocate the affection you express to your mother in a PS to your husbands letter—and can say with sincerity that I have long felt a mothers solicitude for your welfare and happiness. No circumstance I assure you would give me more pleasure than to visit

you—and be an inmate for a time in your interesting family. But this circumstance is known only to him who controls all events. But whether we meet here or not—let us live my dear in such a manner as to meet at last with the precious ones that have gone before us—to be forever with Jesus our crucified Saviour and Redeemer. My children who are in New York Join me in tender affection—and believe me my dear Abiah—your  
sincerely attached Mother.

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Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to Elizabeth and Jane Miller,  
Great Barrington, Mass.<sup>1</sup>

New York Jany. 17, 1835

I doubt not, my dear children, that you will feel as much delighted as I felt when I perused the enclosed letter from your dear little brothers. I wrote your father soon after the receipt of the letter I received from him, the day you left us, and told him at the close of the letter that if my dear little grand-sons would write, nothing would give me more pleasure than to receive a letter from them. And I sincerely hoped they would write a letter to their poor Grand-ma. As their letter was unexpected it was doubly welcome. Do not destroy it but when you return, bring it with you.

Since I last wrote you, I have received a letter from your Uncle Winthrop. He appears to feel very happy and speaks of you both with much affection. The letter was written on Christmas Day, and he enclosed three dollars as a Christmas gift; one dollar for Elizabeth, one for Jane, and one for sugar-plumbs for the Doctor's little ones and Lin. Your two dollars you will find enclosed in this letter with your Uncle's love and best wishes.

The next time you wish to write a letter, I think you had best both write to your little brothers, on one sheet. It will be the same as if you wrote your father, and perhaps more agreeable. Let them see, dear Jane, your best

<sup>1</sup> MS. loaned by Mrs. Jane (Coe) Brant, Rolla, Mo.

writing. I should like to have you write a letter also to your Uncle Winthrop. Congratulate him on his marriage, and dont forget to send your love to your dear Uncle Benjamin who now resides at Alton. Remember their place of residence in Lower Alton. Your Aunt Eliza is very well and talks of dining with us tomorrow. The babe is perfectly well and I presume will be called Emily. Maria Hoffman has left us and Sarah Battell is making a visit to her brother. When Mrs. Myers leaves us Sarah will then make a visit here. Mr. P. R. Starr took tea with us this evening and says they are all well at home. Your poor Uncle Doc<sup>r</sup> is confined to his bed with the Rhumatism. I walked up to see him this forenoon. Little Serena had gone to dine with her Cousin Frances who had a dinner party!! Your Aunt Eliza sends love.

Present my affectionate regards to the Misses Kellogg and to our Cousin Sarah Starr. From your affectionate Grand-ma,  
H. Gilman.

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WINTHROP S. GILMAN to John Tillson, Hillsborough, Ill.

Lower Alton 24 February 1835

John Tillson Jr Esq:  
Hillsborough  
Dear Sir;

Your favour of 16 February communicating the proceedings of a meeting of eight of the Commisfioners for opening Books of Subscription for the Stock of the State Bank of Illinois, is at hand.

I notice that it is proposed to open Books at the points named on the 10 April & keep them open until the expiration of twenty days,—that the commifsioners meet at Springfield on 11 May following, for the purpose, of paying over funds received & making such other arrangements as may be deemed necessary; to which I now give my assent. Will you have the goodness to forward me a form for opening books & let me know whether we are to deem the payment of that money sufficient authority for

placing a name on the books, or require his personal presence, letter of authority or power of attorney.

Very respectfully

Your Obt Svt

W S Gilman

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Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to her sons, Lower Alton, Ill.

New York Tuesday March 10<sup>th</sup> N° 13. 1835. This is the highest number, my dear son's—that I have ever written to absent friends, before meeting them. Martin has taken N° 12 to the Office—and how many more must I write before I see you. It is an amusement to me to write a little every day—but sometimes I think my Journals are not worth the postage—at least so often. When Martin came home to dinner he told us his store had been full all day of the new Auctioneers—beging to come in partners with them—as they knew nothing of the business. But they told them they would have nothing to do with them. They have made an agreement with M<sup>r</sup> Bleeker and bought his commissison. Wednesday 11th. This morning the Doc<sup>r</sup> rode down and vaccinated the baby and dined with us. M<sup>r</sup> Starr's son is better and he thinks it will recover. I rejoice with the Parents and trust they feel gratitude to heaven, for this great mercy. The spring is now advancing and we think and talk about you my beloved children, very often. In your next I wish you would say something about Journeying this way and say when you probably will leave Alton. Thursday 12th. After breakfast Eliza sent for a carriage and we rode up to the Doc<sup>r</sup>. He was delighted to see us and wanted I should pass the day with them—because he said his back was so stiff he could not go out. We have had very wet weather lately and he must have taken cold. It was refreshing to me—after so long a confinement—once more to take the air. What cause of gratitude have I for numberless mercies received. O that my spared life may be more devoted to God than ever yet it has been. Friday 13th. Martin sent you a paper today dear Benj<sup>n</sup> which will give you information about the Auctioneers. Charles

Hoffman is the author of a Book entitled "A Winter in the West." He gave the Doc<sup>r</sup> one and told him when an opportunity offered he would thank him to send it to his brother at Alton with his compliments. I have not read it—but it is spoken very highly of by M<sup>r</sup> Walsh and many others, who are good Judges. Charles you know, is a cripple and has tried many ways to get along—and now he has began to publish a magazine—which is called the new Monthly Magazine. As he was so polite as to send you his book—had you not better subscribe for the Magazine. The first number is out and the Doc<sup>r</sup> says he will send it to you. Charles is very anxious the Doc<sup>r</sup> should occasionally furnish him with sketches from his own pen. The Doc<sup>r</sup> told him he would if he would promise that it should not be known. Charles is to allow a compensation. Saturday 14th. My Rheumatism is dreadful—I can take no comfort in any position. I have had a hope the Doc<sup>r</sup> would come down to day—that I might tell him he must do something for my relief. Martin has just come in and gave me a welcome letter from you—dear Benj<sup>n</sup>—dated 24th Ult. I am sure I can sympathize with and feel all your pains. I cant help wishing that I was with you so that I could do something for your relief. Since I received your kind letter—it seems as if my pain had in a great measure subsided. You are both very kind to the Doc<sup>r</sup> and I will do as you request for him. I hope he will now be able to pay every one he owes, and have something left to live upon. Your remarks respecting the quilt amused us exceedingly—they were so characteristick. Before this reaches you I presume the curiosity of all will be satisfied. Or I would tell Abia what the presents are. Martin and Eliza have gone to call on some of her relatives—that your sister has never seen. I hope they will soon be back—for the Mises Pyne and M<sup>r</sup> Luck are to dine here to day and I do not feel as if I could make myself very agreeable to them. Martin keeps my cotton money—one hundred dollars the Doc<sup>r</sup> had—and on the 29th of Feb<sup>r</sup> he took one hundred dollars for my board. Next week the little girls will be here with Mifs Kellogg—and their term bill will take one hundred & twenty or thirty more. Sunday 15th.



Pafsed a dreadful night—Eliza sent for the Doc<sup>r</sup> before breakfast and he sent me to bed in Colden's chamber—where is a fireplace—and no noise to excite me. Thursday 19th. Four days my dear son's, I have been confined in my bed—have taken a great deal of medicine—and had a large blister on my back—dressed constantly with savin ointment—for the Rheumatism. The remedy was severe—but with the blessing of God it has intirely removed the Rheumatism. I have a great opinion of Chandler's skill—and hope his life will be spared for great usefulness in the church and in the world. Old M<sup>rs</sup> Pyne pafsed the day with Eliza—and I am not sorry that I could not come down. She is too fond of flattering people and I cannot bear it. While I was confined—I had the pleasure of receiving a newspaper each day from my dear sons at Alton. I believe my confinement would have been much more tedious, had it not been for those papers. There was scarce a word in them that I did not read. I am much pleased to hear that your town is improving so fast. Friday 20th. The Doc<sup>r</sup> wished me to lend him the paper respecting your Bank. &c. He said he wanted to lend it to his friend Bronson—who wished for every information respecting Illinois—for he was going there this season. He told the Doc<sup>r</sup> to advise you not to engage with any Engraver to do the bills of the Bank of Illinois till you have seen the Engraving of Rawdon Wright Hatch & C<sup>o</sup>. For they are the best here. Robert Ives pafsed last evening with Martin and Eliza. He brought a letter from M<sup>rs</sup> Ives to Eliza—and a book of poems to her from Hope. M<sup>rs</sup> Ives says she cannot bear the Idea of all communications being at an end between the family's. She wishes your sister to write her very particularly of herself and family. She says 'tis a long time since they heard from Benj<sup>n</sup> and begs E to be very particular. She exprefses great interest for the family, & says they all feel the same. M<sup>r</sup> Ives<sup>1</sup> has been for 14 months a great Invalide constant cough—and never goes out but in very fine weather. Moses<sup>2</sup> has a fine boy—15

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Thomas P. Ives did not die until 1855.

<sup>2</sup> Moses Brown Ives married, in 1833, Anne Allen Dorr and had a son, Thomas P. Ives, who gave his yacht and his personal service to the country

months old. Charlotte<sup>3</sup> has seven children & M<sup>rs</sup> Ives says her hands are full. Robert<sup>4</sup> has two sweet little daughters. Hope<sup>5</sup> is confined constantly & her Physicians says she must not write. Robert told Eliza she had an ill turn Just before he left home. Saturday 21<sup>st</sup>. Eliza has Just received a Salem newspaper called the Land Mark—sent by your cousin Sam<sup>l</sup> P Robbins of Andover. It has in it a well written extract of a letter from his sister Jane of Marietta. I sent it to you this morning. The Doc<sup>r</sup> was so well as to walk down here this morning. He rode down to Wall St and met M<sup>r</sup> Farley. He asked him if he should send more goods to you soon. He told him he was packing a Box for M<sup>r</sup> Hankinson—and if he had anything to send you & would send it this afternoon it would go safely. He sent you Winthrop The winter in the west and I sent Benj<sup>a</sup> The Memoirs of Hannah More. I have read it and think you will all three be pleased with it. Particularly the 2<sup>d</sup> volume. Indeed it is all extremely interesting. I had no Idea she was a woman of such uncommon literary ecquirements and universal knowledge of men and things. Her intimate acquaintances were among the first great men in England. M<sup>r</sup> Wilberforce was her most intimate friend. I took great pleasure in

in the War of the Rebellion. He married Elizabeth Cabot Motley, daughter of John Lothrop Motley, in 1865, became a lieutenant commander in the Navy and died while on leave in Europe. Elizabeth (Motley) Ives married (2) in 1876 Sir William Vernon Harecourt. Moses B. Ives had also a daughter, Hope Brown, who married Henry Grinnell Russell.

<sup>3</sup> Charlotte R. Ives married, in 1821, Prof. William G. Goddard. The children who lived were: Charlotte Hope, who married, 1848, William Binney; William, who married, 1867, Mary Edith Jenckes; Thomas P. I., who married Anna E. Fearing and died s.p.; Elizabeth A., who married Dr. Thomas P. Shepard and died s.p.; Moses B. I., who married Elizabeth A. Swann, and died s.p.; Francis W., who married Elizabeth Cass Ledyard; Robert H. I., born 1737, married Rebekah B. Groesbeck.

<sup>4</sup> Robert Hale Ives married in 1827, Harriet B. Amory. Their "little daughters" were: Elizabeth Amory, who married Prof. William Gammell, and Harriet Bowen who died in 1860, unmarried. Later Mr. Ives had a son, Robert Hale Ives, born in 1837, who died unmarried of wounds received at the Battle of Antietam in 1862.

<sup>5</sup> Hope Brown Ives, daughter of Thomas P. Ives, Sr., died in 1837, unmarried.





MARTIN HOFFMAN AND HIS TWO ELDEST CHILDREN

From a silhouette owned by his granddaughter, Mrs. Howard C. Parsons (Edith B. Stevens), of  
New York City

reading John Newton's letters. He appears to have been much attached to her. Sunday 22<sup>d</sup>. We have to day the equanotial storm. No one goes to church but Martin & Colden. Joseph Battell pased the evening here but I did not go down—nor have I been in the parlour since this day week. Monday 23<sup>d</sup>. This morning I came down to prayers, for the first time. I desire to be thankful to my great deliverer for restoring my health so as to enable me to take my usual exercise in the family. Bless the Lord O my soul. Tuesday 24th. Lindley has been quite sick two or three days. This morning Eliza sent for the Doc<sup>r</sup>—who said he thought he was going to have the measles—he could see it in his eyes.

Wednesday 25th. Lindley is broken out thick with the measles. It has come out so well that we hope he will have them very lightly. A fire is made in Colden's chamber and the baby is kept there that it may not take them. Thursday 26th. Lindley is doing well and is well enough to play. Martin came home quite unwell. He has been on the wharf all day without dinner—selling Mahogany, and seems chilled through. We had to send this morning for the Doc<sup>r</sup> for the chamber maid who was very sick. He is afraid she has the scarlet fever. Should that be the case, it will bring terror to all the family. Martin's sister—M<sup>rs</sup> Livingston—arrived last night and they are to have a family party at the Doc<sup>rs</sup> this evening to supper—not to tea. The Doc<sup>r</sup> says he is under such obligations to the two Mr. Wotherspoons that he will invite them and their wives. Friday 27th. Martin and Eliza came home night before last before eleven. They say they had a very pleasant evening—a beautiful supper—and every one appeared to enjoy themselves. Murray sent Serena his Piano. She has had it tuned, and they had fine musick. Charles Hoffman told Eliza that he had not had such a treet for many months. The Doc<sup>rs</sup> voice was also in fine tune. M<sup>rs</sup> James Wotherspoon play<sup>d</sup> sweetly but she does not sing. Saturday 28<sup>th</sup>. Last evening the Hoffmans Seaton's & Ogdon's all met M<sup>rs</sup> Livingston at M<sup>rs</sup> Lindley Hoffman's. Martin & E came home about eleven—after pafsing a very pleasant evening. I took a walk with E about four squares. The first time I have

been out for four weeks. I hope I am thankful to the great giver of all good for restoring my health, so that I have the prospect of assembling with the people in the house of prayer, tomorrow. Sunday 29<sup>th</sup>. I went to church all day—rode in a carriage which cost me one dollar. But I had rather spend a dollar in this way than for any thing I may want. I have been deprived of this privilege four weeks and it seemed good to be there. The weather will soon be so pleasant that I can walk which will be more agreeable and less expensive. Monday 30<sup>th</sup>. M<sup>rs</sup> and the two M<sup>iss</sup>s Livingstons and Mary Hoffman dined here and went home before tea. I recollect dear Winthrop, that your Grandpaa Robbins—at times—ever since I can remember, had that numbness in his arm and leg. He made great use of a flesh brush every night & morning and always found benefit. Tuesday 31<sup>st</sup>. They have a family party this evening at M<sup>r</sup> Henry Ogden's. Joseph Battell took tea with us—and after tea Martin & Eliza went at 8 o'clock. Joseph brought me an excellent letter from cousin Sally. Wednesday April 1<sup>st</sup>. The family party are to meet here tomorrow eve<sup>s</sup> 23 in number. Eliza has sent for Sam the waiter—told him the bill of fare—and he purchases and cooks—sets the table and waits—without any trouble to her. Thursday 2<sup>d</sup>. I shall be like a sparrow alone upon the house top. I have walked down to Nasau St, & bought the Memoirs of Doc<sup>r</sup> Hyde & intend to have a fire in the 3<sup>d</sup> story and sit there until they are all gone. I was sent for after I came home to go into the parlour. And to my surprise I found M<sup>r</sup> North. It affected me exceedingly to see him. He remained an hour. Said he was going tomorrow to Weathersfield—should return here with his wife and family the week after next. We invited him to pass a day with us if possible when he returned with his wife. He said he would if they did not pass right on. I asked him a thousand questions and kept him as long as I could. Friday 3<sup>d</sup>. I saw none of the company last night—not even the Doc<sup>r</sup>. For I occupied Colden's room until they were all gone. I was much interested in my book & it was the most pleasant evening I have passed for a long time. Doc<sup>r</sup> Hyde was at my fathers before I was married. Your



dear Uncle Samuel studied Divinity with him. I had the great satisfaction of hearing him preach last summer at Great Barrington and passed the evening with him — conversing very freely with him at the Mifs Kelloggs. He was an interesting man to me — I loved him for he seemed like my father. His trials were very great — he buried 5 adult children — one or two were absent from home and the sad news was almost too much for his frail nature to bear. But his trust was in God who was his help and supporter in the furnace of affliction. If I can I will send you the book. Saturday 4th. M<sup>r</sup> Northrop has not been here — neither have I heard from him. If you think best you can write to M<sup>r</sup> Adams at Springfield or Zanesville and he will tell you what is best to be done. I left some of your dear Paa's papers — and letters from Mr. Adams in the small drawer in the Bureau in the bed room I slept in. Martin is going to the store and will take this to the Office. Remember me with great affection to Abia — M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Maning — M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Long M<sup>r</sup> Willard and all friends.

From your ever affectionate mother H G

P.S. When you have all read Hannah More I wish you would lend it to dear M<sup>rs</sup> Long.

P.S. A letter has just arrived from Winthrop to the Doc<sup>r</sup>. I long to open it but must wait till he comes.

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WINTHROP S. GILMAN to his wife, Upper Alton, Ill.

Louisville Saturday night

My darling Wife,

20 June 1835.

I am very glad to have an opportunity of quietly sitting down to write you a letter — I find my absence from you every day more & more irksome, & I think about you so constantly that I am getting into a hurry to get back & quite impatient at every little delay in my journey. As I informed you from St Louis & Chester, I did not get off in the Stage, but last Teusday left in the S B Wyoming. We had so many cabin passengers that the births were all full & several beds on the floor. A Mr Holt, merchant of St Louis, was the only person I was particularly acquainted with, but he approved a very agreeable

fellow passenger. Nothing interesting occurred on the trip; we had the misfortune to loose one passenger, a Mr Eldridge, by Cholera, but had no other cases on board. My business here would have detained me almost two hours, & had I been so fortunate as to have arrived two hours earlier than I did I might have taken to-days packet for Cincinnati & probably been there before daylight to-morrow. I arrived here, just as I did at St Louis, in time to be too late & so am delayed until Monday when I hope to leave for Cincinnati from which place I expect to take the Stage for Lancaster (Ohio) & Wheeling V<sup>a</sup>,

I found M<sup>rs</sup> Buffum (M<sup>rs</sup> Scarritts cousin) on board the Wyoming, & altho' I saw the likeness could not believe it was her, not supposing she would be travelling this way, & I did not become known to her until today. She appeared in tolerably good spirits & has gone on in company of a gentleman travelling to New Hampshire or Vermont.

I have just been interrupted by a tap at my door, the servant informing me a gentleman wished to see me, when who should it be but Mr W<sup>m</sup> Avis, who arrived today from New Orleans — he asked very particularly for Samuel & all friends & gave me an interesting account of Gov<sup>r</sup> Poindexter (Jacksons inveterate enemy) who travelled in same boat from N Orleans; I passed the hour very pleasantly. I would be very glad, could I be transported to Alton tonight & accompany little pet to meeting tomorrow & hear an animating discourse from Mr Graves. I trust he will be settled at Alton & do much good there.

The Hotel where I am staying is one of the most splendid in the West; The front is like one immense piazza supported by rich marbled columns, extending from the lower story to the top of the house, & the room in which I sleep is carpeted with Brussels carpeting, furnished with splendid Mahogany center table, pier table with white marble top, & white window curtains, yet I cant forget my little petty & I wish I was at home; so you must write very often, be very particular, & keep up a good heart until we meet again. I went off from Mr Hopkins without paying my bill, please ask Ben if he got my letter requesting he would send the money down

to him. I should have been very glad to have reached Cincinnati tomorrow in order to have heard Mr Beecher, as I never had that pleasure. I may not have an opportunity to write again until I reach Wheeling, but if I do not, hope to then.

Commending you to the care of our heavenly father & hoping you may always find great relief in drawing near to him, with affectionate remembrances to all friends,  
I am, Your attached husband

Winthrop S Gilman

I have written to Ben by this mail.

read 15<sup>th</sup> Romans today

It being Sunday, I may not get an oppoty paying postage of this, if I do not, please pay yr father.

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WINTHROP S. GILMAN to his wife, Upper Alton, Ill.

Wheeling, Va, 27 June 1835  
(Saturday)

My dear Wife,

I wrote to Benjamin from Cincinnati a few hasty lines, from which place I proceeded per S Boat to Marietta where I arrived thursday night. I found my niece Jane Morgan,<sup>1</sup> who is in delicate health, just about leaving Marietta as I arrived & I did not have the pleasure of seeing her. After finishing my business there I awaited the arrival of a Steamboat until 10 last night when one came by & I got on board & arrived here to day to dinner. My friends at Marietta who I had not seen for three years told me I had become very thin & would hardly believe I was in the enjoyment of usual health. We have had no more cholera & there seems to be none in this region of country. I have secured my seat in the Mail coach to leave this place on Monday morning for Baltimore & hope to reach Philad<sup>a</sup> thursday evening next, and should I not be delayed there, to New York the next day. I feel very sensibly the truth of Solomon's words that a man that wandereth from his place, is like a bird from

<sup>1</sup> Jane (Woodbridge) Morgan died in May, 1858, leaving no children.

her nest, & as I have had leisure of late on board Steam boat to be so, I have been downright homesick,—so constantly do my thoughts bring me back to Alton. Several times I have checked myself smiling unconsciously, as I have been picturing in my imagination my little wife before me. I hope you enjoy yourself at Mr Ellets, but you must be very careful how & when you ride about, my darling,—My absence from you is more painful than I had expected it would be. I think of your uniform kindness, gentleness & goodness as I have seen it displayed in our short union & cannot help feeling that I have made but a poor return for so much affection. I am making a tedious trip of it, as I had hoped to spend the Sabbath much further on my journey. Mr Cheever who left Alton Thursday after me is about a day in advance of me already—we travelled together from Cincinnati to Marietta.

I have been buying goods here today & have several letters yet to write so I must bid my wife good bye. My next will probably be from New York if my health is spared. Shall write to Benj<sup>a</sup> by this mail. I find Alton is in everybodys mouth & they make it out a great place. Hoping that by the unmerited goodness of our heavenly father we may soon again be permitted to meet each other, I am,

Your sincerely attached husband

W S Gilman

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WINTHROP S. GILMAN to his wife, Upper Alton, Ill.

New York 7 July 1835

My dear wife,

I wrote to Benjamin yesterday informing him of my safe arrival here on Saturday last in company with Captain Godfrey & I delayed writing to you in hopes I should have had the great pleasure of receiving one of your dearly prized letters yesterday, but it was not the case & I am daily & anxiously hoping to hear from you.

I received yesterday a letter from Ben dated one week after I left in which he says John Ellet told him you were

well, but I want very much to learn it under your own hand & also how you make out there, whether you (like a good girl) keep your spirits up well & enjoy yourself as well as the nature of things will admit. At Wheeling, M<sup>r</sup> Fuller arrived the evening before I left, but I did not see him; I am somewhat in hopes he has a letter for me from you, but as I am obliged to day to return to Philadelphia with Captain Godfrey, I may not receive it until the last of the week when I hope to return. When I arrived here I found my mother at M<sup>r</sup> Hoffmans alone, M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> H, having gone into Connecticut to spend the fourth of July—they returned yesterday—all very well but exceedingly disappointed in not seeing you with me. My brother the D<sup>r</sup> whom I have been so busy I have not seen but once, still is troubled with the rheumatism altho' he can attend a little to practice—last Sabbath he went to church the first time for some weeks.

We had the great pleasure of hearing President Beecher (our Pres<sup>t</sup> Beecher) on Sunday preach the sermon on increased holiness in the church which your father heard & admired so much—it is a most excellent discourse & one that is calculated to tend to purify the fountain head in every Christian. I am writing before breakfast & little Lin has just come down & bid me good morning & after telling him I was writing to you he said, "Uncle Winty tell your wife I want to see her." He is a smart little fellow, but is very thin which I attribute in a great degree to too much care of him—he has just run up to me again & told me to tell my wife to come & see his papa & mama & Linney too. Since our folks know what has detained you, they say not a word in objection to my returning as soon as I possibly can, but this will not probably be possible with any convenience before about 5 August, as I have to go to Philad<sup>a</sup> & Boston besides my stay here. My mother expects if her health is spared, which is now very good, to come out with Benj<sup>n</sup> & bring Elizabeth with her in the fall. Elizabeths father has an old Slave who was some years since with his family on a visit to my mother—this Slave he says he is desirous of setting free & offered to send her on to take care (as he says) of my mother & Elizabeth. Maa thinks per-

haps it might be well for me to have her come to Alton to live with us, as she was formerly a good cook & washer. I do not know how she would answer, but possibly she might prove good help for us & I have half a mind to have them write to him to let her come to Alton.

I think of you a great deal with an earnest longing to see you & hope a few weeks will again bring us to the enjoyment of each others society.

With my most affectionate regards to your parents I am Your tenderly attached husband W S Gilman  
Maa & Eliza send a great deal of love to you.

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Bill from Baldwin Gardiner, New York, to WINTHROP S. GILMAN.

Martin Hoffman Esq. (for M <sup>rs</sup> Gilman) Importer of Lamps, Silver Plate Plated Ware Cutlery Japannery, Britannia Metal And Fancy Hardware in general	New York July 9 <sup>th</sup> 1835       Also French China and Mantel Clocks	
Bo <sup>t</sup> of Baldwin Gardiner		
1 doz Silver Table Spoons		42.88
2 pair " Salt do		2.50
1 " " Sugar Tongs		3.50
		<hr/>
		\$48.88

Rec<sup>d</sup> Payt

B Gardiner  
Pr Jas A Lewis

1 Doz large silver spoons		\$42.88
2 pair silver salt spoons @ 1.25		2.50
1 pair Do sugar tongs —		3.50
1 Infants cap —		3.
1 Do Do —		2.50
1 Pattern thread lace for Infants cap		2.
1 Do Do Do Do Do		2.00
1 Do D Do Do		1.75



1	Do	Do	Do	Do	2.
1	Do	Do	Do	Do	2.
2	Papers of Needles—				.18
4	& ½ yds of Long Lawn. @ .62				2.81
					<hr/>
					67.12
balance					32.88
					<hr/>
					\$100.

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WINTHROP S. GILMAN to his wife, Upper Alton, Ill.

Northampton, Massachusetts

Dear Wife,

14 July 1835.

Altho' I have not received a line from you since I left Alton, I again take advantage of a little leisure to tell you where I am & what about. I returned to New York from Philad<sup>a</sup> on the 11<sup>th</sup> inst spent the Sabbath there & yesterday evening left in the S Boat for Hartford in company with Cap Godfrey, who wished to visit this place, as he expects to send his daughter here to school. We arrived here this evening & leave at 4 in the morning for Boston where if no accident happens we should be at 6 in the evening. I am strongly in hopes then to have a letter from you, as I cannot but think you must have written by M<sup>r</sup> Stone & I hope he may have arrived since I left New York. We had dates from Alton to 25<sup>th</sup>, (ten days after I left,) but no letter from you, which surprised me much as I expected one certainly. I have heard you are well however which is a comfort to me. Maa says you must take exercise regularly every day by walking, but not so as to fatigue yourself, she says you may depend on it you will be glad that you have done so when Sept<sup>r</sup> comes. Martin's sister, Eliza & all here walk if possible (and in the street too) till two or three days previous. I do pray & hope earnestly my darling that your life & health will be spared & that we may have many happy days together. I am arranging our business with all the speed possible that I may return early, & think I shall leave N York on or before 5 August. Mother & Elizth

Miller will expect to come out with Ben in the fall. This is the most lovely place I ever saw & I have been wishing you could be with me here that you might see the queen of all beautiful villages. I called to see your grand parents—Mr & Mrs Leggett<sup>1</sup>—saw Mrs L who looked very well indeed & told me Mr Leggett was in good health. I shall call there again—also to see your cousin Adeline, whom I have not yet seen. I have called hardly on any one, having only made two calls of no great length on my brother the Doctor. My health is very good & every one says I look in excellent health—think I have gained a little flesh. We had a fine fresh shad for supper tonight, the first I had tasted in nearly 9 years. Maa has selected some tea & table spoons for us which she has had marked A S G & they look very pretty—they are perfectly plain—shall attend to our furniture when I return to New York. You would be delighted with a trip thro' this Country & I long for the time to come when we may make the excursion together. My friends all want to see you exceedingly & ask a great many questions about you. By the time you receive this I trust your mother will be in good health; the house finished & it convenient for them again to have my darling wife with them. I wrote Ben a few days since requesting him & you to write me care I Stewart, Louisville, on 1 Aug<sup>t</sup> which I hope you have done, or will do immediately on receipt of this letter, which please burn.

You are very often in my thoughts, my dear & I presume I shall not be ready to sit down at my leisure & my ease, until I do so by your side, which I hope may be ere long.

Commending you to the care of our heavenly father I am  
Your attached husband

W S Gilman

it is night—please pay the postage, to yr father & give my love to him, yr mother, Mrs Etter & all friends. I go thro' Worcester in the Stage & may not be able to see Mr Ward & family.

<sup>1</sup>These were the parents of Mrs. GILMAN's step-mother, Catherine Wyley Leggett. There was a large family connection of Van Antwerps, Beckleys, etc., with whom an intimacy continued for many years.

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WINTHROP S. GILMAN to his wife, Upper Alton, Ill.

Boston 16 July 1835

Dear Wife,

Altho' I wrote to you only two days since at Northampton, still I again take up my pen quite late at night merely to say your two letters of 19 & 29 inst both came to hand today—they were both postmarked 29 June, so I suppose either Isaac or M<sup>r</sup> Bruner forgot your first letter. I am sorry to hear you are so troubled with the pain in your side, but hope for the best & that you will keep up a cheerful heart. am glad to see you take advantage of hours for retirement & trust you will reap advantages from them. Cap. Godfrey & myself passed last night at Worcester, & I spent the evening (tell M<sup>rs</sup> Manning) with her parents who were very well. Sarah (her sister) continues in rather delicate health & I recommended her going to Illinois to spend the winter. They are very pleasantly situated & very politely urged me to stay a day or two which I should have been happy to have done had I had time. I find my business here will probably detain me here two or three days longer than I expected—shall expect however to leave N York at the time stated in my last. I have received today a very interesting letter from Benj<sup>n</sup> which I shall probably answer in a day or two.

Ben says the way M<sup>r</sup> Starr looked at you was a caution—he is a cousin of my mothers. I hope to see your Cousin Adeline in a few days.

You tell me the time lags heavily with you & I can assure you that notwithstanding all my business it passes tardily with me. I so long to see you that I sometimes keep awake till very late, & sleep brings you to my presence again. Oh! that the time may soon come when we shall meet & I shall kiss away all those briny drops that threaten to put out your writing. With my kindest love to your parents & family & all friends M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Long M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Manning &c

Your attached husband

W S Gilman

WINTHROP S. GILMAN to his wife, Upper Alton, Ill.

*W. S. Gilman*

*Aliiah S. Gilman*<sup>1</sup>

New York 22<sup>d</sup> July 1835.

My dear Wife,

I arrived this morning from Boston & had the pleasure to find your kind & excellent letter of 5<sup>th</sup> inst here, which has afforded me great happiness. I am very sorry that you could not have heard oftener from me, but I assure you I have written as often as I could at all conveniently: I wrote to you about 8 days ago dated Northampton & about 5 days since from Boston. I read a great part of your letter to my mother & Sister who were delighted with it, & I felt quite proud of my darling pet. Maa gives a great deal of love to you & sincerely regrets she cannot be at Alton early in September. You must not mind what Ben says about my returning. Mother says, altho' it is painful for her to have me go so early, yet she wishes me to tell you that she freely gives me up to you, as she enters into all your feelings, remembering how she has felt under similar circumstances in days of yore. I have gone thro' my business, dearest, with more expedition, probably, than I ever did before, & can now give you the agreeable intelligence that (providence permitting) I shall probably have the pleasure of being with you in two weeks after you receive this, as I promise myself the pleasure of turning my back on New York on Monday 2<sup>d</sup> August next. Shall probably be delayed on my return by business at Pittsburgh a little, but hope to reach Alton about the 20<sup>th</sup> August—say, a few days before or a few days after that time. I never was more urgently requested to stay a day longer at a place, than I was at Boston, but I left there the very first boat after finishing my business—shall do the same here, but as I have a great deal yet to accomplish, think I cannot leave before 2<sup>d</sup> August. I am most intensely desirous of seeing you & am counting the days, hoping we shall not be parted over

<sup>1</sup> Samples of script letters for marking.

4 weeks from today. I trust you keep up your spirits well—my brother the Doctor assures me it is important you should walk (if possible) regularly every day, but not so as to fatigue yourself—he says take a good long walk. Do dearest—you can both morning & evening at any rate take a walk up the lane past where the house is building back of your fathers & thro the woods or any place for exercise. The reason I write to Benj<sup>n</sup> so often is that I am obliged to send him copies of bills or advise him in regard to some business—were it only a brotherly letter, he would fare much worse than you. I do not doubt, my love, we are more happy, much more happy than if you were mistress of the art of musick; my affection for you arises from the good qualities of your heart, & is as lasting & as warm as its feelings. Give my most affectionate regards to dear mother & father (it sounds odd for me to call them so) & kiss your sweet little sis for me. I have received a letter from Benj<sup>n</sup> today, but have not time to answer it, shall probably do so tomorrow. Cap. Godfrey is still at the East & will probably not be here for some days. I shall be so much occupied that I shall not see much of my friends nor of your relatives—postpone long visits 'till we can make them together. My mother expects to come out with Benjamin in the fall & spend the winter with us. I shall probably build a small addition to our house as soon as I arrive at Alton. Help is very difficult to obtain here & I doubt whether I can procure a good girl of the age of which you speak but will endeavour to do so. I have purchased over half of our goods, & shipped them. Shall have but little time to select any furniture, but will procure a work table, dinner & tea ware, (have spoons already—) & [torn] few other small articles, & attend to bringing out in my trunk the little things you want. Please tell M<sup>rs</sup> Emerson, if you see her, that M<sup>r</sup> Geo B Emerson has sent her an Accordeon<sup>1</sup> (musical ins<sup>t</sup>) by me, but as I have a small trunk, may have to put it in a box of goods. The printing on this sheet is a poor sample of some types I have, which are to be used with indelible ink for marking

<sup>1</sup> The accordion was invented in 1829, in Vienna and must have been a great novelty at this time.

cloathes. As I have some other writing to finish for this mail must bid you good bye.

Commending you to the care of our indulgent father in heaven, & hoping your communion with him may ever be dear to you I am Your tenderly attached husband

W S Gilman.

All our family fend a great deal of love to you, & do feel (I think) a great affection for you.

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WINTHROP S. GILMAN to his wife, Upper Alton, Ill.

My dearest Abiah, New York 28<sup>th</sup> July 1835

I wrote to you 22<sup>d</sup> inst, since when I have no further letter from you, but am daily hoping for another. I am progressing with my business & expect still to leave by 2<sup>d</sup> August, I am sorry to learn that it is sickly at Lower Alton, & sincerely hope it may not prove fatal to many everything tends to increase my anxiety to see you & be with you, & do all in my power to make you as comfortable as possible. Your last excellent letter I have read over & over again, & it has afforded me great pleasure. Mr Starr has returned highly delighted with Alton & gives a very flattering account of you & of his kind reception at Mr & Mrs Ellets he says you are exactly the wife for me & that if he could find your counterpart of a suitable age for him, he would be glad to marry her tomorrow:—it pleased me to see he had so much discernment. Oh! my darling I want to see you amazingly, & you must be careful lest I kiss your very breath away when we meet. I have looked in the directory for Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr Marcellus name, but it is not there, but there is a Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr Marsellus, living very far up town, to whose house I went a few days since in hopes of seeing your cousin Adeline, but she was not there. I hope to go to Avenue D N<sup>o</sup> 10, in accordance with the direction on the letter, before I leave; it is a great distance or should have gone before. I spent the evening at Mr Leggett's (Sr) and saw Edw<sup>d</sup> Breath, who was well, also took tea & passed an evening with Mr Beckley with whose wife I was much pleased, as she reminded me of you, in the mildness of her ways.



M<sup>r</sup> B is partner in an Extension house here of whom I am buying some goods. He expects to visit the Western States this fall & thinks of leaving his wife at Alton to spend the winter while he travels south. Edw<sup>d</sup> Breath says he may come out this fall. Your grandparents want to come, & I think probably may before very long. I have bought you a very plain, but easy setting Mahogany Rocking chair, also a work table, selected by mother — also a set of Canton China for Dinner, & tea set of white china, gold rim's — bowls, knives & forks, Ewers & Basins & the gentleman of whom G G & C<sup>o</sup> buy crockery told me to select a pair pitchers for my wife (a present from him) which I did, plain white, with gold rims & roses. I think I shall buy chairs in Cincinnati. The tablecloths &c all purchased. as well as your bottle of Florida water. Please say to your mother that M<sup>rs</sup> Oakley has been out of town. M<sup>r</sup> Van antwerp thinks of settling in Alton in the hardware business — will probably be there by 1 October to view the place. Please cut off the other half sheet & send it to Benj<sup>n</sup> by M<sup>r</sup> Willard. Maa sends a great deal of love as well as all the family — remember me affectionately to all — with ten thousand kind & tender feelings for yourself I am your attached husband

W S Gilman

Also purchased an alabaster clock, pair of lamps candlesticks &c.

I have just had the pleasure to receive your affectionate letter of 13 July, but have not time to answer it by this mail. I sincerely regret your lonely situation, my dearest, but we are both aware that nothing but necessity could have parted us at this time. You must now try to be as cheerful as possible, as I trust, an indulgent providence will permit us to meet in health & happiness a few days after you receive this. Shall attend to the purchase of Books your father wants. I was a little surprised to hear of M<sup>r</sup> Hankinson's marriage, hope it may prove a happy one. I think I can procure our beds at Cincinnati, which I shall hope to do. My health is very good indeed, my only sickness since here, has been a complaint I never before have had, but you must not be alarmed it is only

homesickness—Your company would entirely restore me again.

In haste

Yours W S Gilman

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WINTHROP S. GILMAN to his wife, Upper Alton, Ill.

My darling Wife.

New York 1 August 1835.—

The time has nearly arrived when I hoped to set my face westward & I have succeeded in accomplishing a great deal of business, being entirely thro' our purchases, & having not more work to do than I could accomplish in a day—yet I regret to say I shall be detained here, I think until the 5<sup>th</sup> inst, as Captain Godfrey (who I expected here two days since has not yet arrived, unless he has come this morning) — & I have some business to arrange with him that will keep me here probably Monday & Tuesday<sup>1</sup> next. I need not say to you that my anxiety to leave New York is very great—each day it increases. I want very much to be with you & render you as comfortable & happy as I possibly can. I had the pleasure of passing an evening at M<sup>rs</sup> Oakleys where I saw three of our aunts, & I was told to say to mother that I was in a family where all talked at once & she would know whose it was. I have not yet had time to ride out to avenue D & fear I shall have to give up the idea of doing so. I am anxious to receive your next letter, but fear I shall leave before it reached here. Shall request your letters returned to me unopened. Oh! how happy I shall be when I can once again clasp my own dear darling wife in my arms—you need not be afraid of my not spending my time with you; it is in your company that it passes more agreeably than any where else & I intend to allow myself more leisure than I sometimes have done. I don't know but what you will be sorry to hear that we have purchased

<sup>1</sup> It was a queer habit of WINTHROP S. GILMAN to spell Tuesday invariably in this way. From a constant study of classical literature, his style became more and more elegant, he wrote easily and did a great deal of literary work, an extraordinary amount for a very absorbed banker, but this little idiosyncrasy staid by him to the end of his life.

a larger stock goods than usual, calculating on an increase of trade. You tell me your letters are carelessly written, but I assure you my dearest, they are very excellent letters, & it gratifies me exceedingly to observe that an increase of practice in letter writing, enables you to put your thoughts on paper with more facility, & in a more pleasant agreeable way—no one need ever be ashamed of such letters as yours have been to me. My sister will send you by me a beautiful drefs for a little stranger, & I bring out the caps &c you wished. The Doctor still has the Rheumatism badly & thinks somewhat of taking a tour to Alton, in order to try whether travelling & a change of air will not afford some relief, & I should not be much surprised if he left here two weeks after me. Eliza is getting better of her fall from a gig & is able to come down to dinner. I have still considerable to do to-day & must therefore, with love to all friends, bid my darling good bye.

from your ever affectionate husband W S Gilman.  
I observe that we keep regular, at the same chapter, daily.  
yesterday 1<sup>st</sup> July I read 5<sup>th</sup> Ephesians  
Please tear off the half sheet & send it to Benj<sup>n</sup>.

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About this time Dr. Gilman and Martin Hoffman visited the Great Lakes together. The former put the story of his adventures in book form and published the following year, 1836, *Life on the Lakes*.

WINTHROP S. GILMAN's eldest son, Arthur Gilman, was born September 8, 1835.

Mrs. BENJ IVES GILMAN to her sons, Lower Alton, Ill.

New York Saturday September 5<sup>th</sup> 1835. I have just sent a sheet to the Office my dear sons and now begin another. I rec<sup>d</sup> a Cincinnati paper from you dear Winthrop this afternoon—dated 13<sup>th</sup> August. Where it has been all this time I cannot think. But I am glad to hear of your arrival thus far—and hope to hear better news from you very soon. I feel very anxious about the Doc<sup>r</sup>—as by last accounts his health was by no means improved.

May the great Eternal watch over them. Sunday 6th. My dear son Chandler's birth day. We all thought much of him and his dear travelling companion. E hopes to have a letter soon. M<sup>r</sup> Lindley H had the last—and they were then at Detroit uncertain how to proceed—as they had missed the regular conveyance. I went with Jane to Broome St church and heard two excellent sermons from M<sup>r</sup> Adams. Eliza has just rec<sup>d</sup> a letter from Martin saying they were still at Detroit. The Doct suffers dreadfully on acc of the piles and cannot ride. He says whether they will proceed or return home, is uncertain. My feelings on his account cannot be described. I give him to God—praying that he will order all things concerning him for his best good and for the glory of his name. Monday 7th. I walked by the Doc<sup>rs</sup> and the house looked so solitary that I could hardly keep from crying. Called to see M<sup>rs</sup> James Wotherspoon & returned home. M<sup>rs</sup> Lindley Hoffman's daughter Elizabeth is very sick and Doc<sup>r</sup> Hoffman has called in Doc<sup>r</sup> Smith. Mifs Farquhar is not expected to live the day out. She has taken the sacrament and lays in a stupid state. Tuesday 8th. I rec<sup>d</sup> a letter this day from you dear Winthrop dated 24<sup>th</sup> Ult<sup>o</sup> announcing your safe arrival in Alton. Let us my dear sons never forget the goodness of God to us all. I called to day with Eliza to see M<sup>rs</sup> Lindley Hoffman. She says she was never so well before after her confinement. Her Infant weighs 2½ pounds—but he has a wet nurse and they think it will live. Wednesday 9th. Eliza rec<sup>d</sup> a letter from Martin dated at Detroit. The Doc<sup>r</sup> he says is much better, and they were on the wing to Makinaw in a schooner called the white pidgeon. I rejoice to hear this and hope they will be able to reach Alton in good time. I wrote immediately to Serena, and told the good news. Thursday 10th. I am confined in the house all day with the Influenza which is very prevalent. Friday 11th. I went out with Eliza and bought some things for the girls. Some of their Barrington friends called on them. M<sup>rs</sup> Nicholas—Judge Hoffman's daughter—dined and pased the day with us. Saturday 12th. I rec<sup>d</sup> a letter from you dear Winthrop—dated 31<sup>st</sup> Aug<sup>t</sup>—saying that Esq<sup>r</sup> Long was coming to visit his parents and would accompany

Elizabeth and myself to Alton. It is a dreadful disappointment to Eliza not to see Benjamin—but I suppose it is all for the best. Inclosed in your letter was a Bill on Mr Starr at 4 mo sight—for \$200. Sunday 13th. My cold is so bad I had to keep house all day. Lin was seized in the night with the croup. And was so bad, we had to send for Doc<sup>r</sup> Ludlow—who came at 12 o clock and again at 4—and bled him. He was relieved and soon began to mend. Eliza rec<sup>d</sup> a letter from Martin dated at Makinaw. Both well. Monday 14th. Lindley is better and my cold is so bad that Eliza sent (unbeknown to me) for Doc<sup>r</sup> Hoit. Tuesday 15th. Doc<sup>r</sup> Hoit sent me a cough mixture which I took every two hours—all night—and found great relief. Tuesday 15th. This morning the waiter brought me a letter which I knew was from dear Benj<sup>n</sup> and said a gentleman was below. Eliza went immediately down and found Esq<sup>r</sup> Long. She asked him if he had breakfasted and he had. She told him I had been confined to my room two days with the Influenza but would be down in the parlour at dinner and should then see him. He told her he should start at 4 o clock for Providence—on his way to New hampshire—and did not wish her to alter her dinner hour. But she replied that we should dine to day—at two o clock—and he must be there. He smiled & said he would come. So at one o clock he rang the bell and the servant thinking it was the Doc<sup>r</sup> told him to come up stairs. When he found himself in the nursery and saw me at the gla's puting on my cap he coloured as red as fire. But Eliza told him it was all right—she had heard so much of him that she felt as if he belonged to the family. And I instantly began to ask questions & talked so much that he soon forgot his embarrassment and looked as if he was at home. At two o clock we were called down to dinner—which consisted of a very fine roast goose—some elegant Oysters—egg plant—and a variety of vegetables and fruit. Some of the finest peaches I ever saw. He made a very hearty dinner but would not taste of the wine. After dinner, Eliza sung and play<sup>d</sup> on the piano and he seemed delighted. He asked her where those sweet sounds came from. He had touched the keys but could not tell

how they could make such sweet sounds.<sup>1</sup> She opened the piano—took off the covers—and he examined it with care. His eyes sparkled and he said he believed never was any one so fond of musick—as himself. He remained until after three and then took leave saying he would write me a line saying at what time he would be here again. Eliza told him he must come with his trunk right to her house. And he promised to do so. Wednesday 10th. I began to make some preparations for my Journey to Alton. Making a quilt for myself to ride in. Lindley much better. Thursday 17th. M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Pyne—M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Edey—and Rev<sup>d</sup> Thomas Pyne took tea and passed the evening with us. I did not go down. Friday 18th. This morning before 6 Samuel P Robbins arrived on his way to Marietta to visit his mother and friends before he departs for the Archepalago where he is going to pass his life. He has now taken his degree at Andover, and expects to be married to Miss Martha Peirce of Enfield, Connecticut next spring previous to their departure. From her letters which I have perused, I should judge that she was every way calculated for the wife of a missionary. She appears to be as much engaged in the cause as he is and to have right motives and views of the whole field. I trust they will both be under the Divine direction and be instrumental in turning many souls to Christ. Samuel expects to remain with his friends three or four weeks and then he passes four months in riding through Ohio—Michigan—and Tennessee—as agent to the board of foreign Missions—to promote the cause by telling the wants and situation of the heathen and obtaining contributions. I really think he is more devoted to the cause of christ than any person

<sup>1</sup> Pianos were a new thing at this time. Mrs. Martin Hoffman and her sisters had always played on the harp in their girlhood. A later reference to a piano being sent in to Dr. Gilman's on the occasion of a musical party, makes one wonder whether the instrument used in New York then was the "portable grand" patented by Hawkins in Philadelphia in 1800. It was an upright and must have been very small and closed up like a cabinet.

<sup>2</sup> Son of Mrs. GILMAN'S brother, Rev. Samuel P. Robbins, of Marietta. This Samuel P. Robbins was going to 'Burmah as a missionary.



I ever saw. After breakfast the door bell rang and the servant came up and told me that Mr Jenney was in the parlour. I went down and it was an affecting meeting. He told me he left his wife on board the steam boat and thought he would run up a few minutes to see us. Eliza came in and told him she should be much hurt if they did not make her house their home while they remained in the city. He said they expected to remain in the town until Monday and he would accept her invitation with thanks. He left us and returned in half an hour with his wife. In the mean time we got the front chamber ready for them and Eliza moved up in Winthrops chamber. Samuel will sleep in Colden's chamber and he will sleep at his brother Murrays. Saturday 19th. Mrs Jenney is extremely plain but appears to be one of the best women in the world. I hope they will settle near Alton for I think her society will be an acquisition to any place. Sunday 20th. As it has rained all night I am afraid to go out and so I remained at home all day. We found out that Mr Jenney was to preach this morning at Chatham St Chapel—so Eliza sent for a hack and took Mr Jenney and Jane to Chatham St and Samuel went with Mrs Jenney and Elizabeth to hear Doc<sup>r</sup> M<sup>c</sup>Cauley. Eliza was much pleased with Mr Jenney and Mrs Jenney was much pleased with the Doctor. It was his communion sabbath and she was peculiarly gratified to commune with his church. In the evening Mr Starr called with Joseph Battell and passed a pleasant evening. Monday 21<sup>st</sup>. This morning at ten o'clock our friends all left us. As Samuel does not enter on pay until after his visit at Marietta—and left Andover with only five dollars—I gave him six dollars which was all I had. I shall produce the Bill of Exchange on Mr Starr the next time I see him. You know dear Winthrop there is a balance of the Cotton money in Martin's hands which I shall probably receive when he comes home. So that I shall have enough. Tuesday 22<sup>d</sup>. At home all day busily employed in fixing for my contemplated Journey. Wednesday 23<sup>d</sup>. Eliza rec<sup>d</sup> a letter from Martin dated 7<sup>th</sup> inst at Mackinaw. They talked of visiting the picture rocks on Lake Superior. I really think this a very imprudent

step—particularly for the Doc<sup>r</sup> as he will be much exposed to the cold and to storms on the Lake. May a kind Providence shield them from every harm. Thursday 24<sup>th</sup>. I walked out with Eliza for the first time since my confinement with the Influenza. I gave Colden my bills on M<sup>r</sup> Starr and he sent me a check on Bank of New York for \$200. Ought he not to take out some for him self. Friday 25<sup>th</sup>. I was made happy this day my dear Winthrop in receiving a letter from you, dated 10<sup>th</sup> inst informing us of the birth of a fine son. This is an epoch in your life, that you will never forget. You are now a father. Great and important are the duties which you are responsible for. O may you both have grace given you to train it up in the way it should go. May its immortal soul be washed in the blood of a Crucified Redeemer. May its precious life be spared and fitted for usefulness in the church. I do not ask for riches—neither do I ask for it honour. But I do pray that it may be sanctified by the Holy Ghost and made fit hereafter to Join the saints in light. I have felt extremely anxious about dear Abiah—too much so. On account of her fall. How much better is our heavenly father to his sinful creatures—than their deserts. O for a strong and lively faith to take hold of the promises in the Gospel. Thursday October 1<sup>st</sup>. For a week past I have been engaged with a mantua maker—making clothes for the girls. I find I have to buy a great many articles of clothing for them both. They came from Barrington entirely destitute of many necessary things. I have received your letter dear Winthrop enclosing a fifty dollar bill. Just as we were at dinner Serena rode up to the door with her dear little children.<sup>1</sup> She said it was so cold at Stratford, that she thought best to come to New

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Gilman and his first wife, Serena Hoffman, had eight children, only two of whom married. These were Robert Hale Gilman, born July 20, 1832, married in 1857, Caroline Pilcher, had six children, and died January 8, 1901; and Susan Hoffman Gilman, born June 21, 1834, married in 1858, James Ludlum, had eight children and died October 15, 1894. Dr. Gilman married (2) in 1844, Hannah H. Marshall. They had three children, Daniel T. Gilman, born September 23, 1845, married in 1872, Mary Stewart, had two children, and died June 19, 1911; Emma C. Gilman, now living in Middletown, Conn.; and Helen L., who died s.p. Dr. Gilman died September 26, 1865, and his wife died September 30, 1891.

York and fix up her house and be ready for the Doc<sup>r</sup> Eliza had written to her and invited her to stay here until he returned. I am rejoiced to see them all. They look perfectly well and happy. Friday 2<sup>d</sup> Eliza has rec<sup>d</sup> a letter from Martin dated Sault de St Mary. I am much afraid they will not be here before I commence my Journey. Saturday 3<sup>d</sup>. I wonder, dear Benjamin, if you recollect that this is the anniversary of the day of your birth. May you live my dear son many many years and come out boldly in the cause of Christ and grow in grace. This evening. M<sup>r</sup> Lindley Hoffman called and gave me a letter from Mr. Long. He tells me that M<sup>rs</sup> Silver — M<sup>rs</sup> Longs sister — will accompany us to Alton and they would probably be in N Y the 16th inst. Sunday 4th. Eliza and I — with the girls, went to Broome St and heard an admirable discourse from M<sup>r</sup> Adams. Monday 5th. I have written to M<sup>r</sup> Long and requested he would bring M<sup>rs</sup> Silver to 83 Walker St. I told him that my sons had not yet returned from the west — and if it met his approbation I should be glad if he would calculate to be in N Y, so as to commence our Journey west on Monday the 19<sup>th</sup> inst. All unite in love to you both — & to dear Abiah with a kifs for my little darling.

From y<sup>r</sup> Mother

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Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN went to Alton in the winter of 1835-1836 to visit her new daughter-in-law.

Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to her children, New York.

L Alton, Dec<sup>r</sup> 7<sup>th</sup> 1835

Your united letter, my very dear children, gave me more pleasure than I can exprefs. I am rejoiced my son, that you have returned in safety to your anxious wife and friends — and that your health is restored. I am rejoiced also, to hear you acknowledge with gratitude to your divine preserver, his goodness to you, while absent from those you so tenderly love. May we all feel our obligations and be more anxious to devote our spared lives to his honour and glory. I regreted exceedingly,

not seeing you before I left New York, for I felt a longing desire to hear you both talk of your Journey and relate your adventures. I often imagine to myself the whole family circle assembled at each other's fire side, listening to your anecdotes and making their remarks. May a kind Providence prolong our lives and grant us a happy meeting in his own good time. Tell dear Eliza, I have received her interesting Journal N° 1 and most ardently hope she will continue to write in that way. Benj<sup>n</sup> says it seems to bring him home. Poor child—he has been very unwell, ever since I have arrived at Alton. He says he has not felt well, for six months. I advised him to consult a physician. I am convinced myself—from his looks, and some other appearances—that he has the Jaundice. His face is as yellow almost as an orange. He is extremely weak and no appetite. He has lost flesh astonishingly since I have been with him. He has not been able to go to the store for about a week. Doc<sup>r</sup> Edwards was at the store, and he consulted him and he has advised him to keep house for a week and given him Cooks Pills, Blue Pills and quinine pills—with aloes Rhubarb—and Jalap—and written directions—which he has strictly followed for nearly a week. To day I can see that he is not so yellow and I hope with the blessing of heaven that he will recover his health. I think if my dear Serena knew with how much pleasure I read her part of the letter too—she would always add a little—if only a line—to all your letters. You cant think how much comfort I take in reading the particulars of the dear children, the Franklin stove—the little one—and everything else that concerns you all. I think you will find your stoves will save much fuel and be more comfortable than an open fire or grate. I wrote my dear Eliza soon after our arrival—and as soon as I received her Journal. I fully intended to have written you all long before this but as your brother had Just commenced keeping house and his things from New York Just arrived my whole time was occupied assisting Abiah, who cannot do much, on account of her very crying child. But he will soon be three months old and then we shall expect a change. I was quite astonished to hear you object to Abiah's calling her

husband M<sup>r</sup> Gilman. For my part I think it very correct. Why does not dear Serena call you Chandler. I recollect your uncle Isaac took your sister to task for calling her husband Martin and told her she ought to respect him enough to say M<sup>r</sup> Hoffman. I shall enclose a three dollar bill in this—my dear son—and wish you would do me the favour to pay M<sup>r</sup> Morse for next year's Observer and tell him to send it to Lower Alton, Ill. If you publish an account of your travels I hope you will send us one. We have been much pleased with the Log cabin. Abiah was reading the Hunter's vow—and I was amused with her remark to Winthrop—she said "while I was reading it I felt as if I should loose my breath." She says mother—give my love to the Doc<sup>r</sup>—and tell him that my boy, is prettier than his. They all write in love to yourself and Serena. Tell Eliza I shall write to her next week. Love to all the children—not forgetting dear Jane. From your affectionate

Mother H G.

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Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to her children, New York.

Lower Alton Jan<sup>y</sup> 4<sup>th</sup> 1836

I wish you all my dear children, a happy new year. May you have a wish—to live nearer to God this year than you ever did before. May you all look back on the past year—and this year, dedicate yourselves afresh to the Lord and pray for strength to persevere in the ways of holiness. You are all surrounded with temptations to stray from God. Nothing but fervent persevering prayer, will keep you from them. O keep near to a throne of grace. Our heavenly father, loves to hear his children cry to him for all that they need. And like as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that fear and love him. You all my beloved children, need a double portion of the Holy Spirit—to keep you near to him. O that he would grant it for his great name's sake. The inhabitants of this town have been—and still are—favoured with an outpouring of the spirit of God. Our pastor and officers of the church found in visiting the people

that many were under serious impressions and some struggling under deep convictions of sin. It was thought best to send for some of the neighboring clergy and have a protracted meeting. It began yesterday week. The church was well filled and every one was solemn as Eternity. Christians of both sexes had separate rooms where they poured out their hearts to God for his holy spirit to descend upon us—and convict and convert the impenitent. I trust there were many wrestling Jacob's and prevailing Israel's in the place—who felt as Jacob did when he said *I will not let thee go until thou blest me*. Blessed be God—that he has stiled himself a prayer-hearing and a prayer answering God. He has, I humbly trust answered the prayers of his own children. Many have come forward who were labouring under convictions of sin—and taken their place on the anxious seat—for christians to beseech God to convert their hearts and give them strength to persevere in the ways of holiness. And O my dear children—one and all—how do you think I felt when dear Elizabeth, who was sitting at my side—got up with a mild and firm countenance—and took her seat with others and gave herself to Jesus. It was an affecting Joyful sight. She told me the night before—that she was convinced there was no happiness in this world but in religion. That she loved to attend the prayer meetings and enjoy<sup>d</sup> the company of christians, more than any other. She attends all the meetings—and O my dear Jane I have heard your sister, pour out her heart in prayer at the female prayer meeting. She has chosen that good part that can never be taken from her. And will you not my dear child, seek an interest in that Saviour—that is so precious to the heart of your sister. You are not too young to die—and while the door of mercy is open pray to the Lord that he would turn your heart to himself and grant you his holy spirit—to convict you of your sinfulness and convert you to himself. May he give you a longing desire after and interest in his love—and a spirit of persevering prayer that you may obtain the blessing. I presume my dear son and daughter, that the account that I have given you will be more pleasing than any thing I could say. You both love the cause of your sav-



iour—and love to see his kingdom advancing, and his glory bursting forth. M<sup>r</sup> North, whom you have seen, has been under deep convictions but determined to resist them—and harden his heart. Last evening after the meeting was over, he came to Winthrop—with a melting heart and eyes filled with tears and sobed out—“I will give myself to Jesus. He begged that he would pray for him—and ask all christians to do the same. Said Winthrop—will you go to M<sup>r</sup> Grave’s? (for they two were in the church alone.) O yes said M<sup>r</sup> North—I will go—and tell him what a sinner I have been. They went—and before they left the house, he knelt down and solemnly gave himself to Jesus—with a determination in his strength to be his forever. Isaac Scarrit has also come out from the world and given himself to Christ. He gives striking evidence of being a meek follower of the blefsted Lamb. Many others whom you do not know—are determined in the strength of Jesus—to be his forever. And may the Lord give them strength. This day you know is set apart by christians I believe, of all denominations—as a day of fasting and prayer, for the conversion of the world. It is a solemn time in this town. May the Lord hear the prayers—answer—and show mercy—and take the glory to himself. The family are all well, except Benj<sup>n</sup> who is still troubled with his old complaints—though able to be about and attend the religious meetings. We have just heard by the St Louis paper—most awful news. That half of the city of NY is in ruins. That many of the most wealthy are made Bankrupts by fire. Do my dear son let us know who are the sufferers—& if yourself—L M H & C<sup>o</sup>, or any that we are particularly interested in—have felt the stroke. We do hope to hear this afternoon from your pen, or Eliza’s, or dear Serena’s further particulars of this distrefsing news.<sup>1</sup> All send love to All. Our dear baby grows finely and I fear we love him too much. Kifs your dear ones & give dear Lin & Emily a kifs for Grandmaa. Tell Martin I thank him a thousand times for his very interesting letter—which he took pains to write while Irene—Joe—

<sup>1</sup> By this fire on December 16, 1835, 674 buildings and property valued at twenty millions, were destroyed.

and other company were in the next room I can only say it was Just like Martin. I long for Eliza's Journal. Pray for us my dear children & remember your mother.

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WINTHROP S. GILMAN to his wife, Alton, Ill.

Springfield, 22<sup>d</sup> Jan'y 1836

Dear Wife,

We arrived here safely to day to dinner having rode 20 miles this cold day, very comfortably — indeed we are so completely shelter'd by our thick clothing that cold cannot much effect us, except our faces. We had quite a pleasant ride the first day to Carlinville & I found my 2<sup>d</sup> overcoat burthensome so that I rode without it, got in before dark & had a good supper of hot buckwheat cakes & comfortable lodgings. We started early yesterday & encounter'd a severe snow storm which forced us to stop an hour or two about ten miles from Carlinville, where we ate a hearty dinner & started north again. Stopped the night at Row's Mill, where M<sup>rs</sup> Jayne<sup>1</sup> & all stopped to warm when we went up — every thing looked so dirty that it was difficult to eat, but the house was tight & very warm. I called this evening at D<sup>r</sup> J — all enquired for you. I find that father Lippincott left Springfield today about 2 hours after I arrived. I invited D<sup>r</sup> Jayne & his family to make us a visit at Alton & he invited me to make his house my home when I came to Springfield. We expect to leave here tomorrow & spend the Sabbath about half way between this & Peoria. We shall probably leave our horses at Peoria & take the Stage there for Galena. I have thought a great deal about you & dear little Arthur since I left & wish I could tonight be with you in place of this uncomfortable place, but duty calls onward & I obey, hope I may be spared to meet you again in three

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Jayne was the sister of Rev. Mr. LIPPINCOTT's second wife, Henrietta M. Slater, and the mother of Senator Lyman Trumbull's first wife. Mr. Trumbull was United States Senator from Illinois for eighteen years and was an intimate friend of WINTHROP S. GILMAN.

weeks, meantime & ever I commit you my darling to the kind providence that has always watched over us & am

-Your attached husband

W S Gilman

P. S.

Please tear off the next page & give it to Benj<sup>n</sup>—& remember me kindly to Dear Mother & Eliz<sup>th</sup>.—Hope Maa has a ride to meeting next Sunday.

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WINTHROP S. GILMAN to his wife, Alton, Ill.

Peoria (Wednesday) 27 Jan'y 1836

Darling Wife,

I wrote to you from Springfield giving an account of our journey that far, which I hope you have received. We left Springfield at 10 o'clock & rode about 30 miles that day quite comfortably and stopped at a little log hut almost 5 miles from any Settlement, where we passed the Sabbath in reading Some tracts, thinking of Home, talking of benevolent projects, &c &c—the day was very mild & pleasant & I hope Maa had the pleasure of attending Church. I think very constantly about my two darling little petties & really feel as tho' it would be a luxury even to hear little Arthur snuffle a little. I am getting quite anxious to reach home again & shall hurry back as fast as possible. We are detained here two days in consequence of missing the Stage day, but shall probably start for Galena tomorrow in the Stage & if no Accident occurs hope to reach that place on Sunday next—I hope therefore to be in Alton on our return between the 11<sup>th</sup> & 10<sup>th</sup> February. We have not received any letter from Ben & I hope both he & you my dearest, will both write to me on 4<sup>th</sup> Feby directed to care Mather, Lamb & C<sup>o</sup> Springfield. M<sup>r</sup> Kirkpatrick & M<sup>r</sup> Brewster, (who were to have been our companions if we had gone up on Horseback) arrived here this morning. They enquired after us as they come along & one man who had seen us, asked them what we had been doing for we travelled faster than he ever saw men & that we must then be 70 miles ahead. It seems he supposed from our rapid gate that

we were fugitives from justice. The Tavern here is the most comfortable we have been at—the table is rather indifferent but the beds are excellent. Captain Godfrey seems inclined for me to turn in my acre, to the concern & he & I build two houses for our residency on Market Street directly back of the church. How would you like it? I would promise to build you a much larger house than Your present one, with a Kitchen on the Same floor & then we would be so near the Church that Maa would have no difficulty in going there. This would be much more convenient on many accounts, but I tell the Captain I must consult you about it. This is one of the most beautiful town sites I ever saw & quite a pretty town—the buildings being in better taste than we generally see, the Court house when finished will be the handsomest I have seen in the State. The Country between this & Springfield is very beautiful, the prairies are much more rolling than they are further South & many beautiful groves, like clusters of Islands, arising in their midst. Please say to Benjamin that town lots on the two principal Streets here are from 30c to 50c per front foot, which as there is an abundance of room seems to me higher much, in proportion than at Alton.

Give a great deal of love from me, dearest, to Maa Lizzy & Benjamin & Kiss my darling little Arthur for his pappy & with ten thousand endearing remembrances for yourself believe me As ever Your tenderly attached husband  
W S Gilman

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Irene Battell to Dr. C. R. Gilman, New York.<sup>1</sup>

Norfolk Thursday March 10<sup>th</sup>

My love and a thousand thanks to you, dear Doctor, for your kind letter, and word in Maria's.

So you do miss me, and wish me back again. Don't you know I'm the most credulous of all women, even to a proverb? You must take care that you are not chargeable for the robbing me of my wits—aye—of making a foolish, vain girl of me. Mama says, "how came you to

<sup>1</sup> MS. loaned by W. Stewart Gilman, Sioux City, Iowa.

be such a favourite of Chandlers'' I had not whispered such an acknowledgment to myself—how could I resist it now? ''Why really, Mama, I'm a very clever girl—and the Doctor appreciates—that is all''—Seriously, dear cousin, I was gratified beyond measure, to obtain such a proof of your remembrance and affection—and I am happier for it—for who is not, at such an assurance, from one they value, whose kind interest—is precious, as yours is to me? but you should not find fault with Eliza because she does not sing the same tunes that I did—she cannot learn every thing—for Emily will have the ''White Cockade'', and Lin will have an ''Indian Dance'' and it is such an interruption to all practicing, that to learn all is more than any one deserves—besides she plays more of your favourites than any other person—begging Mrs Witherspoon's Pardon. I shall not fail to acknowledge my indebtedness to her, for keeping my songs in store for me, until I shall see you again—all benevolent song singers, keep upon their own ground—she has shown herself to belong to that honourable class, and I cannot but give her my most hearty thanks—as I do not you for chiding her, but as I do, for wishing to hear any of my performances. I believe I sung my song out in New York. I have hardly tuned a note since I came home—the instrument does not suit—and the girls wont accompany me—and it is lonesome singing alone—and I wish for other days, almost—I would not be wicked, and wish vainly—but I do remember with so much pleasure, some of the hours that we have sung together, I would fain wish more like them may be in store for me—for the delightful family parties you speak of, I would like of all things to be an appendage—as that may not be, I can only hope for your sake, they are as pleasant as those I wot of—but dont get high, as you did at ''Murrays''—or expose Eliza, as you did me at ''brother Lin's''—by requesting her to sing ''Goosey goosy gander'' after supper!

How are your babies now a days? and how are Cousin Serena's eyes? I wish in my heart they may be better—mine are sad enough, since I came home—I think the snow affects them—but that is going away gradually

we hope, and I shall not have that to complain of—tell little Serena, Ellen has lately appeared in an apron after the fashion of one of hers—as nearly as Mama’s memory and ingenuity serves her—and she fancies there has a near and new relationship sprung up between them, in consequence. She is not quite so good a girl as Serena—but is improving—as for Bob I wish I could see him eat his dinner—it is a sight to cure a dispeptic—and little Sue—by the bye—is it decided who of you has the finest children yet?

Our Sarah has trotted away to Hartford, and our house is desolate. She deserves a scolding, I think—though you say, “Nothing”—she talks faster—laughs more, than ever I knew her—she says, it is second childhood.

Urania is by my side, who is reckoned the chief treasure in this part of the country—but you would better like Anna—who is so sly and roguish there is no living with her. When is your new book “coming out”? We are “all on tip toe,” and Joseph will send it as soon as it appears. We expect to be delighted.

Mother sends love to you all—the girls too—all begging the “book” may come, as soon as possible.

I hope you will happen to find another stray sheet of paper, that will do for nothing better than to write me upon—Will you not look in the “little red portfolio”?

With love to the Walker Street cousins—and all others as you see them in your wanderings to Canal Street, and to “Lin’s”—I must beg to be excused for writing you in such a hurry—and that my love may be accepted with yourself and all your circle at home—believe me always your aff<sup>e</sup> cousin

Irene Battell

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Irene Battell to Dr. C. R. Gilman, New York.<sup>1</sup>

Norfolk April 20” 1836

Dear Doctor

Only think of your letter coming to me so late, that I have not time even to send a “regret” in any season—

<sup>1</sup> MS. loaned by W. Stewart Gilman, Sioux City, Iowa.



much less to look over my music, put a clean "bib and tucker" in a shape to ride, and be in your most delightful circle tomorrow night, at eight, nine or ten o'clock as the proper time may be. I cannot tell you how very happy I should be could I go—indeed, it is hard for me to feel at all reconciled to my necessity. I would go a journey to attend one of your ordinary family parties—to hear you and Eliza sing—listen to Martin's jokes, and join Murray's laugh—to these charms, you have added in your list more than I could have believed possible—and I am denied their magic—is it not too bad!—but I may as well be resigned for go I cannot now—though if Mother were at home, I might at least have the luxury of dreaming, though I do not know that a two days journey would take me as far as New York this muddy travelling. It is a pleasure to know you are to have such an evening, and I thank you most sincerely for the information, as also for the invitation. in good truth, Doctor—you are the kindest, most thoughtful cousin in the world, though you do write books—and I shall not soon forget to whom I am indebted for this "petition", and those flattering words "If we could only have Irene"—but I hope you will all be as happy as I know I should be—and I'll wish so the whole evening long—and try to catch some of the sweet sounds even at this distance. Oh I know I shall see Cic. laugh though I not at her side.

Maria wrote me of this Miss Philipson—how long has she been practicing? If I remember correctly, her Uncle, who dined with yourself at Mr Hoffman's last winter, said he had a different system from the common, of teaching—which pushed one on at a prodigious rate. I would like to hear her, and be made acquainted with the mysteries of his profession—for my way is slow enough—and rugged too. Mrs Hills, or Hill, I have often heard of as a pianist—and once met her on Lake George—a sweet woman, I thought. Miss Elwell, I dare say will charm you—Mr Ferhman would me—and Mr Dayton Hobart will Maria & Cecilia. What a pity I am not to be with him, to give him correct time!—I never thought of it until this moment—but Maria has a taste for "going ahead" in her instrumental and other performances. We

must despair of both of them Doctor—for Maria will be charmed beyond recall at his playing, and he will be habituated beyond reform at its effect—it will never do for me to sing with him, certainly.

Maria wrote me of the dinner party at your brother Lins—it must have been delightful—and Cic wrote of a very pleasant evening party at your house—where she was very happy—yet missed me—(as I do her when I am not at your house.) where she saw your excellent friends Mr & Mrs Witherspoon—whom I would like to see too—as well as my cousin “Joseph”, and your boy Bob, and your lady daughter Serena, and younger one Susan. Will you please give to each of them my love—and to Eliza and her sweet children. We are living very comfortably without Mother, but we hope to see her safely home on Saturday,—I am indebted to Maria & Cecilia for a thousand favours “last not least”, for a precious letter from each—I shall write them soon.

Yours sincerely

Irene Battell.

Mifs Irene Battell tendereth her gracious homage to her distinguished petitioners of the far famed city of Gotham, & devoutly acknowledges her grateful sense of the very flattering mark of distinction by which they honour her—but deeply regrets her utter inability to comply with their earnest and kind petition—She begs leave to refer them to Doct: C. R. Gilman, respectively and collectively for an explanation of those “various hindrances” which must prevent her compliance with their “prayer, &c”—To each of them, she would be kindly remembered, and would assure them that their goodness, especially in this expression of their regard, will be long impressed upon her heart, and often “wake to memory there”—

To,

C. R. Gilman

Serena Gilman

Maria Hoffman

Eliza H. Hoffman

Lin

Mary Hoffman

Mifs C. Hoffman

Harriett S. Hoffman

Mrs Hoffman

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In April of this year, Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN took her daughter-in-law and baby to New York for the summer. They were accompanied by Benj. Ives Gilman and Rev. and Mrs. LIPPINCOTT.

WINTHROP S. GILMAN to his wife, New York.

Alton 30 April 1836.

My darling Wife,

I had the pleasure to receive the few lines you wrote from St Louis & was very glad to hear the babe stood the journey that far so well. Mr Gear arrived from Galena, I believe, the day after you left & I was in consequence obliged to prepare for an immediate trip to Springfield. I expected to go on Teusday after you left, but found I could not leave 'till Thursday, & then found so much to do that I had to put it off 'till the Monday following, & only returned yesterday afternoon. The roads were so bad that the Stage did not run from Springfield & I had to ride in a crate set on a tongue & axletree with but one pair of wheels, from Springfield to Carrollton & then got almost covered with mud. I never saw the roads in so bad a condition. It still keeps cloudy & rainy & the river is within a few inches of our warehouse. Last Sabbath we had a communion; Sermon by Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr Spaulding of Cin<sup>ti</sup>\* & I enjoyed great happinefs in renewing my covenant with my God in company with many dear brethern who I hope we shall soon meet in the presence of our merciful & blessed Redeemer in Heaven. Isaac Scarrit & young Mr Jones joined the church. I have had a great prefs of businefs on my mind lately & I know I should have been much more puzzled with it, had I not have daily & frequently been able to cast all the care of it off & loose it in a feeling of trust in an overruling providence. Oh! we need not dearest have so "much care" as we do about "many things"; if we would but cultivate that prayerful, happy & submissive frame of mind which after we have endeavoured to do our duty leaves the result with God & trusts him without doubting, knowing that whether

\* Collection 450\$ Am Education Socy.

he takes away or spares, whether he chastises or comforts all will work well for us, for our kind & dear father's at the helm. Mr Turner gave two Temperance lectures, the last one Sunday eve<sup>g</sup>: when about 60 joined the Society—his success has been also very good at Upper Alton, Jerseyville & Carrollton. The Temperance paper will probably be out next week. I am becoming very zealous in this cause—the more I think on the subject the more important I consider it as a means of the conversion of the world & if my life is spared I think I shall endeavour to help on its progress in this State. Mr Pierson is (much to his own disappointment) getting better & I think he will soon be out again. When I am not immersed in business then I think of you love & of our darling Arthur & I want to see you again so much that it seems as tho' I could not wait so long as I probably shall have to. I hope to have frequent letters from you & particular ones that I may know what you do & where you go & who you see & how they act. You will see a great many new & wonderful sights & a thousand vain things, for all is not Gold that Glitters. I trust you will keep so near to God as will prevent the clouds of this world from screening him from your view. I pray, dearest, that you may be able to walk close with him. I have not heard from Benjamin since his letter of 5 inst. Please say to him that while I was gone our boys sold 3500 pigs lead @ 5½<sup>c</sup> Cash & I can probably close 3 to 5000 more at same rate cash & shall probably do so. The Bank will probably do but a small business all summer—go on the side of safety—Sales of Goods are very brisk & our stock diminishing like the morning dew. Hope to get the Doctors book ere long. Remember me to your father & mother & Miss Mary Jane & buy some nice sugar plums for her from me & be sure to give little Lin, Emily & the Doctors children many pretty little things as it will make Martin & Eliza Doctor & Serena think a heap more of you. I want you also to get a plenty of handsome plain new dresses, Shawls & such like things for yourself & don't be too careful of how much they cost. You must recollect darling you don't visit N York every year. I shall send you on some money soon, when I can meet with some





MRS. WINTHROP SARGENT GILMAN (ABIA  
S. LIPPINCOTT)

From an ambrotype taken in New Orleans, La.,  
in 1848



small Eastern draft. Had you not better make one visit to your aunts<sup>1</sup> before I get on, as it is somewhat uncertain whether I can go there, but I should be glad to & will if I can. Tell Ben I am only waiting on Hayden for the completion of the draft of the Prairie House to give him the contract—he thinks he can build it by October or November. I shall look for Cap Godfrey here in about 2 weeks, I think I shall propose to him to give up our Dry Goods & Hardware business & try to have our capital called in more, which would I think give us all much more time & we have enough other business to occupy us, which I think would pay us well. I should be very glad if Maa could come out this fall & live with us, if Eliza will consent. Give my best love to her & to all the families & write often to your tenderly attached husband.

W S Gilman

Kindest love to Father & Mother.

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WINTHROP S. GILMAN to his wife, New York.

Alton 7 May 1836

My dear Wife,

I wrote you about a week since & have since had the pleasure of receiving your letter with Maa's P. S. from Louisville & was very sorry to learn the party were so unwell but hope it was not of long Continuance, but that ere this you are safely landed in New York & have a good nurse to help you. I have regretted very much you did not Secure a nurse here as the fatigue of attending to the Child is, I think, what has worried Maa & made her sick.

It gives me a great deal of happiness to hear that you were well & had a good appetite & I trust I shall find you blooming as a "Hebe" when I get on to New York & that you have picked up your crumbs finely. I did not attempt to accommodate any at Presbytery—some went to Tavern & others to Upper Alton & on the whole it was rather a dry time, except M<sup>r</sup> Turners temperance Lecture which was delivered before the Ministers. I spent

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. GILMAN'S own aunt, Mrs. Jesse Crissey, of Monticello, N. Y., who was now a widow.

the night at M<sup>rs</sup> Longs last night. She has given up Housekeeping & boards at her house with Prella & his wife. Their baby is about the age of ours but not one tenth part as pretty & has hardly a sign of any down or hair on his head. Upper Alton is improving about as fast as lower Alton & looks very pleasant. M<sup>r</sup> Pierson is getting quite smart & I think will be out in two or three weeks. M<sup>rs</sup> Emerson wanted to borrow our Spy Glafs & I went up to our house & hunted over the closets but could not find it. The Hill looks charmingly now, everything is so fresh & green about it & I long to be at house-keeping & settled again & look forward very eagerly for the time to come when I may hasten to you, dearest,—but my time is not at my own disposal or I would start very quick. I hope Cap Godfrey will soon get back, but do not wish Ben to come till late. I wish you would say to him, if he is in New York, that I have read his letter of 19 April & am much pleased with it. I have given out the Contract for the Prairie House, to be finished by 15 October next, & I think it will be a very neat dwelling. I do not write Benjamin thinking he may have started & having but little time, but give some news on the other page which you will please hand him if he is in New York, and with my best love to Maa & all the families I remain

Your tenderly attached

W S Gilman

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WINTHROP S. GILMAN to his wife, New York.

Alton Saturday Night 14 May 1836

My darling Wife,

The time has again rolled round for me to have the happiness of writing my own dear love, and a happiness indeed it is for I look forward to it with pleasure knowing that you love to hear from me. My last was written a week since, & I shall try to prove a punctual correspondent even tho' I have not much to tell you. I hope & believe I shall very often hear from you, for you know your letters afford me great satisfaction. The last mail

brought me your Maa's letter from Pittsburgh & I was rejoic'd to learn you had gone along so well & particularly that you were gaining flesh & seemed in such good spirits. We should be very thankful that our darling Arthur was so well,—I regret much that Mother's<sup>1</sup> baby was so poorly but hope he improved as you approached the East. I long to see you dearest, and our little babe—it seems an age to wait 'till July and I really think if I get you once again safe in my possession, I will not consent to part with you. M<sup>rs</sup> Godfrey was in town to day & she was so anxious to hear I shew her Ben's last letter. She said the Captain should not go away again without her & I told her I had come to same conclusion in regard to my wife—I cant bear to be seperated so long from you & every day am getting more impatient, yet see no prospect of my leaving here before 25 June to 5 July & perhaps not then. Business is becoming less confining & I hope now to have time to go into the country a good deal. Last night I passed at Jno Mannings in Upper Alton. M<sup>rs</sup> M had been sick for near a week but was rather better. She desired a great deal of love to Maa & you when I wrote. I forgot to pay your debt to Sewing So<sup>y</sup> until I received your letter, but have let the ladies know it was my fault & paid the amount due. Miss Nutter was married a few evenings since to M<sup>r</sup> King & they have gone up the Ill River M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> King sent to you & myself a large slice of excellent wedding cake & I took about  $\frac{2}{3}$ ds of it immediately up to the house & wrapped it up very carefully in a towel—there it lies snugly packed away in one corner of the beaureau 'till you get back to eat it. M<sup>r</sup> Mac Lane left us about one week after Presbytery. I paid him 10\$ from Maa He seemed very thankful & expressed himself very handsomely toward me & my family. I did not think of it today or would have got a Bank check for 100\$ & sent you, for I want you should get yourself & baby plenty of good plain pretty things & make abundance of little presents to the children, as they will all take it as a mark of peculiar good sense & discernment in you to notice them so much. You must remember me to your Aunts, M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Beckley & c

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. GILMAN'S step-mother.

when you visit them. I have not determined the Situation of the prairie house as yet; as I find some beautiful sites close by the Seminary about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile nearer Alton than Cap Godfreys & I would rather have 2 acres there than 20 in the field near the Captain's, the situation is so much prettier & higher. How does Martin come on getting our carriage? I wrote to him long since about the sale of his house & the purchase of another but have no answer from him—also wrote the Doctor for whom I made a first rate purchase. I have received Ben's very interesting letter of 25 April & should reply to it but have but little doubt he will have left N York before this reaches you. If he is there tell him I hope our Stock has been sold by Mr Starr at 111 & over, as the Bank will not probably declare a large dividend for a year or so as was expected. How comes on the Doctors Book? I dont hear of it or see any accounts of it. The Alton got to New Orleans safely & is expected up in a day or two. Have not heard from Lizzy as yet. Nothing very new in Alton, businefs has been brisk this Spring. Our meetings are very well attended on Sabbath, but the prayer meetings rather drag along—Christians as usual, recreant to their professions. We have not the love that was in Christ Jesus deep & lasting within us. We do not feel that continual sorrow for our brethren that Paul felt And we are too much like those on whom the woe is pronounced "*that are at ease in Zion.*"—Oh! how ungrateful when Jesus has done so much for us. The Baptists are about building a very handsome church near Mr Lanes house, expect to have a high steeple with clock in it that will strike each hour. I am very anxious to see Cap Godfrey & hope he will soon arrive. I commit you & my child to the care of our heavenly father. If he grants us the priviledge of meeting & living long together here, we shall be very happy. With a great of love to my dear Mother, sisters & brothers, I am Yours affectionately

W S Gilman

There are some allusions in Mr. GILMAN's letters to his "scruples" about spending money for those things which

he considered luxuries. In his early life he dedicated his growing means to the great causes which he ardently upheld, and, in spite of all temptations incident to a large family, he consistently kept his pledge to himself. He began by giving away one-tenth of his net income and increased the proportion as his income increased, until he reached one-quarter. Systematic Benevolence was one of his hobbies and a little book on the subject still is in existence which was written in response to a premium offered by him in 1847.

WINTHROP S. GILMAN to his wife, New York.

Alton 21' May 1836

My dear Wife,

I wrote you a week since & have not had the pleasure of a letter from you since but expect very soon to learn of your arrival at New York. Captain Godfrey arrived yesterday & brought the pleasing intelligence that you had all got safely to Columbia P<sup>a</sup>, for which I desire to be thankful. Nothing very interesting has occurred here. Last Sabbath evening we had a very excellent Sermon from M<sup>r</sup> Graves on the prosperity of Alton &c, a very full house. Our temperance paper is published & I send a copy by this mail directed to Maa—we are determined to secure its extensive circulation thro' the State if possible. Cap G has brought on a plan for two very pretty houses for us, to be erected near the Bank; I tell him that the plan is too expensive an one—each house is about 28 feet by 51 with very wide entry, two parlours with folding doors—a very handsome back building attached to the house with Dining room & Kitchen in it on level with the parlours—ceilings very high & the plan altogether most commodious, beautiful & such as I think you would much approve of. I dont know whether we shall make early preparations to build, but should not be surprised if we were to, as my scruples are almost conquered by knowing that it would please you—and my own beloved & darling wife I do feel most anxious to do any thing for you who are so kind to me. It is to you

that I owe a great share of my enjoyments & happiness & it seems as tho' I could hardly be kind enough to you in return. I remember you & our dear babe often in my prayers & trust that God will give you abundant grace from that "*river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of our God*" May you enjoy high, pure & holy intercourse with the Father of our Spirits, and day by day gain strength to overcome the evils of this world, and be more & more conformed to Christ. I can hardly bear to think of the long weeks that are yet to pass before we meet—I cannot tell when I shall be able to leave here, but think of you very constantly & long for the happiness of your society. I enclose a check on Boston for two hundred & five dollars Drawn to order of L M Hoffman & C<sup>o</sup> which you must hand to Martin & he will let you have the money for it. One hundred dollars is for you & the remainder for Maa. With kindest love to all—Your sincerely attached & rather lonesome husband  
 It is too late at night or should  
 write more. A thousand Kisses for  
 my darling boy. W S Gilman

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Just after the Prohibition Amendment to our Constitution became law, the Editor received a letter from one of WINTHROP S. GILMAN's sons, from which are taken some extracts; "The Temperance Herald [was] published by a Committee of which Father was Chairman. It was published at Alton and two hundred and fifty thousand copies were distributed. . . . Uncle Doctor contributed half a dozen articles and stories. . . . These papers are dated 1837-1839. My thoughts have reverted to the work done by Father eighty years ago, since it now has borne full fruition. . . . I feel that the early pioneers in this long campaign are worthy of special honor. . . and was glad . . . to do some slight thing in Father's memory yesterday. (January 19, 1919). So . . . I made a pilgrimage to Greenwood and laid a wreath of immortelles on his grave."



WINTHROP S. GILMAN to his wife, New York.

Alton 28 May 1836

My darling Wife,

I had the pleasure of writing to you last week endorsing I A Chandler Cash of Bank of Caledonia's check on Globe Bank Boston from Nathan Scarritt & endorsed to L M Hoffman & C<sup>o</sup> for \$205—100 of which was for you & the remainder for maa. I have since had the great happiness of receiving your very kind & interesting letter of 7 inst with Maa's P. S. & feel thankful you were all so comfortably over your journey. I am much indebted to our good friend M<sup>r</sup> Whipple whom I have a very high opinion of. Your & maa's friends here enquire often about you & our darling little Son & feel much affection & interest for you both. M<sup>rs</sup> D<sup>r</sup> Long has a fine boy & Lucia had a fine girl that nursed well & appeared very well for about a day & all at once died suddenly without any apparent cause & I hear she has since been very ill. I should think she would feel dreadfully & I sympathize with her & regret much her loss. M<sup>rs</sup> Manning's health is so poor that they have let a M<sup>r</sup> Tower take the house & they board with him which I am very glad of as it will no doubt relieve her much. M<sup>r</sup> Graves left us last Monday to go to Marietta for his parents & will probably be back in two or three weeks, & I am boarding at his house while he is gone. The girl who is living there (Miss Penser) is the same one Maa tried to get for you as nurse & she says she should have gone if she had known it. I was at Captain Godfrey's a night or two since & we have concluded to build two houses adjoining the Bank, the corner for himself & the next to corner for us & the plan he has is most beautiful. I have drawn a little sketch of it so that you may see how you will like it. I had some scruples whether I ought to build so expensively, but I have thought that in building I had better erect a good & large house so that we could have room to accommodate plenty of good folks as they come along, but I hope you will accord with me in having it very plainly furnished, while it is well furnished. My dearest & darling petty it gives me very great pleasure to erect this house as I

know you will like it & I am determined to try to have it finished so that we may, if our lives are spared, spend the winter in it — on Monday Morning a large gang of hands commence digging the cellars & I doubt not I could have the houses finished were I to stay here, but fear we may be disappointed. Oh! I do long, long, long to be with my own dear love & as the time grows shorter that separates us, it hangs heavier & absence seems the more insupportable. I intend to try hard to get off between the 20 June and 1<sup>st</sup> July and am now arranging my business in view of that. Mr Delevan the Chairman of the Ex Com<sup>e</sup> N. Y. State Temp<sup>e</sup> Soc<sup>y</sup>. is to be here Monday & our Ex<sup>e</sup> Committee expect to have a conference with him about measures &c &c. Temperance goes on well — we put a copy of our paper into every House in town & they will do the same at many places & we think Mr Turner has done a great deal of good already. I wish the Doctor would bend his talents to this subject & write some short & pointed temperance, allegories stories or the like for our paper. I feel very desirous that our Temperance paper should circulate extensively & in order to this, want that it should show talent in its columns. Our Com<sup>e</sup> will pay well for his services, besides the great reward he would have of knowing he was doing good. I observe that the American Temperance Societys annual meeting is on 5 August at Saratoga Springs & American Temp Union meet<sup>s</sup> at same place on the 9<sup>th</sup> of August which if I can possibly so arrange it I want to attend accompanied by Mother, my darling wife & any of the rest of the family or friends that will go. Please say to the Doctor that Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr — Mifs Matilda Nicholas Husband called on me a short time since & was quite well. Jno Van Antwerp & a large number of the Young Men of Alton expect to build a large boarding house for themselves just below our gate on William Street — it is a Stock company. The Hotel is like to be erected at last. I have a letter from Benj<sup>n</sup> & see he is likely to return via Galena & shall probably write him to that place in a few days. I today received a letter from Eliz<sup>th</sup> all well, Lebanon 5 May, she seemed very well pleased & expressed a great deal of gratitude to us. The postscript of her father evinces a

very generous disposition I will copy it. "In addition Dear Sir I have to say that my daughter joins me in adding a draft on Mr Hoffman New York for \$100 — which we beg your acceptance as a small return for many favors, to purchase just what you & your good lady please for a Keep Sake". I enclose the draft which Martin will pay you & you must buy something with it to remember my dear lizzy with. Let it be something useful as well as ornamental, darling. I think you better write me as soon as you receive this to care of Henry Starr Esq: Cincinnati & pay the postage. Give my very kindest, warmest & best love to my darling mother & remember me affectionately to all the family not forgetting our dear father & mother & Mifs Mary Jane for whom & Lin & all the children I hope you get plenty of sugar plums, cakes & pretty things. Your sincerely attached husband

W S Gilman

[The plan of a very simply arranged house was drawn in by Mr. GILMAN.]

Not having room I have drawn the  
back buildings here again —  
House fronts 28 ft to Street  
the back building is 2 Stories  
high back stairs go up between  
the kitchen & sitting room to  
chambers above —  
House 2 Stories besides basement —  
first story 12½ feet high —  
House of Brick, with green blinds —

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WINTHROP S. GILMAN to his wife, New York.

Alton 4 June 1836

My darling Wife —

Saturday night has again come with all its relief after a very busy, exciting & pleasant week. Wednesdays mail brought me your & maas very interesting & affectionate letter of 14 May & I observe you have been writing me on Saturdays the very day that I have employed in part

in the same delightful way. I am glad you attended one of the Anniversaries & hope for the happiness of waiting on you to one of the greatest meetings that has ever taken place in the United States, at Saratoga Springs 4 Aug<sup>t</sup>.

I had written thus far when I had to go to a Tract Meeting & it is now after 10 O'clock at night & I shall therefore not have the pleasure of writing much. I regret much to inform you of Lucia Randall's death which took place about 4 days since—she seemed during her sickness a pattern of patience & said she had been praying for months that she might be prepared to die & we hope she is now happy in heaven. M<sup>rs</sup> Alexander is very low with liver complaint & but little hope of her recovery. She is completely resigned & looks forward to death with perfect composure. I am very glad you were going to Philadelphia & also that you had procured a good nurse, hope she will come out with you to Alton & that you will get as fat & plump as Abia Lippincott was when I fell first in love with her at the Wedding in the little log cabin—Oh! my darling how can I bear this separation—I cannot bear the thoughts of it & were it not that I am so hurried that I can have no time to think, I should almost sink under this painful absence. I am glad your money vanishes, I have sent you 100\$ which I suppose will last nearly 'till I come on, but shall probably send more soon if I can meet with a little draft. M<sup>r</sup> Delevan the Chairman of the Ex<sup>e</sup> Com<sup>e</sup> N Y S. Temp<sup>e</sup> So has been here with his wife & I never became acquainted with a couple that I esteemed so highly on so short an acquaintance. I would have given almost any thing had we been at housekeeping. M<sup>r</sup> D met our Ex<sup>e</sup> Com<sup>e</sup> & had a talk with them of about 3 hours & stirred them up amazingly in the Temperance cause, so that we have raised 1000\$ to assist in carrying on Temp<sup>e</sup> plans in Illinois & expect to furnish every family in the State with a copy of the "Permanent Temperance Documents" & our Ex<sup>e</sup> Com<sup>e</sup> will spend several thousand dollars in the cause this year. We expect to build a house for a Bible, Tract & Sunday School & Temperance Depository

for Maa

Thank you my dear Mother for your P. S. to Abia's letters. You judge well that I am most interested in hearing about my own dear Abia & I know I never shall feel grateful enough to you for your uniform kindness & love displayed toward her & myself. I trust I may soon have the pleasure of being with you & would like, if consistent, that you could accompany us to Alton this fall & spend the winter in our new house. Rev<sup>d</sup> W Woodbridge from N York The agent of Am: Tract Society has been here & he promised me to call & see you in New York—he was much pleased with Alton & I think him a most excellent & devoted man. You will be very sorry to hear of M<sup>rs</sup> Longs affliction. She bore it with complete submission altho' it was a terrible blow to them both. She & all your friends almost always ask for you & desire a great deal of love. My health is quite good & I expect to start on Teusday for Springfield to Stay near a week at the Bank Election. M<sup>r</sup> McLain is at Chicago & not very well pleased there I hear—with my most ardent affection for all the family Y<sup>r</sup> aff Son

W S Gilman

To My Wife again—

in Alton & are immediately to commence tract visitations throughout the town. M<sup>rs</sup> Fuller in consequence of over exertion at Galena has been confined prematurely with a still born child, but was doing well. I have written to Ben at Galena—suppose he goes there to see M<sup>iss</sup> Miles. We are to have M<sup>r</sup> Baker to preach for us tomorrow. M<sup>r</sup> Delevan appears to be a very devoted Christian & you would be charmed with his wife. Give my love to Father & Mother, Doctor Eliza Serena Martin & Kifs the little ones for me dearest. Oh! that I had one sweet Kifs from my own darling love. I shall hasten on but cannot tell when I can leave. Affectionately your attached

Winthrop S Gilman

How does my dear little Son come on You dont hardly mention him in your last. How I should like to see him outshine Martins & the Doctors children—they may think their children the prettiest but we know better—Dont we maa?

WINTHROP S. GILMAN to his wife, New York.

Alton Monday Night

6 June 1836

My dear Wife,

I wrote to you on Saturday night & this morning have had the pleasure to receive yours of 21 May. I regret exceedingly you should have been deprived the pleasure of a trip to Philad<sup>a</sup> for want of means & am truly sorry I was so thoughtless about sending them. I annex a draft on Howes Godfrey & Robinson N York for 100 Dollars which Martin will cash for you. It is now late at night & I start tomorrow for Springfield to be absent about one week. Did I tell you M<sup>rs</sup> Fuller had been prematurely confined and lost her child—She was doing well. M<sup>rs</sup> Alexander is a little better & they are somewhat encouraged about her. We are trying to get on with our houses but I fear they will move slowly. I should not think of going East if you were only here. I have not written to Sam<sup>l</sup> Robbins for want of time. I think with you that New York & its gayeties tend to draw down our minds to Earth. We do not feel that Deadness to this world which inspires the feeling that to die is great gain, while we are there—but this is not attributable to the place but to the manner of spending time. Could you be engaged there, in the bible class, prayer meeting, Sabbath School, tract visitation, relief of the distressed & have frequent & close intercourse with God in prayer, the streams of the river of his grace would make glad your soul & you would find New York a happy place to dwell in. Does not the secret then of all true enjoyment lie in possessing such love to God & man as will draw us out in constant benevolent effort for the good of others? May you be enabled thro' our Blessed Redeemer to stand justified before God in that day which is close by when we shall meet before him with the assembled universe. Oh! how vain, foolish & trifling will all things then appear which take up so much of our precious time now. I hope our dear little Son may be spared & prove a blessing to us & to the World. If he is spared, dearest, great responsibility rests with you & you cannot



be too prayerful or too studious how you shall acquit yourself.

Give my very kindest & warmest love to my darling Mother. Oh! I do want her to come out with us & think Eliza must let her go. With great affection for Eliza, Chandler Martin, Serena, your parents & all the chicks I am

Your aff husband

W S Gilman

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WINTHROP S. GILMAN to his wife, New York.

Springfield 11 June 1836

My dear Wife,

I wrote to you about 4 days since from Alton with a draft on Howes, Godfrey & Robinson for 100\$ which I hope you have received. I left Alton on Teusday afternoon in M<sup>r</sup> Davis' little Dearbourn Waggon in Company with M<sup>r</sup> Porter from Litchfield Ct. who had been to Alton, purchased one of our river lots & expects to commence the wholesale business in the fall, there. The weather was very hot & we had not a very pleasant ride. I forgot to mention to you that I have purchased a new horse for 105\$ & I think he will prove a very good one—he is much more spirited than Charley, about as large but not so clumsy—goes very well in a dearbourn altho I believe he had never been in shafts before—Colour, bay. When is our Dearbourn coming out, I have not heard from Martin for a long time. It is now the time of annual meeting at Springfield, Election of New Directors Comes on the 14; & I shall have to stay here 'till after that time. My health is very good & this trip will be a good relaxation to me as I shall probably have been absent from Alton 8 or 9 days & have had very little to do. I am staying at the Tavern—went to D<sup>r</sup> Jaynes to tea last night but do not stay there as I fear it will put them to Some trouble. Last night attended a prayer meeting at D<sup>r</sup> Todd's but did not enjoy it very much. M<sup>rs</sup> Todd & M<sup>rs</sup> Smith are both quite unwell—D<sup>r</sup> Jaynes & family quite well & all ask very particularly about you & father & mother.

I wish you, my love, on receipt of this to purchase a handsome copy of a book lately published called "*Permanent Temperance Documents*" it is a large work of probably some 4 or 500 pages; I want you should do it up neatly in paper with the letter to Cap Ryder endorsed & direct on the outside to Simeon Ryder Esq Care Howes, Godfrey & Robinson & have it sent to Howes Godfrey & Robinsons store. Please oblige me by attending to this immediately & let as little be said or known about it as possible. I am very anxious to see you & our dear Arthur & hope to get off the last of this month. Please write to me the day you receive this directed to Care of Knox & McKee Wheeling V<sup>a</sup> & I shall probably receive it. You had better pay the postage however, as I may pass before it reaches Wheeling, but think I shall not. The weather has changed suddenly & become very cold & I hope to have a pleasant time returning. Your letters are a source of great happiness to me & I am anxious to get back to Alton as I expect there will be one there for me & I hope to hear that little Arthur is doing well. You must not write in such a hurry however as not to mind your stops & omit to begin your sentences with capitals as it will get you into a careless way. You must take pains now to do every thing well so that your children may copy after your bright Example, darling. I am actually longing for the company of my wife & child the absence is a very painful one to me & I sometimes think a little more so than it is to you, you are so pleasantly situated with friends & comforts around you—but I know you want to have your husband with you to share in all your pleasures. It is my greatest earthly happiness to please & make happy my own beloved wife & the thought that you have the same dear feelings towards me, gives me the greatest pleasure & makes me anticipate with greater delight our meeting. I think how you look & what you have said to me in days that are past, & fancy you near me, until I exhaust imagination & cannot hardly bring your features before me. I hope a month will find us together in health & happy in the enjoyment of the Society of our dear relatives at New York. Give my most ardent love to Maa & Eliza & re-

member me to each one of the families. I want you should buy some pretty present for Aunt Jayne, something like what she gave you I expect would be acceptable when we get back. I have some idea we may return via Detroit & Chicago thro' Peoria & this place to Alton. Hope we can get some servants at the East. With a thousand of the most endearing & fondly cherished remembrances of yourself I am truly

Your tenderly attached husband

W S Gilman

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WINTHROP S. GILMAN to his wife, New York.

Alton 18 June 1836

Dearest Abia,

My last was written a week since at Springfield from which place I returned on Thursday & found your welcome letter of 30 May. I am truly glad you are so fortunate with your nurse & if you still continue to like her & she is willing to come to Alton I should be pleased to have her accompany us on our return. Should we get into our new house you would want her still more as there would be much more to take up your time. I intend to have the closets arranged as you wish in the parlours, but do not think we shall get into our house till Spring. I want very much to see my darling son & expect I shall find a great alteration in his appearance. The letter about Bens house came to late to alter the plan b<sup>t</sup> I think it will probably please him. I will try to remember your table covers. I have not been up to our house for a long time. It makes me feel unpleasantly to see by your letters that you have been deprived some enjoyments for want of money, which I was so careless as to put off sending so long. I expect you have received enough to last 'till I arrive. I do not think I shall leave Alton as early as I had hoped, not probably before 5 to 20 July & could I express my feelings entirely to you, you would find I regret the delay exceedingly, but yet feel sure that duty calls me here & I therefore yield without a murmur & determine to be content. I hope you

will make a visit to your Aunt if possible before I get on—I expect to ride out to Captain Godfreys more frequently than I have done. It has been utterly impossible for me to follow your & Maa's request to sleep at Upper Alton. I am rejoiced to hear Ben is so well. Hope to see him in two or three days. M<sup>rs</sup> Alexander has been almost insensible for two days & I presume will not live another week. M<sup>rs</sup> Long desired her love to you Maa & all. I have just received the Doctors letter with the two Rail Road Maps & will try to answer it at once. Please request him to call at M<sup>r</sup> Frisby's & order for me a very fine frock coat of olive green, or olive, Dark Shade, the sleeves to be considerably larger than last year's measure, also a fine vest or two & a pair of fine blue cloth or cassimere pantaloons, made decidedly larger about the hips than heretofore & let M<sup>r</sup> Frisby have them sent up to Martin's as soon as possible so that I may have them ready when I arrive, as I shall be short of fine cloathes. The weather is very hot. M<sup>r</sup> Graves not yet returned. Health very good.

With my best love to Maa Eliza Serena D<sup>r</sup>—Martin & all & a Kiss for my little Son & many prayers & Kind wishes for you my darling, I am,

hastily Your attached husband

Give my love to your parents W S Gilman

My apology for so short a letter as it is getting late, Saturday night & considerable yet to do.

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WINTHROP S. GILMAN to his wife, New York.

Alton June 25<sup>th</sup> 1836

My darling Wife,

In my last I requested that you would get the Doctor to speak to M<sup>r</sup> Frisby for a new olive green frock coat for me, a little larger in the sleeves than heretofore, which I want should be ready for me at Martins when I arrive, which I am now in hopes will be about the 22<sup>d</sup> to 26 July. I find I shall have to go to Springfield the last of next week say about 3<sup>d</sup> July & shall start from there for New York via Chicago in Company with M<sup>rs</sup> Long who is to

stop at M<sup>rs</sup> Silvers at Edwardsburgh Michigan, & James Godfrey who visits the East in part for his health which is not very good.

The Captain wished me to take James in charge & I expect he wishes him to return with us. Benjamin arrived the first of the week looking very well & hearty. I have never known so general a time of good health at the season as there is now, so much so that the labourers all are at work & every thing looks lively. When I last wrote I did not expect to get off near as soon as I probably shall. Benjamin has commenced staying for the Summer at Cap Godfrey's, of which I am truly glad as I believe it will be very conducive to his health. I have been out to Cap Godfreys frequently of late & it is very pleasant there. I think I should be very glad to spend 2 or 3 months each summer out of town when the prairie house is finished. Your letter of 6 inst is received with Maa's P. S. all which is very interesting. I am so anxious to get away & be with you, my dearest, that I dont hardly know what to do & my trip is put off so late that I shall as soon as I arrive have to commence our purchases & be exceedingly occupied all the time I am east. I wish to start back about 20 Aug<sup>t</sup> to 1 Sep<sup>r</sup> by way of Niagara & the lakes & hope you will have made your visits generally before I come on, as I shall have a number of little tours for you to take with me that will occupy considerable time, to Providence, Boston, Saratoga, &c &c. Our house progresses very slowly, the basement story now building. I wish I could have been with you at the Infant School Exhibition. M<sup>r</sup> Graves has returned with his parents in good health. M<sup>rs</sup> Alexander died the first of the week & was buried at Upper Alton. I have been afraid if Arthur has the whooping Cough, we cannot travel much with him. Is it so? M<sup>r</sup> Baldwin is out at the Captains & I start out in a few minutes with Ben to meet him & spend the night on the Prairie. I find the nights out there are much cooler & pleasanter than in town & they have the best beds I almost ever slept on. I want you and Maa to look out 2 or more first rate feather beds & purchase them for us & I think we better sell off some of ours.

Business has been very brisk all this month. I have been elected Director in the State Bank again. I have Received a very Kind letter from M<sup>r</sup> Delavan at Chicago & he seems very desirous to see me at the East. You will be delighted with his wife—she is such a lovely woman, so intelligent & such piety running thro' all & casting a beauty over all she does. I cant really bear to think that it will be nearly a month yet before we meet—dont be out of town dearest. Kiss my dear Son for me & give my warmest love to maa and all the family & remember me affectionately to Father & Mother. Good bye dearest. Shall probably write again at the time I leave for Springfield

Your tenderly attached & fond husband  
W S Gilman

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WINTHROP S. GILMAN to his wife, New York.

Springfield, Saturday Night

My dear Wife,

2 July 1836

At length I have the pleasure to inform you of my being thus far safely on my journey towards New York. My two last letters were written in the midst of so much bustle that you must excuse their not being more particular, and if they have been deficient in expressing the deep & tender regard I have for you, dearest, do not impute it to a wrong cause. I cherish for you, more than ever it seems to me, the most tender attachment, and I hope if God spares our lives, we may meet again with renewed determinations to strive to do all things well & to deserve from each other all that affection which is mutually bestown. I should not have consented to have come this route, but business obliged me to come thus far & I thought I could then reach N York via Chicago about as quick, as to return & start from Alton Via the Ohio river. And as M<sup>rs</sup> Long wished to go with me as far as Edwardsburgh, M<sup>a</sup>, I was the more induced to choose this route. We left Alton, day before yesterday & reached Carrollton before night & as I had been thinking about you nearly all day, I very naturally took a walk to



the place where I first had the great happiness of receiving the assurance of your affection. I went past the house two or three times & looked in so intently that the inmates seemed to look upon me almost with suspicion. Things did not look as they did in the old times—the plastering was off & the interior of the house lacked that appearance of neatness that it had when you my darling, dearest, only beloved one were there. I thought of the time when I kissed you & called you by so many endearing epithets, and also of the time when we sat down together in the little lane, and many delightful remembrances of the past crowded my mind & made me long for the time soon to arrive which should bring me back to you. I felt too that I had not at all times treated you with that consideration & Kindness which your warm affection for me and uniform Kindness deserved in return. Oh! that I may so conduct in future that God can consistently bless you & myself darling with continued happiness in this world. Does it not seem as tho' it would be almost too good a lot for us to enjoy so much here & after a little get to heaven, there to dwell with Christ forever?

I believe, my dearest, that if we are truly the Children of the holy Spirit, God will not give us such happiness continued & unfailing in this world, unless we live for his honor & glory, feel our own nothingness, sinfulness & give his name in some manner the praise due to it. Does this letter then Darling find you in a meek, humble spirit, taking delight in coming into the presence of God in secret & worshipping him in spirit & in truth? Does it find you in frequent habits of meditation on Heaven, Eternity & do you realize that but a step separates you from the grave, where your beautiful body shall lie a prey to worms, ere it rise clothed with the beautiful garments of a redeemers righteousness? If your mind be in this calm & happy frame, I pray dearest that it may continue that you may grow in grace & become more useful. I have, in a poor way, often remembered you & our dear boy in my prayers, and oh! darling if you do not have these enjoyments that I have written about seek them with penitence & continued & increasing prayer & you shall receive. M<sup>r</sup>

Lamb & I had a delightful talk this afternoon—he said he found great benefit, if he could not get near the Lord in prayer & found his feelings cold, to come to his closet again at once & seek more diligently. Your last letter gave me a great deal of pleasure, particularly that part where you say you had copied from “*Practical Piety*” to impress it on your memory; may you find a blessing attend all such efforts. I have found great advantage from making such extracts & also from writing down feelings etc etc at different times. Took tea at M<sup>rs</sup> Jaynes. M<sup>r</sup> Slater is very unwell with Rheumatism & I think dangerously so. The rest well & all enquire for you. We expect to leave on Monday & reach Chicago last of the Week & hope to get to N York by Saturday night 23<sup>d</sup> July or early week after, but I may be detained longer as I hear the Stages are full for a week ahead on the routes above. With great love for Maa Eliza, Martin D<sup>r</sup> & all Your attached

W S Gilman

If I should not get a chance to pay the postage, please pay it to Martin.

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MRS. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to MRS. WINTHROP S. GILMAN, Monticello, N. Y.

4<sup>th</sup> July Monday afternoon

My inclination to hear from my two sons, dear Abia, was so great, that I opened your letter—and it is well that I did—for now I can have his order sent to M<sup>r</sup> Frisby immediately. The Doc<sup>r</sup> has received a letter from Benjamin whom we think soon arrived from Chicago to Alton. His letter was dated 10<sup>th</sup> June. We have missed you exceedingly. But forgive me dear Abia, when I tell you I missed your darling boy the most. Col-den says you requested him to tell the Doc<sup>r</sup> you should be in Newburgh next friday night. So you may expect to see the Doc<sup>r</sup> Saturday—in time to come to New York with you in the Albany Boat which arrives here at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Both families are well—except poor Grand maa—who sickens to see her sweet little boy. Serena, and all her children pafsed this day with

us—and the Doc<sup>r</sup> pased it at Hoboken, with Deacon Pond—and one or two other friends. As dear Winthrop says he shall leave Alton from the 5<sup>th</sup> to the 20<sup>th</sup>—and as it is probable he saw his brother a day or two after the enclosed was written—I shall expect him very soon, and I think he will be here much sooner than he expected to when his letter was written. Kifs my little darling a thousand times for your attached mother H Gilman

All send love

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WINTHROP S. GILMAN to his wife, New York.

Huron, Ohio, 16<sup>th</sup> July 1836

Dear Wife,

Saturday Eve<sup>s</sup>

I have but a moment or two to say to you that I arrived safely at Detroit on Thursday Morning last, but about 1 hour too late to take the boat that day for Buffalo, else we should probably to night have been in Rochester & I probably should have enjoyed the very great happinefs of meeting you on Wednesday next.

We left Detroit yesterday morning, but in Consequence of a strong wind & very heavy sea have only reached this place whereas we expected to be at Buffalo tonight. Here we expect to spend the Sabbath & Shall consequently be much delayed<sup>1</sup> & probably reach New York on Saturday night next or on the Monday or Tuesday following. I am very sorry for the delay, which seems almost insupportable, but I try to consider it as a trial of patience & remember that our Heavenly father orders all things right. May he (above all things) my darling, grant unto you & myself great Spiritual blessings & if so, our temporal ones are but of comparatively little consequence. Give my ardent love to Maa, Eliza Martin Serena Dorta & all & Kiss my darling little Son for me. I am thinking of you & anticipating the happinefs of being with you, almost all the time & hope we may soon be permitted to meet in health.

<sup>1</sup> As Mr. GILMAN did not travel on Sunday, this letter could reach New York before him.

With the tenderest feelings of warm attachment &  
 affection, I am  
 Your husband  
 W S Gilman

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Two babies came to the New York homes at the time of this visit, neither of whom lived beyond childhood. Mrs. Martin Hoffman had a son, Martin, Jr., who was born August 2d, and Mrs. Chandler R. Gilman, a daughter, Annie Wotherspoon, born September 29th. Mr. and Mrs. GILMAN staid in the east through the summer and early fall and, while making the long and trying journey back to Illinois, met their first great sorrow. Their baby was taken sick in Cincinnati and died there October 1, 1836.

WINTHROP S. GILMAN to MRS. BENJ. IVES GILMAN, New York.

Cincinnati 2<sup>d</sup> October 1836

Dear Mother,

I wrote to you a few days since informing you of the serious illness of our beloved child & now have the painful task before me of informing you of his decease. We know this will be a severe affliction to you & my wife joins me in asking you to draw comfort & support from that source whence we derive them; from him who has been your refuge in many troubles; from that God from whom this dispensation comes. Altho' we may mourn when we reflect that our lovely boy will no longer be present with us, that we shall see no more of his pleasant ways; still we would kiss the hand that afflicts us, knowing surely that he for our profit chastens us that we may be partakers of his holiness. While I reflect on this subject I cannot but think, if we ever reach heaven, we shall remember these visitings of Providence with emotions of holy joy & gratitude whilst we contemplate their connection with the great increase of our happiness. We know that this is order'd for our benefit & while we weep over our beloved son we desire to bless & praise God our rock,

for the gracious hopes he allows us to enjoy. The babe was sick nearly ten days & his disease cholera infantum, terminating on the brain. He appeared better two or three days since & his disease seemed to change towards disenterry, which the doctor could not check until he became exceedingly weak & yesterday at about 2 o'clock he showed symptoms of an affection of the brain when mustard was immediately applied to his feet, but without any effect. Doctor Drake was called in consultation, & recommended an acid bath & blisters which was tried about 8 in the evening—after which he appeared easy & laid quiet in the cradle without tossing his head & we were in hopes he was getting better. He remained quiet & apparently almost asleep till after 11 at night, during which time he had hot application to the feet & a little stimulating drink with cold applications to the forehead; but all was in vain he was gradually sinking whilst we did not know it. At about 20 m. after 11 we heard a noise in his throat. I felt his pulse & was almost sure he was dying; still I ran for the Doctor, but in about 5 minutes he was a corpse in Abia's arms & before my return. We have had good attention here & the Doctor (whom Henry Starr says is a man of uncommon judgment & as good as could be had) has been exceedingly kind & attentive. We therefore feel as if he had had every attention. We expect to leave here tomorrow & carry the body with us to be deposited by the side of his dear Grandfather & Uncle. Abia joins me in a great deal of love to you & all the families as also to her father & mother, to whom she wishes you to communicate the particulars of this letter. She hopes this may make no difference in your coming to Alton & says she shall now more than ever need your society.

Your affectionate Son

W S Gilman

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WINTHROP S. GILMAN to John G. Miller and Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to Elizabeth H. Miller, Natchez, Miss.<sup>1</sup>

Alton, Nov. 19th, 1836

Mr. Jno. Gibbons Miller,  
Dear John:

I have been much gratified with your P. S. & pleased to learn you are so far advanced in your studies. We have a first rate preparatory Dept. & College at Upper Alton and I hope your father will send you to live a while with us. I am sorry you will not have an opportunity to see your Cousin Arthur. He is gone & we all must soon follow and I pray you & my dear nephew Joseph will be prepared for death—we know not how soon all our opportunity will have passed away. Give a great deal of love from myself and wife to Benjamin, to your father and Joseph and come up to Alton as soon as you can, when you shall have a hearty welcome from

Uncle W. S. Gilman

I wrote you, my dear Elizabeth, I think the day before I left New York. I then informed you that I had packed up the Portrait<sup>2</sup> with your dear mother's paintings and your little bureau stuffed full of things for you all. Your uncle Martin told me he would direct the boxes and send them to New Orleans, and write to your father that he may know when to send for them. I arrived at Alton last Thursday night 17th. Had a very interesting journey under the protection of Mr. & Mrs. Long. From Cincinnati we had on board the boat seven clergymen who were very pleasant and agreeable. We had morning and evening prayers, and the passengers treated them with great respect. I found your Uncle and Aunt well, but O Elizabeth, you can have no idea how much I miss that precious little Arthur. Everything I look at reminds me of him. But I desire to be still and know that it is the Lord and that he has a right to do as he will with his own.

<sup>1</sup> MS. loaned by Mrs. Jane (Coe) Brant, Rolla, Mo.

<sup>2</sup> Probably this refers to the portrait of Mrs. John S. Miller which is reproduced on the opposite page.







MRS. JOHN S. MILLER (REBECCA I. GILMAN)

From a portrait owned by her granddaughter, Mrs. Brant (Jane Coe),  
of Rolla, Mo.

We miss you, my dear and I long to see you and to have you with me. Do persuade your father to come and see us, and see Alton. I think that the present time is the best for selling his plantation, & moving here. I know he would be pleased with this place. Here he would have the means of grace for himself and children, good schools for them, and a happy home. Love to them all. Do write as often as you can. Everyone asks for you with great interest. From your affectionate Grand-ma

H. Gilman

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Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to Dr. and Mrs. C. R. Gilman,  
New York.

Lower Alton Nov<sup>r</sup> 21<sup>st</sup>

My very dear children.

I wrote Eliza while we were at Alexandria and then again when we arrived in Pittsburgh. We tarried there one night, and left the place next morning at ten o'clock in the Steam Boat Mississippi. As usual, the Capt<sup>n</sup> would not consent to wait for me to land and I wrote a note to my dear sister<sup>1</sup> lamenting that I could not see her. I was informed that two of her daughters were married, Hannah and Jane. Hannah to a clergyman, and Jane to one of the Professors in the college. I think Marietta has improved very much. I was told that Mr Woodbridge had received a letter from his son who was in New York—saying he felt much indebted to you for the kind attention he had received while there. We arrived at Cincinnati Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock. We put up at the Cincinnati Hotel, where we had good accommodations—and there we passed the Sabbath. Mr Long called in the evening at Henry Starr's office, and he returned with him, to see me—and invited us all to sit in his pew the next day. Sunday morning he called for us, and we all went with him to hear Doc<sup>r</sup> Beecher. He had just returned with his new wife. After the afternoon service he told his congregation that he had been separated from them some time and it would gratify him

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Samuel P. Robbins, of Marietta, widow of Mrs. GILMAN's brother.

very much, if they would all call on him on tuesday wednesday and thursday. I presume he wanted to introduce to them his wife. I was told that she had made a good impresfion on every one and was a very superior woman. While I was walking with cousin Henry to church he said to me—cousin I am going to tell you something concerning myself, which if I do not—you may think it a want of confidence in me. I said what is it M<sup>r</sup> Starr. Why said he—I am going to be married this week to a widow with four children. I was pleased to hear that the Lady was the widow of James Morsell. She is a very pious woman—prudent—and economical, and I think will make him a good wife. I presume the secret is now out and of course you have heard the news before this. How is dear M<sup>r</sup> P R Starr. I feel very anxious to hear from him—and hope his life will be prolonged many years. We left Cincinnati on tuesday morning ten o clock in the Steam Boat Clinton. We had one hundred and fifty pafsengers. Among them we were favoured with seven clergymen. They made themselves very agreeable—and we had prayers every night and morning—with singing—and reading a portion of the scriptures. The ladies proposed it—and each clergymen took their turn, after having the consent of the Cap<sup>tn</sup>. I was so fortunate as to have a state room—altho we were so much crowded. We arrived at Louisville wednesday evening. Thursday noon we went on board the steam boat Post boy excefsively crowded and I slept in the ladies cabin, where there were but eight Berths—and 34 ladies. I could hardly breathe. We left the Steam Boat at Smithland, to pafs the Sabbath. We were very well accommodated—and went to an Episcopal church or rather a small school house—where we heard a good sermon from an Episcopal youth—who keeps school—and preaches one sermon on the sabbath. As there were no appointments for the afternoon our land lord gave us leave to have a meeting appointed at his house—as he had two very large rooms. At 3 o clock the house was full and we had an excellent sermon from a M<sup>r</sup> Davidson of Kentucky—one of our pafsengers. In the evening, the house was again filled and we listened to

a fine discourse from Mr Baldwin—one of the passengers—and manager of Capt Godfrey's Semonary.<sup>1</sup> Monday morning Just as we had taken our breakfast the steam boat Vermont came in sight, and we went on board and arrived at St Louis wednesday morning—then went on board the Wyoming, & arrived at Alton 9 o clock in the evening. Mr & Mrs Long went home in Winthrop's carriage and Mrs Howes went to Cap<sup>t</sup> Rider's. Winthrop was at the landing & I walked up to the house where we found Benjamin and Abia in perfect health. O what shall I render to the Lord for all these mercies. I have had one of the most interesting Journey's that I ever had to this place. A sketch of it will be printed in the Alton Observer which I will send you. It will come out this week, written by Mr Baldwin. I have seen a letter from Elizabeth written to Winthrop while he was in New York. It is one of her best letters. She laments the loss of her religious privileges and says she has not heard a sermon, since she left Alton. I hope you will all write me, as often as you can. Give my love to every member of my family. Martin & Eliza—with all theirs and all your dear ones. Tell my dear Jane to make herself useful and agreeable to all. Winthrop & Benj<sup>n</sup> Join me in tender love to all

your affectionate mother H G.

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Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to Mrs. Martin Hoffman, New York.

Lower Alton Dec<sup>r</sup> 12<sup>th</sup> 1836

I began this, dear Eliza, before the anniversaries—and wrote a little very often. So I will copy it and send it by this mail. Wednesday 23<sup>d</sup> November. When Winthrop came up to dinner my dear E—— he brought me your very interesting letter and I assure you we all had a feast. I feel very grateful to our merciful father in heaven for keeping all my beloved children and grand children in such good health, and also for the health we

<sup>1</sup> The Monticello Female Seminary founded by Captain Godfrey at Monticello, Ill.

here enjoy. Altho dear Abia is very much debilitated and mourns often her loss. Yet She says she cannot wish her precious child back to this world of sorrow because she has every reason to believe he is now among the blessed in heaven. Your dear brother Benjamin looks better I think than I have seen him for many years. I arrived here the 16<sup>th</sup> and wrote a long letter to the Doc<sup>r</sup> the 20<sup>th</sup> I think. I intended to have told him that the weather was most delightful during our Journey and we had not a drop of rain until we came on to the Mifsissippi—where we had the most dreadful gust I ever witnessed. But in less than an hour all was calm and fair. And it remained so, until the day after my arrival at this place. Last friday—saturday—and sunday—was a long storm of rain—and I could not go to church—which was a trial. In perusing your letter, I was much surprised at the account you gave of a visit from William Lawrence. How could he say that M<sup>r</sup> E was not a man of piety. They may say anything of him but that. And I think it wicked for them even to suspect his piety. Pray let them all pull out the beam from their own eyes before they try to pick at his mote. I think they have great reason to be thankful that the Lord has given them such a son and brother. I hope dear E, you will continue your Journal—for it is Just what I want. I love a particular detail of every thing. I feel quite proud that dear little Emily has began to talk. I think Lin, will be a great advantage to her—he is so indefatigable. Tell him he must learn her to say Gram maa. I want you to tell the Doc<sup>r</sup> that notwithstanding I rode over a very rough road all the way from Alexandria to Pittsburgh—yet the quinces were Just as perfect, and sound as when you put them into the canister. The Raspberries were the same. But the Pine apples were candied quite hard. I wonder that they should be so, for M<sup>rs</sup> Lippincott had some Pine apples preserved by her sister in New York that were without exception, the nicest I ever saw. The syrup looks as fair, as water. I think I shall put some water in our's and boil them over. M<sup>rs</sup> Manning and Mifs Ward called very soon to see me and enquired for you all with much interest. 25<sup>th</sup>. I rode out with Benj<sup>n</sup> Abia and Win-



throp to see Ben's house. It is very handsome, and most beautifully situated. He expects it will be finished before spring. We also called to see M<sup>rs</sup> Godfrey, who has been confined nine days with her seventh daughter! James is in the store of Godfrey Gilman & C<sup>o</sup>. Their two oldest daughters who are in this country are in the school at Jacksonville. Winthrop's things have all arrived from New Orleans, and nothing broken, but the best centre Lamp, which was in your front chamber. Sunday 27<sup>th</sup>. I have rode to church all day. In the morning we had a very good discourse from a M<sup>r</sup> Watson. Text—*One thing is needful*. In the afternoon, M<sup>r</sup> Graves gave us one of his best. Subject—*Christians, as they are*. I did wish that my dear children in New York, could have heard that sermon. We look forward with much pleasure to the anniversaries, which will commence next week. We have been fixing to entertain some of the clergy. Abia and I have made three large comfortables, to keep the dear creatures warm. Catherine proves one of the best cooks, or rather housekeeper's I ever saw. Very respectful and Industrious. Winthrop & Capt Godfrey's houses, adjoining the Bank—Martin—have the 2 story back buildings finished—but the front part is left until spring because it is too cold for the Mason work. Winthrops house on the hill which we now occupy, has been newly painted—piazza and fences. And the parlour and bed rooms papered, with a handsome paper. Tuesday 29<sup>th</sup>. Abia and I, rode to Upper Alton in the new Dearbon. Our man Titus drove us. I am sorry to say it is too delicately made. The roads are as good now as in summer—but when we got home we found that the wood behind which the Irons are fastened into—to hang the carriage was split half acrofs—and the two Iron's shaped like an S, bent out straight. We sent it to the smith, and had it nicely mended. I pased an hour with M<sup>rs</sup> Manning and one with M<sup>rs</sup> Long. When we came home we found two of the clergy. Dec<sup>r</sup> 1<sup>st</sup>. President Beecher arrived and puts up with us. We have four—and I assure you they are delightfully pleasant. Tomorrow, is the meeting of the Bible society. Winthrop had very prefsing businefs to St Louis—and on account of the

ministers being here, Benj<sup>n</sup> went this morning & will return next day after tomorrow. M<sup>rs</sup> Nicholas stoped at the landing last week on her way to Peoria. All well. Winthrop went on board & saw them but the Boat could not remain long enough for them to come to the house. 14<sup>th</sup>. As Abia wishes to add a word to you dear E, I must refer you to the Alton Observer which contains the particulars of the anniversaries. Just rec<sup>d</sup> your excellent Journal of 23<sup>d</sup>—Post marked 29<sup>th</sup>—Am happy to hear you are all recovering from the Influenzy. How is dear Jane. You did not mention her. I hope she is doing well and improving in every way. Give my love to her—& to dear Cis if with you. Tell her I thought of her during our anniversaries & if she had heard what it was my priviledge to hear I think she would have thought much—& highly—of Presbyterians. It was a feast to hear President Beecher converse and Pray. Love to dear Doc<sup>r</sup> & Serena, dear Martin and all his, not forgetting Colden, dear Mary, Doc<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Roberts—who are all dear to your Mother. I must tell you that Ben is going to Galena this inclement season—he says & so does Winthrop that he has businefs there. But I begin to suspect him. His house on the Prairie is progrefsing very fast and he seems as much interested in planing the inside and having every thing fixed in the best and most convenient manner—as if he was really married. He talks of riding out tomorrow to plan his Barn—wood house out houses—well—and cistern &c. and really talks of having a years wood cut and piled up, in the wood house to make it—he says, easy and convenient for the women! I know of no lady here, that he would marry—and as he has businefs in Galena, I think he has an eye on Miss Miles.<sup>1</sup> And from the character of that lady—I really wish it may be as I suspect. He told M<sup>r</sup> Turner the former New York state temperance agent—who now makes this house his home when in Alton—that if he was alive six months hence he would be a married man or forfeit his house on the Prairie. Abia immediately spoke for it and so did M<sup>r</sup> T, Which

<sup>1</sup> Benjamin Ives Gilman Jr. married in April, 1837, Mary E. Miles. They had six children, two of whom are living: Thomas Poynton Gilman, of Palisades, the eldest and unmarried; and Benjamin Ives Gilman, the youngest, who married, has three children and is living at Pearsall, Texas.

shows that they thought he would loose his house. But time only will determine. I pray he may find a woman of prayer—and one who loves the Saviour and all his children. A letter from dear Elizabeth saying they were all well. Love and a Kifs to all the chicks of both families from  
Your Mother.

Dear Sister

Mother has told you all the news but I can not let this letter leave without thanking you for your kind letter to us. It was a great comfort to us in our great affliction to know that we had friends who sympathized with us. Our dear child is better off and that is more than we might have been able to think had he lived some years longer, he certainly was a very lovely child. I think I could not love another as I did him. it is best that he should be taken away from us. we all made him our Idol, we have been called early in our married life to mourn the loss of a beloved child I hope it will have the effect to prepare us better to dwell with him in heaven. Give my love to the Doct and wife. Jane & Lin. a kifs for E and the babe Remember me to your husband and believe me ever your affec Sister A.

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MRS. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to Dr. C. R. Gilman, New York.<sup>1</sup>

Lower Alton Jan<sup>y</sup> 9<sup>th</sup> 1837

I have no courage my dear son, to write you again—for this will be the third letter I have written to you and not a line have I received from you, since I left New York. But I think so much about you and have so many anxious thoughts about you and yours—that I will write again, hoping to receive a letter from you before I close this. I sent a long letter to your Sister yesterday, and look forward with agreeable anticipations to the post night—altho I have been disappointed for some weeks. The weather with us has been pleasant and mild. And yesterday it was so delightful that Abia and I—concluded to take a ride to Upper Alton. So we told Lancaster Weeks, who lives with us, to make ready the new

<sup>1</sup> MS. loaned by W. Stewart Gilman, Sioux City, Iowa.

Dearbone—and drive us to the upper town. We took the road up the hill—near our house—where the Jacksonville Stage comes down—because the Bridge over the creek between us and the town, is not yet finished. Of course, we rode by the grave yard, where are deposited the remains of the best of husbands—the most affectionate of sons—and my precious little Arthur. We rode up to the railing—I got out, and went to the graves, and there breathed a prayer—that I might be resigned in all things to the holy will of God. And when I left them—I felt willing they should be there until the morning of the resurrection, when I hope and trust we shall meet Jesus—and go to be forever with the Lord. O happy thought. Blessed Immortality.

We resumed our ride to Upper Alton—called on my friend Mr<sup>s</sup> Long—then called on Mr<sup>s</sup> Lippincott—and from their house—home—we came in twenty-five minutes. (4 miles this road) This road is very level—and hard, as in Summer. And our horses went like birds. Winthrop is so much confined at the store, that it is very seldom he can Join us in these little excursions. Benj<sup>n</sup> is still at Galena—we have received three letters from him—all on business. Miss Miles is not even mentioned. So that I fear he intends to live a bachelor—notwithstanding his country seat. The inhabitants of this town, and I may say this western country—have lost one of its brightest ornaments. Mr Treadway died last night. He was the senior editor of the Alton Telegraph. He went to Vandalia on business, took a violent cold—but thought little of it—and attended to his business when he ought to have been in his house—and after three or four days confinement in his bed—he died of Inflammation of the Lungs. He was a man devotedly pious—universally beloved—and calculated to do much good in the cause of Christ. Winthrop was in his chamber about an hour before he died—and heard him ask Mr Graves to sing the hymn beginning with “*When I can read my title clear*”—&c—and to his astonishment—heard him Join with them. He was perfectly sensible to the last moment—when he said to them—“All is well.” He conversed with his wife—she told a friend, in a very delightful

manner. So that she is wholly resigned to the will of her heavenly father. She is left with four little children—and no property. She has lost both her parents—and has neither brother nor sister. But I rejoice to hear that a subscription is out for her—and it is the intention of the benevolent, that she should have the same share in the avails of the paper, which her husband had. Mr Treadway was a delightful singer—and took the lead in our choir. But I trust he is now singing the song of "*Moses and the Lamb*". 16<sup>th</sup>. Abia and I—have Just returned from passing the day with Mrs Long. She, and her husband enquired particularly for you, and both requested I would send you their best regards, when I wrote. Also did Mr & Mrs Lippincott. They have been building two churches in Upper Alton—one a Presbyterian, the other a very handsome baptist church. Since you were here, they have built a large baptist church in this town, near Martin's house. A handsome Steeple, bell & clock.

20<sup>th</sup>. I now have the great pleasure to inform you, my dear son, that I have Just received your interesting letter, of 1<sup>st</sup> inst—and rejoice that you are all so well. May the best of heaven's blessings, attend you all. I am very much afraid that Mr P. R. Starr's Journey will prove injurious. Remember me to them all. I am glad to hear you say you are "growing old". For it proves to my mind that you was reflecting on the manner in which you spent the year that had passed. I hope and trust you will conclude it best as you are advancing to old age—to lay aside that levity of disposition, that seems to cling to you, and be more circumspect, and more watchful. You would then be a more perfect character in the eyes of a fond mother. Remember me most affectionately to your worthy neighbours—Mr & Mrs W, whose happiness & prospects & love I reciprocate. Love to dear Serena—and a kiss for all my sweet ones—not forgetting the dear babe. I read Mr Kirk's address—and was charmed with it. Also have found Mr Baldwin's text—and think it very excellent for the occasion. I should like to have heard the sermon. Present my respects if you please, to them both. Benj<sup>n</sup> is expected in the course of the next



week. Cap<sup>t</sup> Godfrey has been at Vandalia, two or three weeks. Winthrop is very impatient to see them both. Abia begs to Join me in tender love to you both & thanks you for your kind letter—and will write a line, at some future time. I sent you last week an Alton Observer—which had in it "*The Drunkards Grave*". We all think highly of them all. Abia wishes me to ask you if you will request Eliza to purchase for her a black lace Veil—handsome & large—such as she would buy for herself. I want you to send by M<sup>r</sup> North, the report & Constitution of a female Bible Society. You can send the Veil also by him—if he is there. I want before I leave here, to put into operation, a female Bible society, Abia has Just rec<sup>d</sup> a letter from the ladies of New York—soliciting her aid in obtaining assistance from the ladies of Alton to make up the sum of 10 000 to aid the parent tract society in making up the 35,000 for foreign distribution. Love to dear Martin & Eliza—and all theirs. From your mother.

I wish you would send the pamphlet by mail.

Dear Doctor, Your P. S. is at hand & I am much obliged for your attention to Cap Godfrey<sup>s</sup> wishes—I am surprised that you do not see the *Temp<sup>s</sup> Herald* which is regularly sent to you. Your numbers of the *Drunkards Grave* were very gladly received & will all be published. I cannot enter M<sup>r</sup> W's lands at present as there is no Specie to be had & I do not know of any very favorable locations at present. I did not understand your order as definite & positive but thought you wished me to enter for him if I come across any great bargains which I have not yet met with—I should like to see *Protestant Jesuitism*. Give a great deal of love from me to Serena & Eliza & all the families. Yr aff Brother

I remitted you for your drafts.

W S Gilman

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Dr. Peter G. Robbins to Mrs. Martin Hoffman, New York.

Roxbury Jan<sup>y</sup> 21, 1837

My kind & dear friends,

I have delayed writing you for a few days, until I



could somewhat compose my thoughts & feelings, after a fatiguing & sleepless journey, & the confusion attendant on entering anew the duties & labours of family & profession.

I assure you, the last six weeks, with its scenes & recollections, come to my mind, like a variegated dream. Its darkest part, O how I wish was but a dream!<sup>1</sup> When I entered your friendly mansion, personal apprehensions of what I was about to endure, were alleviated, & my heart cheered, by the sweet picture I there saw, of earthly comfort & domestic harmony. It even more than lightened the dread of suffering; for it carried me back to the days of my own early happy life; when an angel was my companion & my ministering spirit; when, though in the midst of poverty, I was rich.

But, my beloved Eliza, we see mournful evidences of a changing world. Prosperity & gladness shine on our path today—the angel of death & desolation overshadows it tomorrow.

Though it was in anguish of Spirit, I have reason to thank God that I was so near to you, when the stroke fell on your darling babe; to be a witness, that its fatal effect could not have been arrested by any human efforts. And in all my reflections on the sad case, no one thought or circumstance has ever occurred, to weaken my conviction of this truth; & I sincerely hope it may be of some consolation to your mind, as it has been to my own.

In the first moments of your bereavement, nature almost subdued the power of resignation, & you could not help yielding to the agony of grief; but when you had time to reflect, who called the lovely infant, smiling in its beauty, from its mother's arms, to its Saviour's bosom, could you not, almost with rapture say, "*Father, thy will be done*"?

O what a mercy it is that time has a power to soothe the bitterness of grief! May you experience it, & find the comfort you need!

I beg you, my dear niece to remember me with much affection to your kind husband, who, with yourself & all

<sup>1</sup> Martin Hoffman's little son Martin died January 5, 1837.

the family will long be gratefully remembered by your  
uncle & friend P. G. Robbins

Love to Chandler & Serena & their little flock. I will  
write him soon.

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Jane Miller to Elizabeth Miller, Natchez, Miss.<sup>1</sup>

New York, Feby. 18, 1837

My dear Sister:

I received your very welcome letter about two weeks ago and was glad to hear you were all well. I was very sorry to hear father's health was not good and hope he is entirely recovered from his indisposition. I had a letter from Grandmama. They were all well, indeed. Uncle Benjamin had been at Galena for three or four weeks and had just returned when she wrote. We are very well here except Uncle Dr., who has had the Rheumatism but not very badly. He is a great deal better now than he has been; it is the first attack that he has had of it since his return from the Lakes. I suppose you remember Mr. Murray Hoffman. He is going to be married in March to Miss Mary Ogden. I believe it is not settled what day of the month it will be on. He went to Albany yesterday and today she received a letter from him by the express mail. I dare say she will be joked enough about it. Frank Sherwood is very well and sends a great deal of love to you. Next Saturday, if it is a pleasant day, I will go and see her. I wish you were here to go with me Dear Elizabeth. I suppose you have received Aunt Eliza's and Cecelia's letters. They are both waiting for an answer. Cecelia came down to New York in October and stayed until New Years and then went to Goshen, (where they now reside), and Maria came down. Joe Battell comes here every Sunday to dine. Maria does not talk to him much and he does not say much to her, and aunt Eliza says "either Joe does not care a straw for her or else he is afraid to offer himself". Colden is as handsome as ever. He sends his love to you and tells me to

<sup>1</sup> MS. loaned by Mrs. Jane (Coe) Brant, Rolla, Mo.

say that he went to E. Starr's on New Years and saw her and she looked killing. Joseph Battelle is going to Europe next month and wants Irene to go with him but her father will not consent to it. I wish you could see Lin and Emily; they are funny little creatures. Emily has a great many little tricks; one of them is, if you ask her "what Joseph Battelle does to Maria" she holds up her mouth to be kised. Liney had the croup last night; he is often subject to it and he is always frightened, whenever he has it, but he is very well today. He is a very good little boy and tomorrow I will let him write some to you in this letter. I received a letter from Martha Jane a short time ago. The Mises Kellogg are very well and have a very large school, but Margaret and Martha are in very bad health and she says they will return to the South next spring or next fall and will pay you a visit if they possibly can. Aunt Serena's family are very well. Her little baby looks very well and is quite pretty. Its name is Ann Wotherspoon. Little Serena is a very smart little girl. She can read very well and Robert and her go to Sunday-school at Mr Eastbury Church every Sabbath. Yesterday I read in the newspaper the death of Eleanor Preist. She died of consumption aged 19. How many tunes have you learnt? I dare say you will play better than I will by the time I go home, which I do hope is not very far distant. You would laugh if you were here, to hear Uncle Martin tease me about a little boy named James Barry. He comes to see me about once a fortnight, he is very handsome and I like him very well but not very much. Aunt Eliza says "O Miss Janey you may say what you please but he is certainly smirking around you". Have you received those boxes yet? Uncle Martin says he did not direct them to McAllister and La Pue because he had forgotten the directions when he sent them and did not know what it was until he received your last letter and that happened after he had sent them. I did not find all your letters until after the other things were sent, but I will keep them very safe for you. Tell father that in about two weeks after he has received this letter that I will write one to him and I hope he will answer it soon. Aunt

Eliza, Uncle Martin, Uncle Dr., Aunt Serena and Colden, and all other friends send their love to father, you and my little brothers. Maria desires her particular remembrance and says she will soon write to you. When you write to Cecelia, direct your letter to Goshen, Orange County, New York. Remember me to all the negroes. Mrs. Luck and Mrs. Price, also Mrs. Edey send their love to you. Mrs. Luck is going to England tomorrow. Her husband's health is so bad, I believe I told you in my last letter that Mrs. Edey had a little baby but as it is rather ugly she does not show such a fondness for it as a mother ought to show. I hope you will excuse this letter, as I wrote it in the evening and I thought it looked very well but upon looking at it this morning I find I was mistaken. Love to dear father and my little brothers, and write soon and tell me all the news that you can think of.

From your affectionate Sister,            Jane Miller.

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Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN to Mr. and Mrs. WINTHROP S. GILMAN, Alton, Ill.

[Postmarked May 2, and written in 1837.]

I wrote you my dear children, on my arrival at Pittsburg, and gave the letter to Mr Morgan to put into the office. I had forgotten where Jane boarded, so Mr Turner took us to the United States Hotel—because it was very near the canal, where we were to embark from on Monday.

Mr Turner went in pursuit of Mr Morgan, who called, and took me with him to his Boardinghouse. He strongly invited Mrs Godfrey and Mr Turner to go with us, and pass the sabbath but they both declined. It was a long walk for me—one and a half miles—and Mr Morgan walked very fast—so that when we arrived at his Boardinghouse I was so much fatigued, that I could hardly speak. Before night, I was sick enough to go to bed. Took a violent cold, and coughed almost incessantly all night. Sunday I could only whisper and was fearful of losing my voice. They were both very attentive—Jane made a pitcher full of Gumarabic tea with lemmon Juice

& loaf sugar—which I lived upon all day. Mr Morgan went down and took Mr Turner & Mrs Godfrey to his church—Presbyterian—and they both called to see me after church. As the best Boat was to leave there at seven o'clock we decided to take passage in her—and after tea Mr Morgan took me in a carriage to the Boat, where I met Mr Turner & Mrs Godfrey. It was very cold and it rain<sup>d</sup> constantly, night and day, until yesterday morning 26<sup>th</sup> inst. We left Philadelphia at 6 o'clock, and arrived in New York at one o'clock, before dinner. Mr Turner was so much engaged that he put Mrs Godfrey and I, into a Hack and we stopped first at her relative's where we parted, and I pursued my way to 51 Walker St—where I found Eliza well but much affected at meeting me. They were in the same situation as last year when I arrived with Abia. Painters—white washers—and scrubbers all at work. As Martin dined out I did not see him until night. We sent up to the Doc<sup>rs</sup> a carriage, for Serena and the children. She is very unwell and has lost a great deal of flesh. She has not been able to walk to Eliza's, for two months.<sup>1</sup> She rode down with the children, & rode home at nine o'clock. The Doc<sup>r</sup> run down before the carriage and seemed rejoiced to see me. Mary Hoffman makes the Doc<sup>rs</sup> her home which is very fortunate for Serena. Eliza's children look extremely well—they have grown tall & fat, particularly Lin. Saturday 27<sup>th</sup>. I forgot to mention that Mr Graves called to see us at Philadelphia, and sit an hour. He looks well, says he has engaged to come to New York after the general assembly and address the ladies of Bleeker St church at the anniversary of the society for the education of ladies for teachers. He says, these ladies are connected with the Ladies in Illinois—for the same purpose. He is to be here two or 3 days & says his wife wants to come but he has no where to put her. I told him to bring his wife to No 51 Walker St Where they would meet a cordial reception. He promised to do so and Eliza says she would be very happy to see them. Mr Turner called yesterday and sat an hour. The Doc<sup>r</sup> was here, and they talked and laugh<sup>d</sup> at such a

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Chandler R. Gilman's wife and his two youngest children died during the winter of 1842.

rate that we were all much amused. He paid me twenty three dollars. I gave him at St Louis eighty dollars. He has been very attentive, particularly to little Petta. M<sup>rs</sup> Godfrey is to remain in the city until Monday 5<sup>th</sup> June when she will go to Baltimore & from thence to North Hampton and will take her daughter to M<sup>r</sup> Turner's where she will remain until Cap<sup>t</sup> Godfrey comes. The times here are dreadful. They are distressed beyond description for money, less than 5 dollars. They will take one dol<sup>r</sup> bills, of any Bank in the Union. And they will take due bills from any respectable person. Eliza says, M<sup>rs</sup> Lindley Hoffman told her she heard M<sup>r</sup> Graves's address, and it was the best that was delivered that day — with one exception. In speaking of the extravagance of this country — and contrasting it with the west — he said, he had resided so many years in Alton & had never seen a Piano. The only music we have there, said he, is the music of Pots and Kettles!! When he returns to this city I hope he will still be popular — and make up for past vulgarity's. M<sup>r</sup> Turner told me to tell you he should write you particularly next Monday. Do my dear children write as often as possible — always say something about Martin's business. He don't like to have the house rented a year without receiving rent. All send love. I hope you have moved into the house all finished. Tell dear Mary to write very particularly. Tell dear Abia her Urn is up in the pantry waiting for W to let M know when he has goods to send & he will send it. It is plain & beautiful. Love to all friends. I send your mother's letter as soon as I arrived. From your affectionate mother.

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This letter was written on one of Mr. GILMAN's many short business trips down the Mississippi. His second son, also named Arthur after the brother whose memory he cherished to the end of his life, was born June 22, 1837.



WINTHROP S. GILMAN to his wife, Upper Alton, Ill.

Steam Boat Irene 11 A M  
26 July 1837

Dear Wife,

We got ready to leave Alton yesterday afternoon & the Olive Branch came along bound for Galena, but as she is rather slow & her accommodations very small, we concluded to go on board the Selma then at Alton & about starting for St Louis, with the promise of the Captain that if we met the Irene he would put us on board. We did not meet her, but after partaking of a first rate supper on the Selma we reached St Louis about Dark & went down to the Irene & found she would not leave till this morning. There are but few passengers & her accommodations are very fine, being all State-rooms—Cap G & I have a good Stateroom far back in the boat & we are now plowing up stream at rate of about 6 miles per hour & having a light load we expect to reach Galena Saturday evening, providence permitting. I would be very glad if instead of taking this business tour you & our little one was with me & I had only to go to Galena as you would find it comfortable notwithstanding the hot weather. I want you to be very careful & saving of your dear self & hope I may be spared to meet you & our darling child again in a very few weeks in health. I have not written lately to maa & enclose a sheet which I want you to fill with comforting news & send it off as early as you can this week, also please say to Benj<sup>n</sup> I want him to send her a 50 dollar bill by mail, as she must be nearly out of money. Perhaps he will give it to you to enclose in your letter. I received another very interesting letter from Mr Corey yesterday & his success has been good at Perry, Griggsville & several other places & I intend to leave a line for him urging him to take another tour very soon again. I wrote a page yesterday to Mr Turner & sent your love to him & urged him to come back early, told him I was afraid I was turning Abolitionist. Cap Godfrey & I had a long talk again last night about it & his candour is so great that I believe firmly

he cannot resist the proper conclusions if he reads & thinks on the subject.

I want you to be sure to write to Eliz<sup>th</sup> as early as you can, Kindness & love to her demand it from us. I was within hearing this morning of two very gentlemanly looking men who were treating for the Sale of a very fine negro girl. The purchaser said he wished to take her to Texas; the seller recommended her in the highest terms as very superior & said if not sold soon she was to be sold at Auction. The purchaser asked when he could see her &c &c & on finding out that she was married, appeared to think it would not do to take her away from her husband—Upon which the seller said that she had been married but a few months & those short attachments were very easily broken—that it was not like separating man & wife after they had been married for years & had a family. Astonishing that man should be so blinded as to see no guilt in this! I think your father might make a good paragraph in the *Observer*<sup>1</sup> on this practical exposition of the sin of Slavery.

I hope to hear from you at Peoria & hope to write frequently With much love to all Your attached husband

W S Gilman

P.S

I shall not probably have time to write to maa, but beg of you by no means to fail to write her an encouraging letter this week with 50\$ enclosed & give my warmest love to her & all.

This is the anniversary of my dear Brother Arthurs death! You better put yr letter in P. O. at Lower Alton.

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Mrs. Martin Hoffman to Elizabeth H. Miller, Natchez, Miss.<sup>2</sup>

New York, Aug 8, 1837

It has now become my painful duty my very dear Elizabeth to convey to you most mournful intelligence. May God support you under it and sanctify the affliction

<sup>1</sup> The *Observer* was Rev. Elijah Lovejoy's Abolitionist newspaper.

<sup>2</sup> MS. loaned by Mrs. Jane (Coe) Brant, Rolla, Mo.





JANE MILLER

From an ambrotype owned by Mrs.  
Elliman (Mary Gilman), of Staten  
Island, N. Y., granddaughter of Dr.  
Chandler R. Gilman.

to us all. In his wisdom He has seen fit to remove from us our darling Jane,<sup>1</sup> your precious sister. This will be to you all a most heartrending stroke, but O try to be submissive; try to say, "*It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth to him best*" I trust she has joined the sainted spirit of her mother in a better world and is now forever blessed and freed from sin and sorrow.

But Oh what an admonition to us all; so young, so bright and blooming; cut down as it were in an hour. This sorrowful event took place in Stratford last Friday eveg. 4th of August. My dear mother has scarcely been able to leave her room since her arrival from Alton, being confined with severe Rheumatism. The weather was very warm and it was thought best to try Stratford air for a few weeks. Dear Jane anticipated the visit with great delight and appeared to enjoy herself well for a few days. On Sunday week she attended church but on the return complained of not feeling well; nausea and pain in the stomach; said she had eaten a little unripe fruit and thought that produced it. I gave her a dose of Calined Magnesia which she did not retain and not being better, that afternoon we sent for Dr. Goulding. He gave her a pill to quiet the pain and a dose of calomel. All day Monday, pills followed by Senna tea in order to produce a movement of the bowels which seemed almost impossible. In the night her medicine operated freely and Tuesday she seemed better, sat up a short time but her stomach continued in a very irritable state; did not incline to take anything but water. Wednesday and Thursday a great deal of pain in the bowels and very sick stomach. Her medicines did not produce a good effect and her pulse became more feeble, still the Doctor did not apprehend any danger. Her disease was bilious fever but on Friday morning it changed to Typhus. Dr. called and found a great change for the worse; hands and arms became very cold. All day we applied mustard plasters and rubbed with hot brandy but heat could not be produced. She said very little but at times appeared to be engaged in prayer, which I doubt not God in mercy heard and answered. About eight o'clock in the evening

<sup>1</sup> Jane Miller must have been about sixteen at the time of her death.

we put her in a warm bath which seemed very grateful to her. Soon after she became a little flighty and continued to decline until about 11, when her dear spirit took its departure, I trust and believe to regions of happiness.

My precious Elizabeth, this will be a sore trial to you and to your dear Father, do not sink under it but look for support to that God who has said "*call upon me in the day of trouble*". Your dear Grandmother is greatly afflicted; she is not able to leave her bed except for a short time and suffers extreme pain. I will write you soon again In the meantime may God support and bless you all.

With kindest love to your father and brothers, believe me

Your ever affectionate Aunt,

Eliza

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Benj. Ives Gilman to Dr. C. R. Gilman, New York.<sup>1</sup>

Alton Aug 25th, 1837

Dear Doctor:

We have received your two letters of the 5th and 10th instant giving us the distressing and unexpected intelligence of the death of our dear niece, Jane Miller. I hope this affliction may be improved by all her surviving Relatives. It brings home to us the extreme uncertainty of life and the solemn fact that a few hours will slide us all into the silent grave. Beyond that is the Christian's hope. May we all be familiarized with this change by an every-day reflection and when we wake up in eternity, find the scenes of our daily contemplations while on earth. Our dear mother [ . . . ] is supported by a faith in the Great Ruler of the universe and composes herself in the belief that all is right.

It would afford me sincere pleasure to go to New York if I was sure Ma'a could return with us this Fall. From your letter I infer that she cannot safely attempt the journey. If we find from your letters that the probab-

<sup>1</sup> MS. loaned by Mrs. Jane (Coe) Brant, Rolla, Mo.



ity is it would be safe for Ma'a to undertake the journey we may make a flying visit this Fall, otherwise early in the spring. If you will agree that I may take "tute" home with me, and keep her till she is her own woman, I will start for New York at a day's notice. Give my love to Ma'a, Serena and children, Eliza, Martin &c &c, and accept the best wishes of your affectionate brother,

B. I. Gilman

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Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN died at the home of her son-in-law, Martin Hoffman, on Aug. 24, 1837, aged sixty-nine. This letter was written the next day.

WINTHROP S. GILMAN TO MRS. BENJ. IVES GILMAN, New York.<sup>1</sup>

Alton, Aug. 25th, 1837

Dear Mother:

I should have written you sometime since but have been absent at Galena, in Wisconsin Territory and on Pekatonica and Rock rivers in our State, from which town Capt. Godfrey and myself only returned a few days since. We were all very much surprised and grieved to hear of the death of dear Jane but hope that you have been supported under the severe trial by grace from God. If we can, dear Mother, meet at last at rest safely in the Kingdom of our Heavenly Father how happy we shall be. May we have this hope continually before us and day by day live as strangers & pilgrims here. We all feel extremely solicitous about your health and most sincerely pray it may be restored sufficiently for you to come again to Alton. Benjamin cannot well leave at present and as Mr. Wade expects to start in a day or two to return with his wife in a few weeks, we have conversed with him and he will call on you and if you are able, I do beg of you to come out with them. You could hardly have a better opportunity, unless with one of your children, and as Mrs. Wade was always a very particular friend and favorite of yours, I hope you will come with her.

<sup>1</sup> MS. loaned by Mrs. Jane (Coe) Brant, Rolla, Mo.

We had a disgraceful mob here a week or so since and the observer prefs was entirely destroyed — no lives lost. The mob was caused by the strong ground taken on the subject of Abolition by the paper. The Temperance Cause goes on well and it is very interesting to see its progress in our new and flourishing state. Benjamin is very pleasantly situated at his house on the prairie and I think with almost every body else that it is the handsomest house in the state! Mary makes him, I think, a first rate wife and I believe they are very happy together. I took my wife and child there to spend the night a few days since and can communicate to you what you will rejoice to hear; that he does not neglect family worship and attends to it himself. Abia is very desirous you should come out and I hope sincerely that you will if practicable. Mr. Carey, our Temp<sup>e</sup> Agent has lately got married to a Miss Forte (school teacher) at Griggsville. The school teachers go off pretty rapidly in Illinois.

We shall look for Mr. Turner here in two or three weeks and I long to have him at work again. I shall send some money for you by Mr. Wade.

My wife desires her kindest love to you and all our dear relatives. I should be very glad to have Eliza and Martin & Serena with the young ones (the Dr. I suppose is out of the question) pay us a visit. Money is more scarce here than I think I ever knew it before, in proportion to the business done. We are closing up a great part of our business. With great affection I remain in haste, dear mother,

Your affectionate son,

W. S. Gilman.

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Mrs. Martin Hoffman to Elizabeth H. Miller, Natchez, Miss.<sup>1</sup>

New York, Sept. 18, 1837

Dear, dear Elizabeth, what shall I say to you, what can I say? There is nothing which can comfort both your heart and mine, in this hour of deep affliction but this

<sup>1</sup> MS. loaned by Mrs. Jane (Coe) Brant, Rolla, Mo.

thought "*the Lord reigneth*"—the bible lays a solid ground of comfort when it assures us that all things are under the government of God. Yes, not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice. He is our compassionate Father, infinitely wise and just and kind. He it is that has removed from us a parent and a sister—let us be still and remember that he does not willingly afflict or grieve his children and that there must have been a need—be for our present sufferings.

I presume you have received the D<sup>rs</sup> letter communicating intelligence of our last bereavement—since then you have been much in my thoughts and I have wished to write you but felt unable to take up my pen. After the death of my precious mother I was so miserable and debilitated in health that Mr. Hoffman insisted upon my leaving town and accordingly he took the children and myself to stay a few days with Aunt Battell. I trust I was benefited by the jaunt and feel grateful to that dear family for their kindness and attention. We returned on Wednesday last—my heart was saddened as we approached our house by the thought that no precious mother would be there to welcome us home. No dear Jane to look upon us with bright and happy face, but I was enabled to subdue these feelings, to check this despondency and to cherish in their place emotions of gratitude and thanksgiving. I know and feel assured that God has afflicted me in faithfulness. It has ever been so and I can remember many events in my past life which at the time were painful indeed and appeared dark and mysterious, but I can now look back upon them as to the very brightest manifestations of God's love and mercy.

I have written you twice lately and hope you have received my letters. Dear Elizabeth, I feel more than ever anxious to see you, to have you with me, if only for a short time. Will you not come? Can you not? the journey would be of service to you and under existing circumstances surely your father would not object. We ought to be together for we are all the female part of the family left with the exception of Jane Morgan; there is none other.

My children<sup>1</sup> are well and Lin speaks often of Cousin Lizzie; would that he could see her.

With kindest love to your father and brother, believe me

Your attached Aunt Eliza.

Do write us often, and say you can come and see me in my affliction.

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Mrs. Joseph Battell to Dr. C. R. Gilman, New York, and Irene Battell to the same.<sup>2</sup>

Norfolk August 21—1837<sup>3</sup>

My Dear Nephew

The last word clouds my vision for it tells me the band that bound us is severed—and of late I have felt a loneliness that I never realized before. From the venerable Family at Brandford the two sons had each two daughters—the daughters none. Your mother & I long since lost our sister, and our parents,—and we were sincerely attached. O how I loved Hannah. I loved her face, her voice, her spirit—and I love her now, and the place where she is—and the employment she is engaged in. Her people were my people, and her God my God.

Dear doctor you write so feelingly about Irene I must thank you I am only advisory in the business. It would gratify me to have her with you & I think it would be of service to wait on you professionally and have proposed to her to go. But she thinks the medicin she is using will do her good (If I could make the druggists figures I

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Martin Hoffman had seven children, only three of whom lived to marry. These were Lindley Murray Hoffman, born December 10, 1832, married in 1855, Minnie (Graham) Ring, had four children and died April 19, 1899; Emily Hoffman, born December 28, 1834, married in 1856, John H. Stevens, had nine children and died July 1, 1918; and Arthur Gilman Hoffman, born February 12, 1838, married in 1859, Katherine C. Stewart, had five children and died October 20, 1900. Mrs. Martin Hoffman died October 22, 1874, and her husband died in 1857.

<sup>2</sup> MS. loaned by W. Stewart Gilman, Sioux City, Iowa.

<sup>3</sup> It is evident that Mrs. Battell misdated her letter, which was written on the same sheet as her daughter's. They are postmarked September 22.

would put down the ingredients for you to judge) She seems in good spirits and in better health than in the summer. And she feels, what I do not, that she could hardly be contented at this time abroad. I can assure my dear cousin Serena that the girls do not want urging to New York. When they think they can well go they are ready to step aboard. Urania has gained in health & begins to be quite like herself. Sarah has done as well so far as anyone can ever expect to do—and the baby is well and quiet as a puss.

I just received a letter from Eliza, she is an own dear child I shall write her soon. With love to each & all of you. Your ever affec<sup>e</sup> aunt Sarah Battell

Dear Doctor—

September 22<sup>d</sup> 1837.

I do not know that I have ever been more gratified than by your kind, very kind letter. It is sweet to know at any time that we are not forgotten—to know we are loved, is the most precious, soothing, heavenly, assurance—to hear any one express so much interest—in me—my health and happiness, produces such a feeling of happy gratitude that I really believe I am, as I feel, all the better for it—this is but one of your many kindnesses—no one of which is forgotten. I shall never forget, as I shall never cease to love my kind considerate cousin Doctor—but really, I am not sick. I know I am not “bright and beautiful”—I am not young—they seem to forget I am almost twenty six years old, when all American girls begin to look “*pale and thin.*” I have a slight cough, not at all painful, only a little troublesome. I feel as well as I ever did—know no fatigue. I have not a doubt but that I shall be able to say in a very few weeks I am as well as ever in my life. You say I would better come to New York. I should enjoy it “*to the life,*” as I have always, when I have been one of your happy circle, but I should not, I think, be justified in leaving home now. I seem to be peculiarly needed—My sisters sick—&c &c.

I cannot say to you how much I am wanted now after a summer’s absence—if I could really believe myself sick, I think I could quiet my conscience, and go—as it

is, I cannot—and let me tell you here, I am not so “*forgetful of self*” as you represent. I take better care of myself than I do of other people, and do not fear the least injury from the exertion and care, I must of course make and feel. My dear Mother has not been well at all since Eliza was here—indeed she has hardly left her room—today for the first time she has gone to see her grandchild. Papa and herself are both spending the night with her. I am in sole charge—with a house full of company, and at this hour, twelve oclock at night, waiting for the “darkies” to come from their “training spree.” Mother is gaining I think—but I am urging her to make her visit to Elisa and yourself now (?) as being the best thing she can do for her health, and I hope she will, when Sarah is a little better.

What a withdrawal, dear doctor, of the general light which fell on your daily path!—and what a consolation too—to see her turn away with such a free and willing spirit from all that was precious to her here—to feel that full assurance that the bright hopes of the Religion she adorned, illumined the dark shadows of the grave, and converted them indeed into the pillar of fire to guide her into the land of promise, the heaven of everlasting blessedness and joy. Surely we ought not to mourn for those who perish thus—death is to them but the gentle wafting to immortal life and joy—it is for the living we should mourn—for those who will miss her bright and cheerful presence—her strong and devoted love—the assurance of her blessedness—the hope of an inseperable union beyond the grave, must be your consolation and support.

With my best love to Eliza—to your wife, and all the young ones—I am sincerely and gratefully

Your affectionate cousin

Irene Battell

Maria wishes to inform her merry cousin Doctor that he may have done laughing as soon as he pleases as she has entirely recovered. But I must think notwithstanding the combined wisdom of Mother, Sarah and the Doctor himself, that the fever and ague, hath something more







WINTHROP SARGENT GILMAN AND HIS ELDEST  
DAUGHTER, HELEN

From an ambrotype taken in New Orleans, La., in  
1848, owned by his grandson, Winthrop S. G. Noyes, of  
St. Paul, Minn.

of death than sport in it, at least it is a fitful sort of merriment that I feel satisfied to leave to the enjoyment of those who are capable of relishing such fun. M H.<sup>1</sup>

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One letter more will complete this collection, although the brothers and sisters were separated until 1850, when WINTHROP S. GILMAN took his little family to New York to make a home there. But the death of Mrs. BENJ. IVES GILMAN is an appropriate stopping-place, because the passing of her generation marks the end of the old times and the arrival of modern life. The letter from Mr. GILMAN to his wife of July 26, 1837, has prepared us for the active part he took in one of the most exciting episodes of pre-war days in Illinois, the description of which will close this volume. Written as this letter was, the morning after the Alton Riot, it is valuable testimony in reference to an event that brought forth Wendell Phillips' maiden speech in Faneuil Hall, Boston. We have seen that Mr. GILMAN was deeply impressed by the evils of slavery and those who knew him are not surprised that, as usual, he did what he thought was right without regard to the consequences.

His father-in-law, Rev. THOMAS LIPPINCOTT, was very influential during the troubled years of 1822-1824 when the anti-slavery party was struggling to prevent Illinois from being made a slave state. As we see by Mr. GILMAN's letter, Mr. LIPPINCOTT's facile pen was useful in preparing anti-slavery pamphlets and newspaper articles, the latter appearing in Rev. Elijah Lovejoy's paper, the *Observer*. Mr. Lovejoy's first printing-press had been destroyed by an Alton mob and a new one was now coming up the river. The following letter describes

<sup>1</sup> Probably Maria Colden Hoffman.

the riot that ensued and the murder of Rev. Mr. Lovejoy. Mr. GILMAN never identified himself with the Abolitionist party but continued a strong opponent of slavery and an upholder of the Union. He entered into this conflict for the freedom of the press with all his usual energy and was afterward put on trial "*for the crime of riot*" with the gentlemen who were with him in his warehouse. The little book, printed in 1838, *Alton Trials*, written from the notes of William S. Lincoln, a lawyer present in the court-room, is a prized possession of Mr. GILMAN's descendants.

Mr. GILMAN was acquitted and a *nolle prosequi* was entered against the rest of the defending party. Some of the attacking mob were tried during the same term of the court for "*entering the storehouse of Benjamin Godfrey and Winthrop S. Gilman and breaking up and destroying one printing press,*" not for the crime of killing Rev. Mr. Lovejoy. The rioters were also acquitted by the Alton jurors, who seem to have been "*neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red herring.*"

WINTHROP S. GILMAN to Dr. Chandler R. Gilman, New York.

Alton 8 Novem. 1837.

Dear Doctor,

Yours of—nlto with the prison sketch is at hand & will appear in the November number of the *Herald*. I have but a few moments to spare to write to give you early information of the mob of last night of which I presume you will hear an early account. Great excitement has prevailed here against abolition—Mr Lovejoy had a press arrived night before last, & I consented to have it stored in our warehouse, there being about 30 of our citizens well armed in the building to defend it.

Thro' yesterday we did not hear much noise & last night about 14 citizens of whom I was one remained in the building with plenty of fire arms, which under the

authority of the Mayor<sup>1</sup> were to be used in defending the property. It was a bright moonlight night & at about 10 o'clock an armed mob of some 30 desperadoes assembled in front & demanded the Press. I assured them that we would not deliver it & that we had been told by the Mayor to protect our property & we would do it with our lives. They then threw stones in the windows & broke the 2<sup>d</sup> story ones in in a few minutes & they fired upon us at the doors—our men then fired & killed one of their number—they then were more quiet for a few minutes, but returned again having ladders lashed together & materials prepared to set the Warehouse on fire at the roof. Occasional guns were fired & dreadful cursings & threats on their part. They ran up the ladder & we found the only way to prevent them was to come out of the building & fire. We did so & slightly wounded two or three of them, but they had the advantage by this time of some 40 or 50 in numbers & I learn they (a number of them) were sent up from St Louis which I presume true. We again went out on their renewed attempt at the roof, but they had fearful advantages having stationed men behind the adjoining building & at a pile of boards on the landing. Mr. Lovejoy & Mr. Weller were then shot by the mob. Mr. Lovejoy lived only to reach our Compting room & expired on the floor in a few minutes. Mr Weller was shot in the leg about the knee joint—not dangerous. Our men retired into the building & altho we had been about 1½ or 2 Hours in Conflict & the Church Bells ringing—so numerous were the mob & its friends that the Mayor & Constable could not do any thing & the citizens could not be rallied in sufficient force to offer any chance of success. We then called to them that Mr. Lovejoy was dead & we wished to end the affray on some

<sup>1</sup> John M. Krum, the mayor, testified at the trial that he had read and explained the law to Mr. GILMAN on "the rights of citizens to defend their property," but that he did not consider that he was advising him as *mayor*. Later Mr. GILMAN cross-examined Mr. Krum and asked "Did you not say that if the press was attacked, you should first order the mob to desist and that if they persisted, you should then order us to fire?" and the mayor answered "I believe I did." Mr. GILMAN then asked, "Did you not at this time consider you appeared there as mayor?" and the mayor replied "I did."

terms. They replied with dreadful curses that our lives should all be forfeited in the building. With the roof of our warehouse already on fire, it was folly to resist longer, as it would only be at the almost certain sacrifice of our lives & the complete destruction of some 20 or 30,000 of property by fire. Mr. H. T. West who was outside of the building acquainted with many of the mob acted nobly. Came to our lower door & told us to escape down the river (that the mob would not fire on us when leaving). All of our men but two or three who staid by the wounded (two wounded in number, Mr Roff & Weller, both in the leg) ran on the river bank without arms & escaped, notwithstanding the heartless creatures fired at us as we ran. Mr. Long was one of our Company. I had taken my wife to Upper Alton expecting some trouble & after sleeping till daylight in the house of a friend here I walked up there & returned immediately after breakfast. The mob entered the building threw out & destroyed the press, but did not injure (as I knew of) any of our property, not even the guns which we left. Mr West ascended the ladder & put out the fire on the roof which had not kindled much. If we had staid in a short time longer, the whole property must have been destroyed as the mob were determined to blow up the house by powder if necessary. To day (their object being accomplished) all is as quiet as could be expected & we anticipate no further trouble. Thus has ended our attempt to sustain law, which we felt it a solemn duty to do & which we engaged in with prayer. The result is we cannot do it—resistance is useless & we must yield for the present to the powers that be.

I do not apprehend further serious disturbance. My wife is quite well & our baby grows finely. Dont fail to send the *Prison Sketches* monthly. They are very much admired by Mr Corey & our Exct. Com.

With kind & affectionate remembrances to Eliza I remain, your attached brother

W. S. Gilman.

Mr. Lovejoy had three buck shot or small balls in the breast.

P. S. Abia sends a great deal of love to Serena & Eliza. Benjamin left about 8 days since for Galena &



will not probably be back for a week. I cannot send you any money immediately but will endeavor to do so ere long. I expect to send you the *Alton Telegraph* giving acc of our Public Meeting & by my protest you will see I was in a very small minority. Did I do right? W S G.

Mr. GILMAN, as his letters show, was an idealist—a man who caught the beauty of undying truths and never once failed, in the course of a long life, to stand firmly by the principles he had once accepted. His children remember, with enthusiastic love, the many times in later life when their father bore unshrinkingly the reproach and persecution which followed his outspoken adherence to an unpopular cause. His work for temperance has been noticed before. At no other time in his life was he put to such a test as in this excitement at Alton, when he was but twenty-nine years old. It is not necessary to remind my readers of the bitter antagonisms created by slavery in the border states before the war of 1861 and we have had lately an illuminating vision of the lengths to which mob hatred of the Negro will go in the East St. Louis riots of 1917. It was not only that Mr. GILMAN was jeopardizing his property, but his home and his little family were also in danger.

Although this first outbreak of pro-slavery violence has been forgotten among the greater events of the after years, the importance that Mr. GILMAN and his friends attached to the protection of Mr. Lovejoy has been confirmed by the highest authority. John Quincy Adams, in the introduction to the *Memoir of Rev. Elijah Lovejoy*, used these words: "That an American citizen, in a state whose constitution repudiates all slavery, should die a martyr in defence of the freedom of the press is a phenomenon in the history of the Union. It forms an era in the progress of mankind towards universal emancipation. . . He [Rev. Mr. Lovejoy] was the first Amer-

ican martyr to the freedom of the press and the freedom of the slave."

And in a letter of March 2, 1857, to Rev. James Le-men, Abraham Lincoln wrote: "I will add a few words more as to Elijah Lovejoy's case. His letters among your old family notes were of more interest to me than even those of Thomas Jefferson written to your father. . . Lovejoy's tragic death for freedom in every sense marked his sad ending as the most important single event that happened in the new world. . . The madness and pitiless determination with which the mob steadily pursued Lovejoy to his doom mark it as one of the most unreasoning and unreasonable in all time, except that which doomed the Saviour to the cross."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Uncollected letters of Abraham Lincoln*, edited by Gilbert A. Tracy, 1917.

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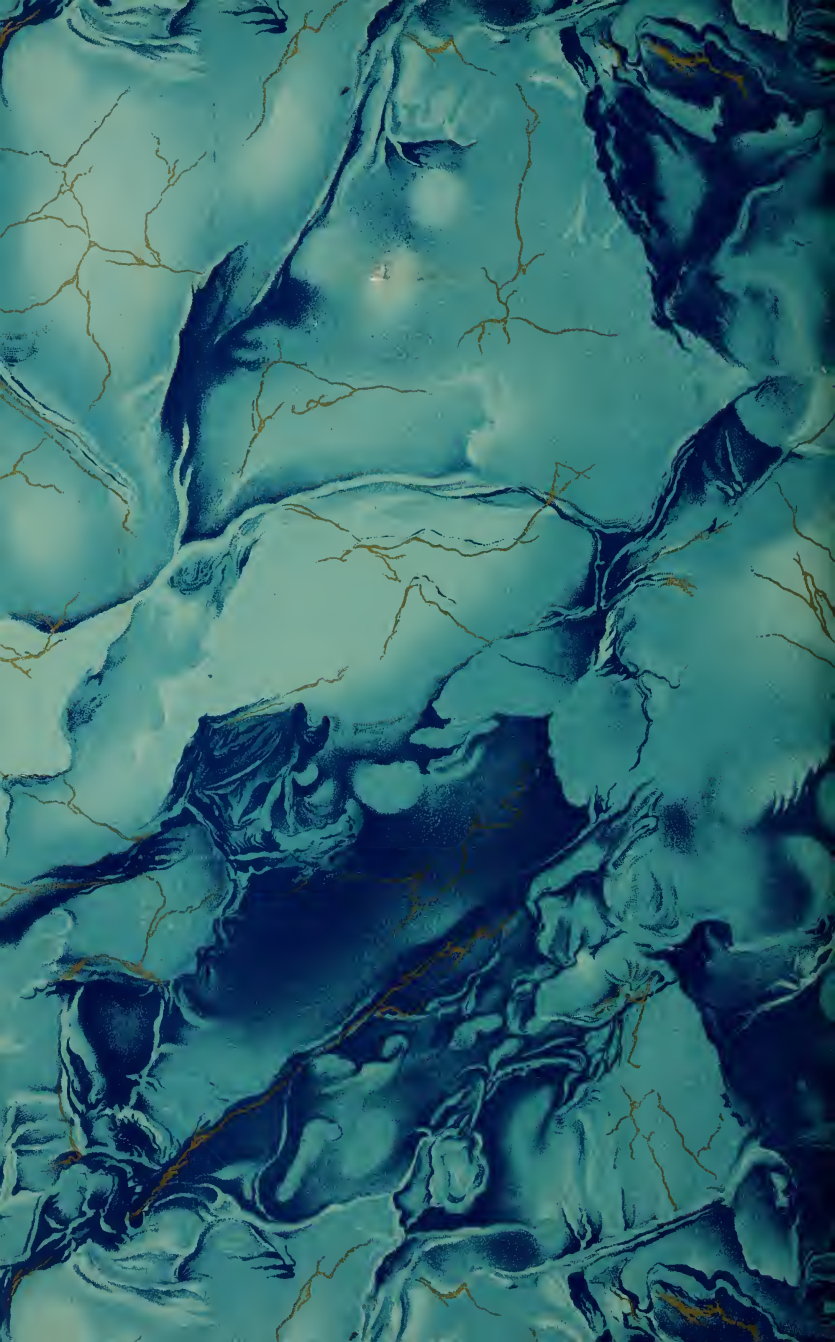
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